IGGEST JOB FACING THE PRESIDENT by WILL IRWIN

JUNE 26,
1937

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Thomas I. Parkinson

PRESIDENT

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• • •

Q. What is Business Life Insurance?

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Q. What change has taken place in the public's attitude toward insurance?

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JUNE 26, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 26

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

"THE EMPLOYERS WILL DISAPPEAR," *Says Harry Bridges*

HARRY BRIDGES believes we are ready for Communism. We should be rid of the capitalistic bosses, he tells the workers. They have been cruel and unfair, and their property should be taken over for the benefit of the employees.

That is identically the same plan that caught the workers in Russia. They helped their leaders to take possession of all property, and they believed that they would profit equally by this procedure. But all values of every nature were finally appropriated by the state and controlled by the Russian Communist leaders.

But suppose we consider this idea of Mr. Bridges' coldly and analytically. Would the workers be benefited by such a change? Are those who labor in Russia, Germany, and Italy more favored than the American workman? Has Communism made the life of the average Russian easier? Are automobiles, radios, and the comforts and luxuries of life at their disposal after many years of Communism?

One out of every five persons in this country owns an automobile and a radio. In Germany, one out of every fifty-nine owns an automobile; one out of nine owns a radio. In Italy, one out of every 107 owns an automobile; one out of eighty owns a radio. We have no reliable figures as to Russia, but they are probably far lower than Italy's.

This startling comparison should awaken the workers of this country to the value of the privileges they are enjoying.

And do we hear anything about the thirty-hour week in these foreign countries? Or about strikes, lockouts, pickets, and various other labor troubles which indicate that the rights of the workers are being considered?

Suppose we should get rid of the employing capitalists. Some one would have to take their places. A business cannot be managed without a supervising executive. There will, of course, be others appointed if our great industries are appropriated, and such officials are apt to lack experience and efficiency. Even should they be more kindly disposed, which is doubtful, they would doubtless be far less considerate in their dealings with labor than their capitalistic predecessors.

Although there are some exceptions, employers have learned it is good business to treat labor fairly, to try to keep their workers happy and comfortable. It means more profit for business, as well as for the workers.

It is reported that the bureaucratic aristocrats of Russia live like lords. They may not assume the titles of dukes, princes, knights, etc., but they have more power than these aristocrats ever possessed, and they are said to be far less considerate of those they believe to be their underlings than was the Czar.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

If American workers want to exchange the freedom they now possess, they must be willing to give up the liberties we have enjoyed for the last 150 years.

The capitalistic system is open to many criticisms. Some employers are unjust, cruel, and inconsiderate, but to try to remedy this by restrictions which would bring evils far worse is foolhardy.

The capitalistic system, with all its faults, is unquestionably the best to give workers freedom of choice, liberty to guide their own lives, with opportunities to make a place for themselves in accordance with their individual abilities.

The native American is not born into a class. The highest position in the land is open to him and under our system he can enjoy the comforts and even luxuries that are far beyond the reach of European workers.

Those who want to exchange our system for Communism, or any other foreign ism, should first of all compare the life of American workmen with those who labor under foreign dictation. Why, even the victims of the dole in the United States often live better than Europeans who are holding what might be termed good jobs.

People penned up behind prison bars are usually fed regularly, but where is there a prisoner who would not prefer freedom and taking chances on regular meals?

The restrictions that bind the labor of modern Europe under dictatorial governments is what Communism has brought the Russian people.

And is that the kind of ball and chain that the Communists would like to fasten on our workers?

Some foreign agitators look upon the laboring class of this country as a bunch of nitwits who can be led here and there by any loudmouthed blatherskite; but if there was ever a time when the working class needed to do some careful thinking, it is right now. Its liberties are being threatened.

Democratic principles of government are being viciously attacked by foreign agitators, and some of our own people are thoughtlessly following their example.

If we desire to continue to enjoy the privileges inherited from our pioneer forefathers, we must cast aside the sophistry with which foreign isms have been so attractively presented, and hold on to the good old American principles that have made us one of the outstanding nations of the world.

Bernarr Macfadden

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THE *Biggest Job* FACING

Can he reorganize the government? Here's a revealing look at the giant task at which all others have failed

By WILL IRWIN

IF you except Soviet Russia, where the republic nominally owns everything, our federal government is the biggest corporation in the world. We, the taxpayers, are its stockholders. Congress is its board of directors, our armed forces and holders of federal jobs are its working force, and the President is its general manager.

Its income is the sum of our federal taxes, visible or invisible, plus—nowadays—the return from certain semicommercial activities. Its outgo is in normal times four billion dollars a year, and in abnormal times, such as war and depression, as much as nine billions a year. As a kind of holding company, it controls corporations capitalized, altogether, at about twenty-two billions. No one, so far as I can learn, has ever computed the much larger sum represented by lands, buildings, armament, working plant in general. And it is now paying interest on the biggest funded debt known to history.

Considering that the American corporation is about the best thing we do in a practical way, this should be also the most efficient corporation in the world, giving the best returns for the money invested—which it is not. Neither is it the worst. Here and there a bureau is doing a great job. Here and there the government has the services of men who could command in private employment three times their federal salaries. On the other hand, certain bureaus and divisions seem to perform only waste motions. Some of them duplicate the work of other agencies. Some do work which, once useful, is now being done better by the states or by private agencies. Some continue to exist long after special conditions have passed. And the business expert sees no necessity in miles of red tape which swathe the transactions of our government.

From Theodore Roosevelt to Franklin D. Roosevelt, every President has drawn up a plan for a thorough overhauling, tried it out on Congress, and virtually taken a beating. Theodore Roosevelt succeeded as well as any; but he did not get even half a loaf—only a few crumbs. Wilson hoped to reorganize the government during his second term; instead he had to deal with a war. Hoover submitted a comprehensive plan. As expected, it did not get to first base. He did, however, introduce a few economies.

Undeterred by these failures, President Franklin D. Roosevelt is now moving to reorganize the whole scheme of federal administration. He served notice by submitting to Congress a document familiarly known as the "Brownlow Report"—a comprehensive scheme worked out by Louis Brownlow, Charles E. Merriam, and Luther Gulick, experts on municipal and state governments. With it went a Presidential message approving of its principles; behind it came four administration bills.

Having at command of his party the largest Congressional majority of our times, Roosevelt is in a position to do the job if any President ever was. But as Congress turns its attention to the problem the same old story begins to unfold itself. For you cannot reorganize a government, especially if you are reorganizing for economy, without dispensing with just so many jobs. Inventing an instance, let us say that the President proposes to amalgamate the Bureau of Household Economy with the Housewives' Bureau. It is an enlightened measure. Each duplicates most of the other's work. Now fix your eye on Congressman John T. McGish of the State of Texarkansas. The attorney of the Housewives' Bureau, holding a fat $8,000-a-year job, is his own constituent—indeed, his protégé. When the administration changed, McGish had the fight of his life to get the job for this favorite of the local party machine. His triumph is his stock in trade with the boys at home. When the break comes, the McGish appointee will have to go. Congressman McGish, who approved the principle in the beginning, suddenly finds the whole scheme of government organization unsound. Even the underlings in the two amalgamated departments have their importance. They come under Civil Service; but suggest jerking the jobs out from under them, and each begins, through prominent constituents, to bring pressure upon his congressman. Dotted through the House and Senate are statesmen in exactly the same fix as Representative McGish. So the President's drive on Congress comes to a deadlock.

This time, it happens congressmen moved by these motives have a multitude of good selling points to bolster their real objection. Also, they have support from others whose concern, real or mistaken, is for the final good of the commonwealth and the ultimate prestige of Congress. For President Roosevelt's move is, like most of his acts and proposals, drastic and unexpected. Omitting small details, the Brownlow Report proposes first to abolish altogether the office of Comptroller General. To fill the void, it adds an auditing division in the Treasury. This is the official, permanent and above politics, who follows up the appropriations of Congress to see that the money is spent as intended.

It tears down that catch-all, the Interior Department; but out of the wreckage it builds three new departments, those of Public Welfare, Conservation, and Public Works, each with a member of the Cabinet at its head. It gives the President six executive assistants. Commissions instituted by Congress are to pass under direct control of the President. The report seems to imply that many of the temporary bureaus—the "alphabetical agencies"—will become permanencies. And, finally, the President can move any bureau or division from one department to another, prune or expand it to suit his ideas, or suppress it altogether.

Years ago, a critic speaking from inside of the government said: "It's impossible, of course; but I wish sometimes that we might have a temporary and benevolent dictatorship one year out of every fifteen or so. It would be like putting the ship into dock to scour the barnacles off from the hull. Only," he added, "no dictatorship ever consented to be impermanent or to remain benevolent." As for the Brownlow Report, even congressmen who agreed with the theory that the President alone could do the job experienced a slight chill when they saw it set forth on paper. Departments and bureaus which Congress had created might now perish in a day. The seventy or more regulatory agencies—like the Interstate Commerce Commission—would by this scheme slip into the province of the President. So would some twenty billion dollars' worth of corporations organized under the federal government.

The proposal to increase the Supreme Court made a crack which might lead, it appeared, to a rift in the Democratic membership of both houses. The Court bill takes no power away from Congress—rather, the contrary. But reorganization on the principles of the Brownlow Report would move the Presidential forces clear across a certain no man's land between the executive and the legislative, and right up to the congressional barbed wire. Nor can the mind of the average congressman fail to notice the increased patronage which would be put at the sole disposal of the President.

Whatever they may say in public, this is the common reaction of most congressmen. The only exceptions are the more enthusiastic New Dealers. The President's opponents, whether Republican or Conservative Democrat, are naturally calling the proceeding a veiled move toward dictatorship.

This administration has employed publicity agents to an extent without precedent. Every department, nearly every bureau or division, has its press agent. The report proposes to incorporate them all into one permanent Department of Information. What is this, ask opponents, except the embryo of one of those propaganda departments on which Hitler and Mussolini base their power?

The sincere New Deal congressmen point out that the only way to reorganize our government is to give one expert a free hand. Corporations found that out long ago. Let the President do it; and let him undergo any criticism of details. And as for the permanent powers conferred upon the President, they are merely the powers and privileges of a city manager. That type of municipal government proved such a success that Europe has begun to copy it. What essential difference is there between the administrative machinery of the federal government and that of a city like Cincinnati?

A great deal of difference, replies the opposition. More and more, cities are becoming a plain business proposition. Party politics—the boys whisper this only among themselves—have little or no legitimate place in the management of a modern city. But the federal government not only performs such services as policing harbors, insuring the safety of air and water navigation, and preserving the public health. It must deal also with political issues, issues which mean peace or war. Above all, a city manager is strictly and not figuratively an employee. You can discharge him. But, with the President, you must wait until the next election. Merriam, Brownlow, and Gulick, they add, are primarily experts on *municipal* government.

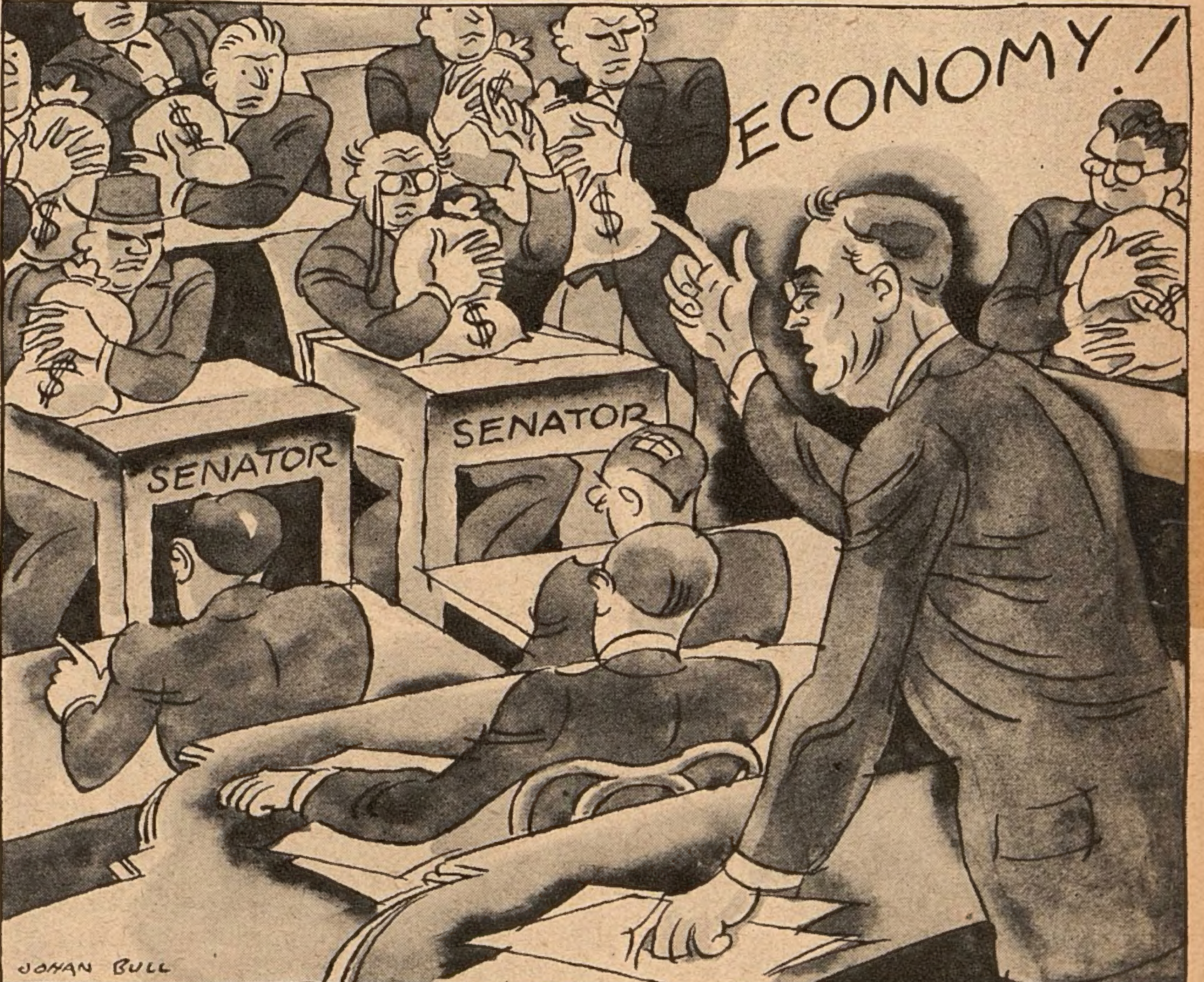
Then, too, the watchdogs of the Treasury are beginning to bark. The report touches only lightly on economy. That question it seems to leave open for the President. Would he use this mandate to reduce the cost of the permanent federal establishment and help to balance the budget? Or would he interpret it simply as permission to make permanent some of the emergency departments? Senator Byrd of Virginia is especially concerned. He is conducting a side show of his own—a senatorial inquiry, not yet finished, into the economies which might be wrought simply by combining or eliminating bureaus.

This process has its limitations. The largest permanent item in our national budget is "debt service," the interest on the mortgage. Reorganization can save nothing in this item. Next comes national defense. Probably a searching expert inquiry would show spots where the army and navy could economize without spoking a single gun, discharging a single soldier, reducing in any way the efficiency of our armed forces. The greatest possibility of economy lies in the "old-line agencies"—the permanent departments, divisions, and bureaus. They account for about a billion and a third dollars a year. As to the New Deal agencies, we do not know how many of them the President will try to make permanent. At all events, Senator Byrd has pointed out that the Federal Housing Administration, the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, and the Central Housing Committee are three separate agencies doing almost the same job. Combine them and we may save the usable sum of $24,500,000 a year.

The administration measure must eventually run the gantlet of congressional hearings, where the city-manager school of thought will face the watchdog-of-the-Treasury school and perhaps the business-in-government school. It may come to the floor considerably modified. Congress will probably give the President his six assistants. That reform is long overdue. Most observers think that he will get his Department of Welfare, but that Congress will balk at Public Works and Conservation, and will leave the venerable Interior Department about where it is. If the heat be turned on from the White House, Congress may yield the Comptroller General but will hang tight to the independent regulatory agencies of its own creation. When it comes to the heart of the matter—the arbitrary right of the President to shuffle, combine, separate, or repress the various agencies in all the existing departments—Congress may reply with an old ruse, by giving him the free hand he asks—subject to strict review, approval, and ratification of all details by Congress itself, and we're back where we started!

Mr. Roosevelt has shown himself the most adept President of our time in getting what he wanted. If he gets it this time, he is a marvel of the ages.

THE END



A Weekend with a Future

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

WHAT wise old geezer said after a battle, “Another such victory will ruin me”? Nancy couldn’t remember, but she liked the idea. That’s how she felt about week-ends.

Week-ends, without doubt, were getting her. A couple more and she wouldn’t have any money or clothes or disposition; and the joke of it was, they were meant to be handouts. At least, so Bill inferred.

Bill was her brother-in-law. He had grown up in Fenton, Westchester County, and when she came to New York to write advertising he had asked all his friends to look her up; she might be lonely and bored. “Save you food over Sunday,” was what he had said to her. They had looked her up, all right; but she would like Bill to know how many meals she could have bought with the carfare, the candy or liquor she brought her hosts, and the cleaner’s bill for cocktails people spilled on her white dinner dress. As for being bored and lonely, that was possible in Fenton, too.

She had never met a more single-minded group than Bill’s old friends. Budget, babies, bridge, and booze—that was life in Fenton.

Bill’s friends weren’t all married, of course. But the single ones who were content to stay there appeared to have absorbed the Fenton ideal. They just hadn’t pulled it off yet.

She didn’t know any men in New York yet, but she’d been hoping that down here she would meet some one with sophistication and humor; hoping, to be honest with herself, for romance—for a week-end with a future. The worst of it was that at the Fenton Country Club, every now and then, she would notice across the room people who looked as if they had seen the Van Goghs and might recognize that her one dress came from Bouvet’s. But Bill’s crowd never knew them. Oh, Fenton had had its chance. She was through.

She felt this way about the place after a winter of week-ending. It wasn’t until the third week in June, though, that she struck.

It was Monday. She’d come back from a rainy Sunday at the Jacksons’ with a headache and a cigarette burn in her new bouclé suit, to spend the day struggling uselessly over a layout for Sun-Soothe Cream.

Letting herself finally into the coolness and quiet of her apartment, she had found it with the mail. It was square, white, and festive-looking, and furthermore it was postmarked Fenton.

“I hope you’ll remember me,” she read, “from the bridge at the club last week, and I hope, too, that you’ll understand my asking you, on such short acquaintance, if you won’t spend next week-end with me. My party is minus a girl, and I liked you so much . . .” It was signed “Harriet West.”

This, Nancy thought, crumpling it viciously into a ball, was the far edge of the limit. She didn’t even know the woman.

She wondered which Fenton gent she was meant to entertain now. Would it be Henry Grant, who had been to a School of Mines and somehow looked it—she expected him to take out a little hammer and chip a piece off her almost any time—or Charlie Hollis, fat and rolling, who patted her knee under the table, or Pete Stevens, or . . . It would be bad enough, she thought in a rage, if she were being paid for it.

At this point in her tirade she laughed aloud. Then she got up briskly, found pen and ink, and wrote:

“I should like to pay my addresses to a young lady of standing.”

Dear Mrs. West:

It is very sweet of you to remember me. Of course I remember you perfectly. [Another thing about Fenton week-ends—they turned you into a liar.] I don’t believe, though, that you realized when you invited me that week-ending is my profession. I am amiable and adaptable in all domestic crises, I play bridge, golf, and tennis, I swim, dance, and entertain bachelors who are reasonably sober, for the phenomenal sum of twenty-five dollars a week-end. This, of course, does not include carfare, sedatives, or wear and tear on clothes.

Very sincerely, NANCY COLE.

She looked at it admiringly for several minutes before she addressed and sealed it. Bill or no Bill, she was going to send this off. This last straw had decided for her that week-ending must be dropped.

She had slight qualms, next day, when she thought

BY SYLVIA FULLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Gay, frivolous, sparkling as a summer breeze . . . A love story for June!

about the missive; but she had almost succeeded in forgetting it a day later when a second note came.

"Of course I didn't know," she read, "of your original and interesting occupation, but it solves the recurrent problem of finding some one just right to fill in. Do you substitute at the last minute at dinners and bridge parties? And, if so, what are your prices? Please let me know. As for next week-end, I shall expect you on the eleven thirty from New York. I'm enclosing my check and a ticket."

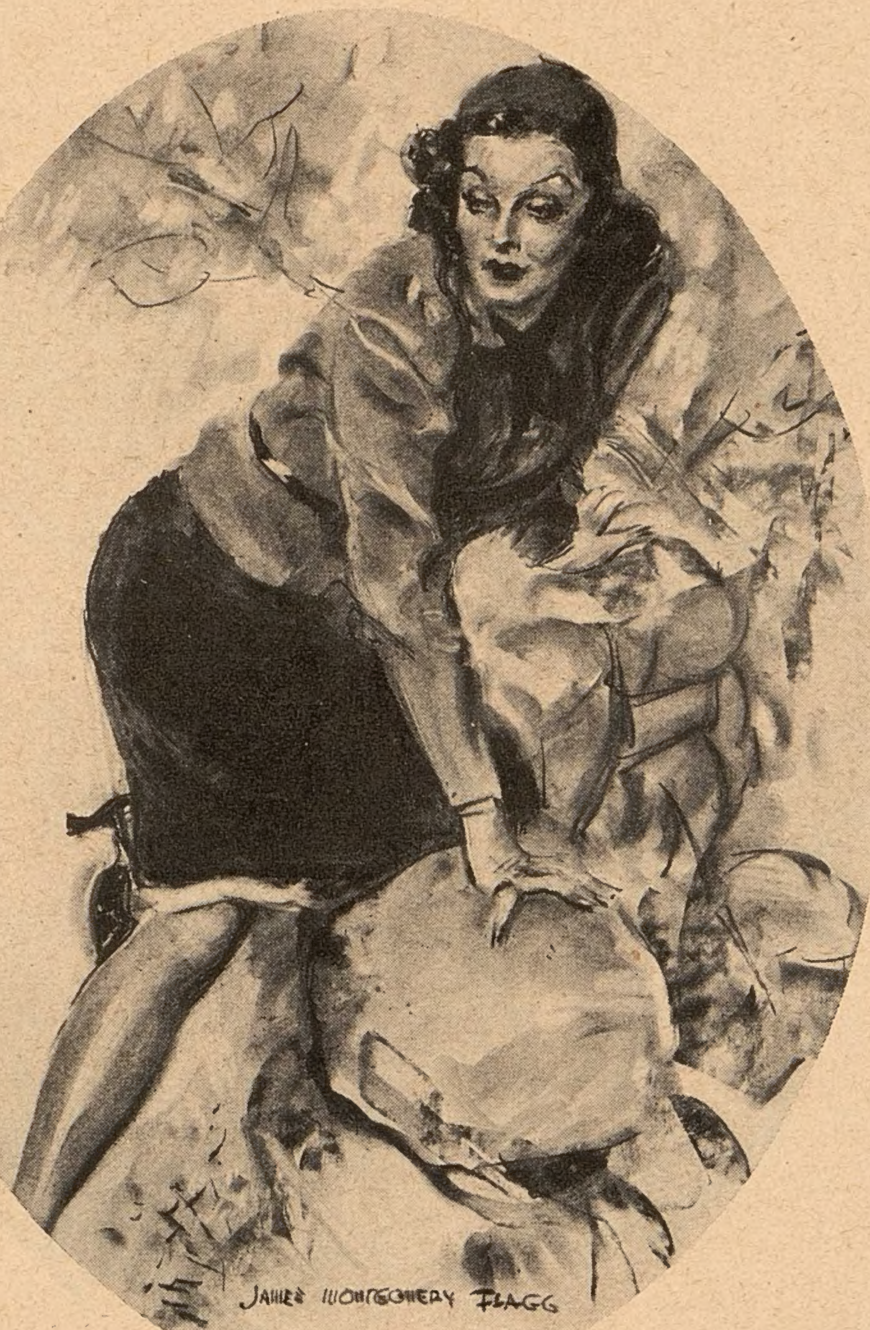
Nancy was dumfounded. "Very neatly hoist by my own petard," she thought when she read it. She couldn't imagine whether the West was spoofing or serious, or which she thought Nancy was; but, in either case, it was a darned amusing situation. She wouldn't go, of course; or would she? The sporting thing, her curiosity finally helped her to decide, was to see it through. With a little trepidation, she finally wrote to accept.

And on Saturday morning, as she was packing to go, came the telegram:

AM SENDING CAR TO
TOWN TO PICK YOU UP
ELEVEN THIRTY
WEST

"Sending" car! A chauffeur, then. The Wests could afford their little week-end luxuries.

She wasn't surprised, therefore, when she opened her door on Saturday to face the tall silhouette of a man with his cap in his hand, "Your bags, miss?" he asked politely in a clipped English voice.



Nancy rose. "You may clear up the dishes, Peebles," she said.

"Here in the hall," she said as she turned to lock the door behind her.

He wasn't in uniform, she noticed as he picked them up and prepared to follow her downstairs; but he put her in the car in the most approved fashion and said as he took the wheel, "My name is Peebles, miss."

The car was a roadster of an expensive make, several years old and beautifully cared for. This was fun; she was enjoying it already. She leaned back luxuriously and fumbled in her bag for a cigarette.

Before she had time to find one, however, Peebles forestalled her. He offered her a striped-silk case with a hand that was long and well kept. Its little finger held a fine old signet ring. It issued, moreover, from a sleeve that was unmistakably Harris tweed.

She didn't dare look at him, but she glanced casually at the cigarette as she took it, and after it was lit said, forming a careful smoke ring:

"Do you buy these at the Racquet Club, Peebles?"

He wasn't perturbed. "Oh, no, miss," he answered; "not at all, miss. My employer gave them to me."

"It was thoughtful of him, Weebles," she remarked, "to give you the case as well."

"It was, miss. 'Peebles,'" he corrected courteously.

Staring sternly ahead of her and trying not to smile, Nancy couldn't decide whether the situation was due to her mistake or his duplicity. She decided to make him play the thing out.

After a couple of sly glances at him she was even more decided. He wasn't exactly good-looking—he was better than that; he looked nice. He had a swell smile and the sort of nose she liked. . . . She would keep him strictly in his place, of course, and above all she herself wouldn't unbend.

She didn't speak to him, therefore, nor he to her, until they found themselves in a labyrinth of dingy streets.

"We are passing through the Bronx, miss," he said in a megaphonic voice, "and extremely lucky for us."

Caught off guard, she giggled.

"One," he remarked.

"One?" she echoed, startled.

"One—one swallow does not make a summer. I'm quite fond of proverbs, miss."

"That will do, Weebles."

"Peebles, miss," he murmured sadly.

While she speculated on who he was, anyway, and made new resolutions of dignity, he kept a respectful silence. The sight of Bronx Park, however, proved too much for him. "You wouldn't care, miss," he asked hopefully, "to stop and take a look at the yak?"

She ignored this, and he subsided for a while. Once she stole a glance at him and caught him looking at her. They both smiled uncontrollably, but she thought it wiser to return to her silence.

This was all until they went by the Inn. It was a quite superior sort of hostelry, set back in the trees like a country club, and it gave Nancy an idea.

"Peebles," she said suddenly, "stop here, please. I'll have lunch. And you too. There must be a servants' dining room."

The attractive gent was equal to this one, however. "It's a very nice inn, I know, miss," he said. "I stopped there on my way down, according to orders, and had lunch put up. There's a spot along here farther on where the family always picnics. You'll like it. It's both pretty and convenient."

This was a poser. Not that she felt that she couldn't handle the situation, or even that there would be one needing it; but it presented the awkward picture of their sitting at opposite ends of some pasture shouting ridiculous comments across the grass—

"Here we are, miss," he announced.

He helped her out obsequiously, and over the wall, gestures which she took unsmilingly. She perched on a rock and watched while he went to get the basket and spread out a cloth on the grass.

Here, she said to herself, is the most attractive man I've ever met, and he comes, presumably, from Fenton! He's probably married, at that; and even if he isn't, I've mistaken him for a chauffeur, and that isn't much of a start. It would be horrible if he turned out to be Mr. West.

He had ransacked the basket and was setting her place: a plate, a napkin, silver, and two glasses, a long one and a small one of cocktail size.

"You're a butler as well, Peebles?" she asked.

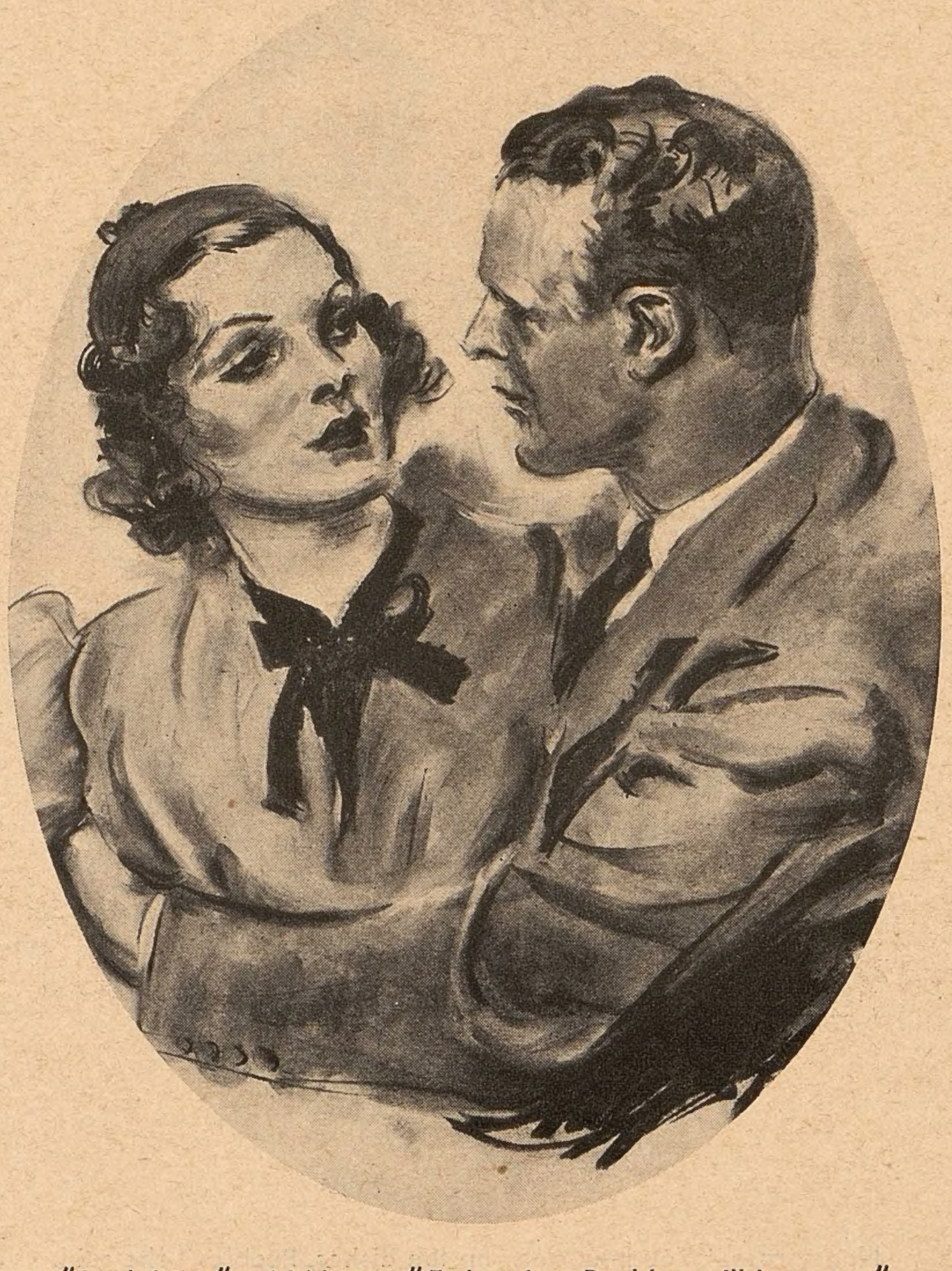
"I do a little of everything, miss."

There was a bowl of salad, a plate of tiny sandwiches, and chicken wrapped in oiled paper. He looked these over critically.

"Oh. And the Piccadilly," he said.

He brought a small thermos out of the basket and shook it appraisingly.

"The Piccadilly," he said, "is named for a little place in the East Sixties. I happened to be there the night it was invented. That was my night off, of course. Are you ready for it, miss?"



"Look here," said Nancy. "Embracing, Peebles, will be extra."

"Didn't the Borgias," she asked him, "and other gentry of the Middle Ages, have some one to taste their wine before they drank?"

"I believe so, miss. A very practical custom."

"Then will you have a Piccadilly, Peebles?"

He found himself a glass and poured out his. "To the upper classes, miss," he said as they drank.

"You may eat your lunch over there," she told him afterward, to balance her condescension. "On that other rock."

They sat absurdly apart from each other and attacked their food. Partly because the silence between them became embarrassing, she asked as he helped her to salad, "What else do you do on your day off, Peebles?"

She found out various things about him in the next half hour. He liked Russian music and Harpo Marx and South Wind and mussels and good Scotch; and he didn't, he said in answer to her question, altogether enjoy the suburbs. Through it all, quite formally, he remained Peebles; he was enjoying the game, she thought, as much as she was. With the after-luncheon cigarettes she felt that she knew him better than she could ever know any one in Fenton; better, in a sense, than she had ever known any man. It seemed absurd that she actually knew so little about him. There must be some way to find out.

"What do you do for a living?" she asked casually, to catch him unawares.

"I am a chauffeur, miss," he answered with dignity and a twinkle in his eye. "I fell into it naturally. People kept taking me for one, miss, so life seemed simpler that way."

"It's nice that you don't seem to mind," said Nancy.

"Oh, I don't mind at all," he said. "It gives me a chance to mingle with those in a higher walk of life. Like today, miss."

"If you want to succeed, Peebles, you must take care not to abuse the privilege," said Nancy severely.

"Thank you, miss. I shall try. I am very ambitious."

"And what is your ambition, my good man?"

"Frankly, miss," he said, leaning back on his rock and looking up into the branches of a very pretty larch, "I should like to be allowed to pay my addresses—quite respectfully, of course—to a young lady of standing. I am rather fussy, however, and I should demand certain qualities. I should insist, for instance, that she have spirit and humor, hair too red to be brown and too brown to be red, and a sort of dimple in her chin . . ."

Nancy rose with dignity and brushed her skirt free from crumbs.

"You may clear up the dishes, Peebles," she said. "I shall be in the car."

". . . and discretion, miss," floated behind her as she cleared the wall.

Back in the car, she sat grinning happily into space. He was such an idiot! She had wanted romance; well, here it was. She began to get an idea of what people meant by love at first sight. You had always looked for certain qualities in a man, and when you found them you recognized them. And if the rest of him measured up . . .

Just then he arrived, not at all subdued, with the hamper in his arms.

"Ready, miss?" he asked respectfully as he took the wheel.

Nancy was, but the car wasn't. At least, it started off bravely enough, to die gradually and ignominiously a little way down the lane.

Peebles gave a look at the gas gauge, and then got out and lifted the hood. After that he disappeared behind it for a moment, to reappear with consternation on his face.

"I hope you'll believe me," he said, for the first time out of character. "The damn gauge isn't working. There isn't a drop of gas."

She did believe him, but decided not to admit it. "How careless of you, Peebles," was what she said. "It will be a long walk for you, won't it, back to the gas station? Of course you may get a lift."

He shook his head. "It's rather off the beaten track. There's been only one car along since we've been here. . . . I may be gone some time. Do you mind awfully waiting here alone? Look here; I do want you to know—"

"That will do, Peebles," said Nancy firmly. "I shan't mind at all. I have a book in my bag."

Watching him walk dejectedly up the road, she knew that she believed him; his concern was quite real. Well, he wouldn't have to walk long. There would be a house near where he could telephone. He was right about the road, though. It was lonely. She had puzzled the whole matter over a couple of times before any vehicle appeared. It was a motorcycle; two of them, in fact, with policemen.

They slowed up at sight of her, stopped and dismounted. After conferring for a moment they came over, looking oddly portentous.

"Is this your car, ma'am?" asked the thin one.

"No," said Nancy.

"Can you tell us who owns it?"

"I—I don't really know," Nancy said. "I should say, Mrs. West."

The cops exchanged glances.

"This here car," one said, drawing a card out of his pocket for reference, "belongs to a guy named Piluski. It's missing. It's been stole."

Nancy was so startled that she was speechless. The policeman had to ask it twice.

"Who's driving it, lady?" he repeated.

"A chauffeur," she said. "His name is—Peebles. He's gone up the road for some gas."

"Hell of a chauffeur," murmured the thin one.

After he had checked up on the gas he went in pursuit of Peebles. Nancy was left with the fat one and a curious jumble of emotions.

"If the rest of him measured up"! Well, there were limits, she thought, to being whimsical. Coming to the party as Peebles was all right, but must the car, too, be in disguise? Now that she thought of it, he had never said "West" or "Fenton"; that they were actually going in the right direction might be a coincidence, and if so, who did he think she was, and who was he, besides somebody she was falling in love with? But no, he couldn't be anything but all right. . . .

"What does this guy look like?" asked the cop suddenly.

"A week-end with a future," Nancy said. . . .

"Hey?" said the cop.

"Oh . . . he's tall and has fair hair and his eyes are blue and rather deep-set . . ."

"It ain't Flivver Joe," said the cop in disappointment.

NANCY didn't hear him; she was listening to the rattle of a car up the road. In it were a mechanic and Peebles. He didn't seem disturbed at the sight of her companion.

"Well, here you are," he said as he got out, "with the law standing by."

The law wasn't responsive. "That him?" he growled to Nancy. . . . "You own this car, mister?"

Peebles said he didn't. It belonged to his brother, he volunteered, with no apparent resentment at the cop's manner.

The thin cop arrived on his motorcycle.

"Guy by the name of Piluski, I suppose?" asked the law sarcastically.

"No," said Peebles, still controlled, "if it's any of your business."

"Stolen property," remarked the fat one heavily, "is my business. . . . And you don't look like no chauffeur," he went on with satisfaction.

"You're remarkably kind," Peebles said, with a fleeting glance at Nancy, "but let's get this straight. I'm supposed to be a chauffeur named Piluski, am I, stealing a car?"

"You've stole a car *from* Piluski," the cop explained.

"His first name," said Peebles, as if light were dawning, "doesn't happen to be Charles?"

"That's right," said the cop.

"Short, dark, thick-set?"

"That's right," said the cop again.

Much to the surprise of every one, Peebles began to laugh.

Their surprise made him laugh harder; the relief on Nancy's face, too, might have contributed to it. At any rate, it was minutes before he struggled into speech.

"You're right, officer," he said, to their further astonishment. "I did get away with this car. Well, anyway, almost. . . . But it's all right. Do you mind if we call up Piluski?"

Nancy and the thin one were still puzzled when he came back from this mission, chatting amiably with his escort. The garage man looked relieved as Peebles paid him; hardly more so, thought Nancy, than she felt. . . .

"And now," she said when the rest had gone, "explain."

HE slid in beside her and offered her a cigarette.

"We chauffeurs, miss," he observed, "are not always as you see us. Away from the wheel, we have our lighter moments. Even I."

"Could you?" she asked.

He looked at her reproachfully. "During such periods of relaxation," he continued firmly, "for the sake of my professional standing I sometimes take refuge behind a nom de guerre. I call myself, for example, 'Bob West.'"

"I seem to recognize it," Nancy said.

"Traveling thus, incognito as it were, I went to Fenton to visit a brother, and happened to see you. You were dancing; dancing with some one whom—if I were off duty, of course, miss—I should describe as Old Stonehenge."

"Disrespectful but accurate, Peebles," she said.

"You left before I found any one to introduce me. But—might I be personal, miss?"

"I should think it very likely," said Nancy.

"I couldn't forget you," he said gravely. "You—you looked like some one I've always hoped to meet. Everything about you was right, even the way you danced and your trick little job from Bouvet's. . . . So I got my sister-in-law to ask you up for the week-end."

"And I wrote my impertinent note," she groaned.

"Oh, she loved it; she's a grand person. But it rather put it up to me."

"To you?"

"If you were as fed up with week-ends as that note implied, I wouldn't rate much; I'd be just another man you had to be nice to. So I decided I'd go get you. Perhaps I could make you like me before the week-end began. I gummed things up a bit, of course, by taking Charles' car. When I got to my brother's this morning," he explained, "no one was about, so I picked out a likely bus from their garage, sent you the telegram, and took off. Charles is my brother's chauffeur; in his hours off duty, Piluski."

Nancy laughed. "And your facetiousness and my dark hall turned you into Peebles."

"It's—it's been grand," he said. "It's incredible; you're just the way I always knew you'd be."

"And you," she said without thinking.

He looked down at her wonderingly; their faces were very close. She hadn't meant it to happen so soon, but she couldn't seem to help it; he kissed her.

"Look here," said Nancy after a minute, "that isn't in my contract. Embracing, Peebles, will be extra."

He fumbled gravely in his pocket and produced a roll of bills. "A ten?" he mused, as if to himself. "Absurd! A twenty? Ridiculous."

He tossed the money, all of it, negligently into her lap.

"Just let me know," he said, with an arm about her, "when that gives out."

THE END

HOW JANET GAYNOR *Smashed* THE HOLLYWOOD JINX

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

TEN years ago this summer I was sitting on the edge of the Douglas Fairbanks swimming pool at Santa Monica talking with Mrs. Fairbanks about—of all things!—her successor as "America's Sweetheart."

It was a delicate matter to discuss. There was every possibility that Mary might stand on her constitutional rights and refuse to testify. But she didn't even hesitate.

"Janet Gaynor," she said. "The girl can act. Her Diane in Seventh Heaven is one of the greatest pieces of acting ever seen. She may be the greatest tragedienne of her time."

I thought of that prophecy five years later at a Christmas Eve party at Winnie Sheehan's big house in Beverly Hills. Winfield Sheehan was head of Fox Films. Little Gaynor was his biggest star—as incontestably the queen of the American box office as Mary Pickford had been a half decade before.

It is an old saw in Hollywood that Mary Pickford is the wisest movie man of them all. She was certainly right about Janet in her first prophecy. Would she be proved right in the second? Would the new "America's Sweetheart" become "the greatest tragedienne of her time"?

Frankly, she had shown few signs, after her first two starring roles, of any such eventuality. So far as the public went, she seemed content to go on playing the little dream maiden that some one had christened "a waltz girl in a jazz age." Those of us who knew Mary, however, and who knew Janet, were still confident.

Then something happened. Perhaps, as Janet said, the stories weren't right. Perhaps, as the studio said, she was growing up: she couldn't do the old parts, and the public wouldn't accept her in any others. Perhaps—but what's the use? The situation drifted along from bad pictures to worse, from bad box office to worse, until, a few months ago, both star and studio were glad to call it a day.

Very definitely, Janet Gaynor was no longer "America's Sweetheart." It seemed exceedingly unlikely that the once great popular star would ever be given another chance to prove whether she was the screen's "greatest tragedienne" or the screen's greatest anything else.

But you never can tell about Hollywood. Sometimes it is almost human. Six days after she left Fox, Janet signed with David Selznick to co-star with Fredric March in A Star Is Born.

Well, you have seen the picture. Or read about it. Or heard about it. Who hasn't? You know that March was never better. You know, too, that it was Janet's picture—by unanimous vote of the qualified critics, by unanimous vote of you and me out front.

Many explanations have been offered for this sudden emergence of the Gaynor who might have been. None of them held much water.

The Technicolor may have helped. It was certainly good to Janet's hair. But up to now color had proved a handicap to most actresses, not a help.

The story? It was sure-fire, of course. But that was what everybody, including Janet, had complained of in her other stories. They were all sure-fire.

The director? Bill Wellman is good. But then, Gaynor has always had good directors: Frank Borzage, Henry King, Bill Howard—they are the best in the business.

The leading man? Couldn't be better. But Janet has always played with good people: Warner Baxter, Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Taylor, and, of course, Charlie Farrell—who, if he wasn't a great actor, was certainly an inspiring one to Janet.

Personally, having

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watched the Gaynor saga more or less from the inside, I found the answer in the title of the Walt Disney cartoon which preceded A Star Is Born on the bill I saw. It read: "The Worm Turns."

To understand how such an ethereal person as a dream maiden, a waltz girl became a cinema worm, and why she has been so long in turning, it is best to begin with the child who was born Laura Gainer, daughter of a Philadelphia paper hanger, on an October day in 1906.

Frank Gainer, not Gaynor, hadn't always been a paper hanger. In the early movie days he had played character bits at the old Lubin studio on Twentieth Street.

Lollie—her family still call Janet Lollie—spoke the usual pieces at Sunday-school parties; perfected a few acrobatic tricks, which her versatile father taught her; and did fireside imitations of her two idols, Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge.

Suddenly Mother Gainer divorced herself from Father Gainer, and went with her two daughters to live in Chicago. There the Gainers met Jonesy. Laura Gainer the elder married him. Laura Gainer the younger adopted him as a guide, philosopher, and pal.

Harry Jones was a cheerful, moon-faced, kindly man who tried to be a mining promoter and turned out to be a poet. When God made Jonesy He forgot to throw in an anchor. That's how stepdaughter Lollie found herself in San Francisco and later in Hollywood. It was Jonesy who recognized the quality of pathos in that little, poignant face, who encouraged her to be an actress.

The Joneses arrived in Hollywood in 1924. I happen to have the firsthand report of the first casting director who saw Janet, Billie Hodges of the old Fox studio. It proves conclusively that whereas there are several resemblances in the story of A Star Is Born to Janet Gaynor's own life, few of them lie in the history of the shabby little extra girl's rise to fame.

"I was sitting at my desk one day in 1924," Billie told me, "when a tiny kid with great brown eyes that would make soup plates look like saucers stuck her head above the rail.

"This kid's face, I told myself, was meant to be round, not thin—what she needs is a square meal. And I made up my mind to fix it for her. There wasn't a picture casting on the lot, so I sent her down to Comedy Alley.

"A couple hours later I called up to ask what had happened. Plenty! What did I mean, yelled the director, sending them that solemn-faced little waif? Didn't I know they were in the business of *entertaining* the public?

"I never saw her again until she turned up unexpectedly—must have been a couple of years later—for a role in The Johnstown Flood."

It happens, too, that I have some fairly direct evidence of what happened during those two years of waiting.

"Bill—that's what I used to call my husband—had a day's work as an extra," my informant told me. "I remember it well, because we spent our last cent to hire his dress suit. All we had left to eat was a can of beans. I was preparing these for lunch, when I looked out of the window—we were living over a garage—and saw a funny old flivver come rattling into the yard. Bill was at the wheel. A cute but very tired little girl sat drooping by his side.

"Bill brought her upstairs and explained that he had been on a set all morning with this little girl—background stuff, you know—and he couldn't help noticing that she seemed weak and fainty.

"When he asked her if she was going to have luncheon, and she said she wasn't, he did the kind of thing Bill would do. He 'borrowed' the flivver, and brought her home to eat our beans."

The woman who told me that story was Josephine Dillon, Clark Gable's first wife. Bill was Clark. The girl was Janet Gaynor.

In her first Fox picture, the little Gaynor girl played Ann Burger, the second lead. Irving Cummings, the director, told Boss Sheehan about her.

"She's the kind of a girl," Irving said, "who appeals to the masculine sense of protectiveness."

Sheehan evidently agreed with him. Before Flood reached the screen, he signed her to a long-time contract, and sent her to a dentist to get her teeth fixed.

"Half Pint's" most important role was the little girl opposite old Alec Francis' Peter Grimm. Two of the screen's greatest directors, Murnau and Borzage, happened to pass the set as Janet was doing her stuff. The Maude Adams in her was hitting on all twelve. Murnau immediately claimed her for his unforgettable Sunrise; Borzage, for the equally unforgettable Seventh Heaven. Said the latter: "She is Diane!"

And she was. Simone Simon is a nice plump little girl. She has talent too. But if you want to know how good an actress Janet Gaynor was in the year 1927, go see the Simon-Stewart version of Seventh Heaven.

Sunrise, offering the new star an absolutely different role, confirmed the promise of Seventh Heaven. Little Gaynor was not a one-part girl. She was an actress, not a type. But Seventh Heaven made money. Sunrise did not. Janet was doomed, according to Hollywood tradition, to play Diane all the rest of her life—the helpless wistful elf, the cowed bewildered waif.

So, as one harsh critic of Hollywood practices expressed it at the time, "she was thrown into a studio incubator and reared on a bottle of studio pap."

Some one once said of Janet that she has "a hot sense of justice." Perhaps it was this quality, a loyalty which at times becomes almost a frenzy, which prevented her from rebelling against such treatment. She

The inside story of a ten-year-old Mary Pickford prophecy, a wistful redhead, and a sensational comeback

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

1932

wanted to give her family the good things that playing box-office successes provided. She wanted to repay Winnie Sheehan, the man who had given her her chance.

Anyhow, she was pretty busy with her love life.

There is no space in this brief chronicle to untangle all of the twisted and knotted skeins of our most romantic actress's personal romances; but inasmuch as they have vitally affected her career, we must make at least a beginning; and the beginning might as well be with Lydell Peck, the man she married—especially since it was in that marriage that the life of Janet Gaynor most closely resembles the life of Vicki Lester, the distracted heroine of A Star Is Born.

Blue-eyed Lydell Peck—not handsome in the movie way, but tall and strong, with a stick-out chin and a trained mind—was the son of a well known wealthy San Francisco attorney, and himself a practicing lawyer. From the day he met Janet he thought of nothing but how he could get the little redhead to marry him.

Janet had been in love with several young men before Lydell came along. One was Herb Moulton, Los Angeles Times drama and movie critic. Herb got her her test for the part in Flood. Later, handsome young Don Montgomery, the dentist to whom Winnie sent his starlet, overtook and passed Moulton in the race for little Gaynor's affections. But Janet soon came out of the ether.

And there was Charlie Farrell.

The love story of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, perhaps the most highly publicized of all modern romances until Edward Windsor renounced his throne for "the woman I love," was as baffling to those who watched it unfold as it was to the public that lived breathlessly for its never accomplished denouement. Most of all, perhaps, it was baffling to the two young persons involved.

There was undoubtedly something very close and fine that bound these two together, a rhythm, to which they both responded with the best that was in them.

"Farrell and I speak the same language," Janet explained, on one of the few occasions when she mentioned their relationship.

Both denied that there was any more tender tie between them. But their public would not believe them. Never in the history of the drama has there been such a merging in the public mind of illusion and reality. The fans resented the presence of any other actor opposite Gaynor on the screen. Even more, they resented the thought that either should marry any one else.

Whether this mass pressure actually kept them from the altar, nobody except themselves will ever know for sure. But Janet finally married Lydell, at his father's home in Oakland, on September 11, 1929.

Some of the public said it was a spite marriage because Janet thought Charlie was faithless, when he wasn't. Others said it was a grief marriage to save her pride and comfort a breaking heart. Both groups felt that the lovers had cheated them. Many actually wrote Janet and demanded that she divorce Lydell and marry Charlie.

EVERYTHING possible was done to ease the situation. Janet acted the happy wife, appeared everywhere alone with Lydell. When this seemed to infuriate her fans still further, she appeared at openings with her husband on one arm and her screen lover on the other. When, a year later, Farrell married Virginia Valli, the four were inseparable wherever news cameras were clicking.

Nothing helped. She had struck a blow at her public's ideal of the true romance. It threatened to blast her career. It did blast Farrell's. He asked and received his release from Fox—and he has not made a successful picture since.

For young Peck, of course, the situation was an impossible one. He had given up his practice to come to Hollywood to enjoy his new life with Janet. Janet was in no mood for enjoyment. Her nerves became increasingly frazzled. She walked out on the studio over a dispute about stories, ran away to Hawaii *without* her husband.

Lydell, already known in Hollywood as "Mr. Gaynor," just as Freddie March was known in the picture as "Mr. Lester," suffered intolerable humiliations. By this time Sheehan had put him on the Fox pay roll, presumably at Janet's request, as an "associate producer." Trained movie men resented him. The public laughed at him. Janet's friends blamed him for giving her bad advice.

Well, Janet made up with the studio, but she didn't make up with Lydell. Rumors, denials; private quarrels, public embraces; longer and longer separations. The marriage took the usual Hollywood course until, in the spring of 1933, it ended in the divorce court.

On the heels of all this personal disorganization came Winnie Sheehan's resignation as production head of Fox. Sheehan had been Janet's friend. She feared the coming of new and possibly less sympathetic bosses.

When, therefore, immediately after the announcement that Sheehan was to give way to Darryl Zanuck, Janet went to her beloved Hawaii for an indefinite "vacation," there were many who believed that she would never come back to the Fox lot, perhaps never to any lot.

But she had a contract calling for two more pictures. So she came back and presented herself for work.

The studio had nothing for her. After a long wait, she was "loaned," for the first time in her career, for Small Town Girl at M-G-M. When she finished, Zanuck put her in Ladies in Love—but he also put in the same picture Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, and Janet's widely proclaimed "successor," Simone Simon.

TO the non-Hollywooder this sort of thing may seem unimportant. To Janet, to her friends, to the movie press, it was writing on the wall. The studio was either going to drop Gaynor entirely or it was humiliating her in the hope of getting her to sign a contract quite different from the one she had so long enjoyed.

If her new bosses thought they were dealing with the Janet Gaynor they had seen on the screen—the frail and downtrodden elf—they were wrong.

Janet was not through. There were plenty of people in Hollywood who had watched her long fight to get pictures fitted to her maturing talents—her Hawaii "vacation," for instance, in which she had sacrificed $44,000 in salary checks rather than do the sappy roles the studio was offering her—and they knew that she was right.

Janet knew who these people were who believed in her. And in her speculations as to where she would jump when the jumping time came, she had singled out one man, David O. Selznick. She would sign with David. But only for one picture! Wise motion-picture woman that she was, she knew that if she got the picture she wanted—and she would take no other—the future would take care of itself.

And that is the way Janet Gaynor smashed the Hollywood jinx—by being not the Janet that Heaven made her, but the Janet God made her!

In either role Janet is a nice little girl. She has sincerity, faith, courage, loyalty. She is idealistic as well as practical. Physically, she is just as frail as she appears on the screen. But she is *not* helpless.

"Janet helpless?" exclaimed one friend who knows her well. "She's just about as helpless as a bantam rooster!"

I could give you a complete description of the real Gaynor, the Gaynor who is going to make screen history, in the words of those who know her best: "An inner fire in a frail body." "A shy little lamb with the heart of a lion." "The size of an elf and the will of an Amazon." "A staccato personality, vibrant, rippling, impish." "A small load of dynamite."

As I see her in her new happiness—for she is unquestionably happy to be out on her own and free to do the things she has always wished to do—she is mellower than some of those phrases suggest. She has grown into an emotional maturity. As she herself says:

"You can't live through the major experiences of life without being touched by them. I can never again play the Seventh Heaven sort of thing. You see, I know now that there isn't any seventh heaven, and my knowing it would show through."

A bit cynical, perhaps, for an America's Sweetheart, but not too cynical for a great tragedienne.

That, perhaps more than anything else, is why A Star Is Born is a star reborn!

THE END

MASTER VILLON *Calls for Justice*

By JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART TWO

JUST before the mounted men from Beaugency caught up with him, Master Villon took advantage of a dip in the landscape, slid off his frightened horse into the roadside ditch. It was a satisfaction to hear his pursuers thundering past.

Beyond the ditch there was a hedge with a break in it. He wriggled through, hastily repaired the opening he had widened, and stretched out again. The hoofbeats faded in the distance, then stopped. He knew they had overtaken his horse or caught sight of the riderless animal. In a moment they came back at a sharp trot. If his feet had marked the dust in the highway, he was as good as hanged! But they missed the trail and rode on.

Not till complete darkness had settled for an hour or so did he try his stiff legs again on the road. At dawn, what with walking and hunger, his head was none of the clearest. On the horizon, ever so far away, he believed he saw a town. Was it Beaugency? Had he retraced his steps? Much as he disliked to attract attention, he would speak to the first safe-looking wayfarer and get his bearings.

No sooner had he committed himself to that plan than a cart overtook him with three men in it, all of respectable demeanor, and one of them, a small man, more than respectable—positively benign. His face held the constant promise of a smile.

The cart stopped almost before Master Villon signaled.

" What town is that—Beaugency? "

The benign man laughed. " You don't want to see Beaugency again, do you? "

Master Villon was too weary to be careful. " God knows I don't! "

This time all the men in the cart laughed.

" Get in—plenty of room," said the benign person.

Master Villon climbed up. " What town is it, then? "

The man who had seemed benign hit him over the head with an ax handle.

Master Villon woke up in a damp room without windows. There was an iron grating for a door. He didn't recognize the place. There was a dim light in the corridor outside.

His bones ached, perhaps from the beating he had received, perhaps from the hard bed on which they had laid him—a raised plank, not long enough for his feet. He could hear soft scamperings in the cell corners. The rats were ready for him.

Against his will he fell asleep again or fainted. When he woke it was because a lantern light swung across his closed lids. He sat up and reached for his knife. A short laugh mocked him.

" Little Robert never leaves you that! Here's your breakfast."

On the dirty floor by the plank was a mug of water. Also a crust of disreputable bread.

" I should like to see Little Robert! " exclaimed Master Villon.

" You've seen him—he brought you in." The swing of the departing lantern threw a sickly gleam on an uninviting face—cropped hair, small eyes, thick jaw.

" Just wait till the Duke of Orléans hears of this! "

" I'll wait," said the jailer, taking his lantern through the grating and fastening the lock.

" Come back! Let me speak with Little Robert! There's a mistake! "

But the fellow was gone, and the prompt rats were closing in on the bread crust.

Before the jailer came back with the next meal, Master Villon was very hungry. When the crop-headed fellow put down another crust, Master Villon picked it up with a speed he tried to control.

" Who's in charge of this place? " he inquired.

" Well," said the jailer, " in a sense, I am."

" I thought it was Little Robert."

" Well—I take orders from him."

" Why won't he speak with me? "

" All in good season," said the jailer. " He always has a word with them at the end."

The lantern retreated farther.

" Naturally," said Master Villon, " curiosity is roused by this harping on Little Robert. Who is he? "

The man put the lantern on the ground for greater ease with the lock. When it was fastened he peered through the grating.

" As though you didn't know! "

" My ignorance is complete."

" Well," said the jailer, picking up the light, " he's the bishop's hangman."

For tedious hours, until the corridor grew dark, Master Villon reviewed his case from every angle. He had thought himself into a maudlin tangle by the time a swaying and increasing light outside the grating announced the jailer again.

When luck ran low . . . the poet-rogue concludes the hazardous adventure which began in last week's Liberty

More bread and water. But now the man wanted to talk.

" We've a new king. The old one, Charles, died a week ago. Little Robert just told us. Good riddance, I say. Charles had no character."

" That's a sad fault," said Master Villon.

" They say the new one's a terror," continued the jailer, meaning praise.

" Have I heard of him before? " said Master Villon, to whom experience had brought no proof that the son succeeds the father.

" Prince Louis—the title will be Louis the Eleventh. He'll keep order for you! He can do without a judge, but he loves a hangman."

" Does he love bishops too? "

" *Hein?* "

" Is this Louis fond of the bishop who employs Little Robert? "

" That's Thibault of Orléans."

" Ah, then I'm in Orléans! "

Tribute to Meung

Thanks to that Bishop, Jacques Thibault,
Prisoned with irons on my feet
I had much water for my drink,
Much bread of anguish for my meat.
Now when the thought of it returns,
I say a prayer for him—God lay
The whip of justice to his hide
And never take the lash away!

Don't think I underrate the man;
He and the fellows he commands
Address them to their daily task
With smiling eyes and willing hands.
Robert the Hangman most of all,
Bone-breaker, muscle-rearranger!
Christ said to love, and so I do,
The way He loved a money-changer.

" You're in Meung," said the jailer, getting back to richer veins of thought. " Thibault and Louis, now, are two of a kind. Order comes first with His Grace, and there's nothing second. The last time he was here he said to Little Robert—' Robert,' said he, ' give them the choice between two straight things, the path of virtue and the rope.' "

Master Villon did not comment on this simplified approach to sainthood. The jailer moved off reluctantly, leaving another fragment of praise for the bishop.

" He likes Little Robert to get the truth out of a rascal by the shortest method. ' Robert,' he said, ' where there is ground for suspicion, probe to the quick. Our Heavenly Father desires results.' "

" I wish to appeal to the bishop," called Master Villon as the light was departing. " If you could carry a message to him—"

The jailer paused in the corridor. " The bishop's a busy man, preaching the gospel and visiting the churches and blessing the sick and the poor. He may be present, but he told Little Robert not to count on him—in case duty holds him at Orléans."

" Be present when? " called Master Villon, thoroughly roused, but the lantern was swinging up the corridor and there was no answer.

The next time the jailer came he was not disposed to talk. He merely grunted when spoken to. For a full week of days and nights the jailer continued his silent ministrations, with occasional accessions of humane pity which did not deceive his victim. When Master Villon complained, for example, that life could not be sustained indefinitely on bread and water, there was at once an improvement in the fare—a bowl of gruel now and then, even a piece of meat. All this served by the jailer without a single word.

HE was not surprised when the jailer at last beckoned him out into the corridor. Two extra guards were waiting to escort him, one of whom he recognized as the driver of the cart that unlucky morning. They told him merely to walk straight ahead, but even without further instructions he knew where he was going.

At the end of the corridor the small procession descended steep stairs, and came out in the torture room. Three or four lanterns supplied what light there was. Little Robert, the benign man of the cart, stood beside a table on which a candle sputtered. A thin-faced clerk had his quill ready and his horn of ink under the candle.

The chamber was furnished with several ominous machines. There were also several buckets of water.

Master Villon's only surprise came from a short figure standing in the back of the room, guarded by the third of those who had met him in the cart. The short figure was Suzanne, the tumbler whom he had left with her juggling companions at the inn in Beaugency.

The sight made him find his tongue. " Master Robert," he said in a firm voice, " I appeal to you to set right a mistake of your servants. I am entirely innocent! "

" That," said Little Robert, smiling cordially, " is what we shall now find out."

" What am I accused of? "

Little Robert's smile broadened. " You expect me to give away the case in advance? "

Master Villon was losing his temper. " I appeal to you for justice, or to the bishop, if you don't know what justice is! Or to the king! "

" Very well," said Little Robert to the clerk, " we'll let him stand aside, and we'll question the woman."

Master Villon raised his hand. " I swear she had nothing to do with it! "

At these words the thin-faced clerk looked up sharply, and Little Robert broke into his merry laugh. " You speak too hastily, François Villon. She had nothing to do with what? You see? You *do* know the accusation! "

" I do not! I know only that the woman is concerned with nothing in my life, either good or bad! "

" So? I thought you had an eye and good taste."

AT this remark Master Villon cast a quick glance toward Suzanne. She still had on her tumbler's costume, the breeches and the tight-fitting jacket. She looked pale, but otherwise showed no sign of fear. In her life, conflict with the law was nothing new. She stared at Master Villon as though they had never met before.

His glance went back to Little Robert. " I should prefer to have my case tried separately."

The bishop's executioner resented this resort to legal strategy. His smile disappeared. " Prepare them both," he said. " The questioning can be double."

In a minute the guards had removed Master Villon's upper garments, and bent him back upon the table-like machine which he had recognized when he entered the room. His legs from the knees down were bound to the posts which held the table up at one end, and his arms were bound to the supporting posts at the other end, so that the half-naked body arched most uncomfortably, and the head with nothing to lean on drooped toward the floor. When the guards had him ready for the questioning they unfastened his breeches at the waist, to give the stomach room to stretch itself.

" Now the woman," said Little Robert.

They took off Suzanne's shirt, and bent and bound her to the other machine by Master Villon's side.

Little Robert turned to the thin-faced clerk. " Begin! "

The clerk held a document to the candle and cleared his throat. " The woman Suzanne, arrested while most impudently giving an acrobatic performance with two male accomplices in the very shadow of the Meung jail. The men caught sight of the constables, took to flight, and are still at large. The woman Suzanne would doubtless have seen her danger and fled with them, had she not been walking on her hands, upside down."

" Fewer words! " said Little Robert. " Give us the heart of it! "

The clerk ran his finger down the page. " The woman Suzanne was seen whispering with the aforesaid François Villon in the stable of an inn. She was further seen with her two male accomplices dining at the same inn. As to whether François Villon was with her, the testimony conflicts."

" Was that the Beaugency inn? " asked Little Robert, annoyed at any difference of opinion.

The clerk examined the text. " It was."

" Then say so. François Villon, did this woman in any way assist or aid you, or was she present when you robbed the College of Navarre? "

"I didn't rob the College of Navarre! Whoever was there, I wasn't!"

Little Robert smiled, then looked at the other machine. "Er—what's her name?"

The clerk fumbled with his papers. "Oh! Suzanne."

"Suzanne," said Little Robert, "tell us what you know of the robbery at the College of Navarre."

"I never was in a college—not Navarre nor any other."

Little Robert glanced toward the guards. "A good pint, to start with!"

Master Villon's jailer stepped up behind his drooping head, and grasping the nose with one hand, squeezed it until he couldn't breathe. Another crop-haired servant of the bishop took the same liberty with Suzanne. Then both fellows leaned down to the water buckets, without relaxing the pressure on the nostrils, and with the free hand they each brought up a deep ladle or dipper. Slowly but steadily they let the water drop into the gasping throats, that would rather breathe than drink.

At this early stage the trick was to give the prisoner the experience of choking, short of actual death.

When the first pint had been poured into them, Little Robert waited with admirable patience until the agonized gulping began to quiet down, and the writhing bodies relaxed on the machines. He nodded to the jailers, and the thumbs and fingers let in the breath again.

"François Villon," said Little Robert, "what were you and Suzanne talking about in the stable of the inn?"

"I wasn't in the stable—we didn't talk—I never saw her before you brought me to this place!"

Little Robert paused that his next words might fall hard. "Would you like now to swallow a full gallon? Or will you tell the truth?"

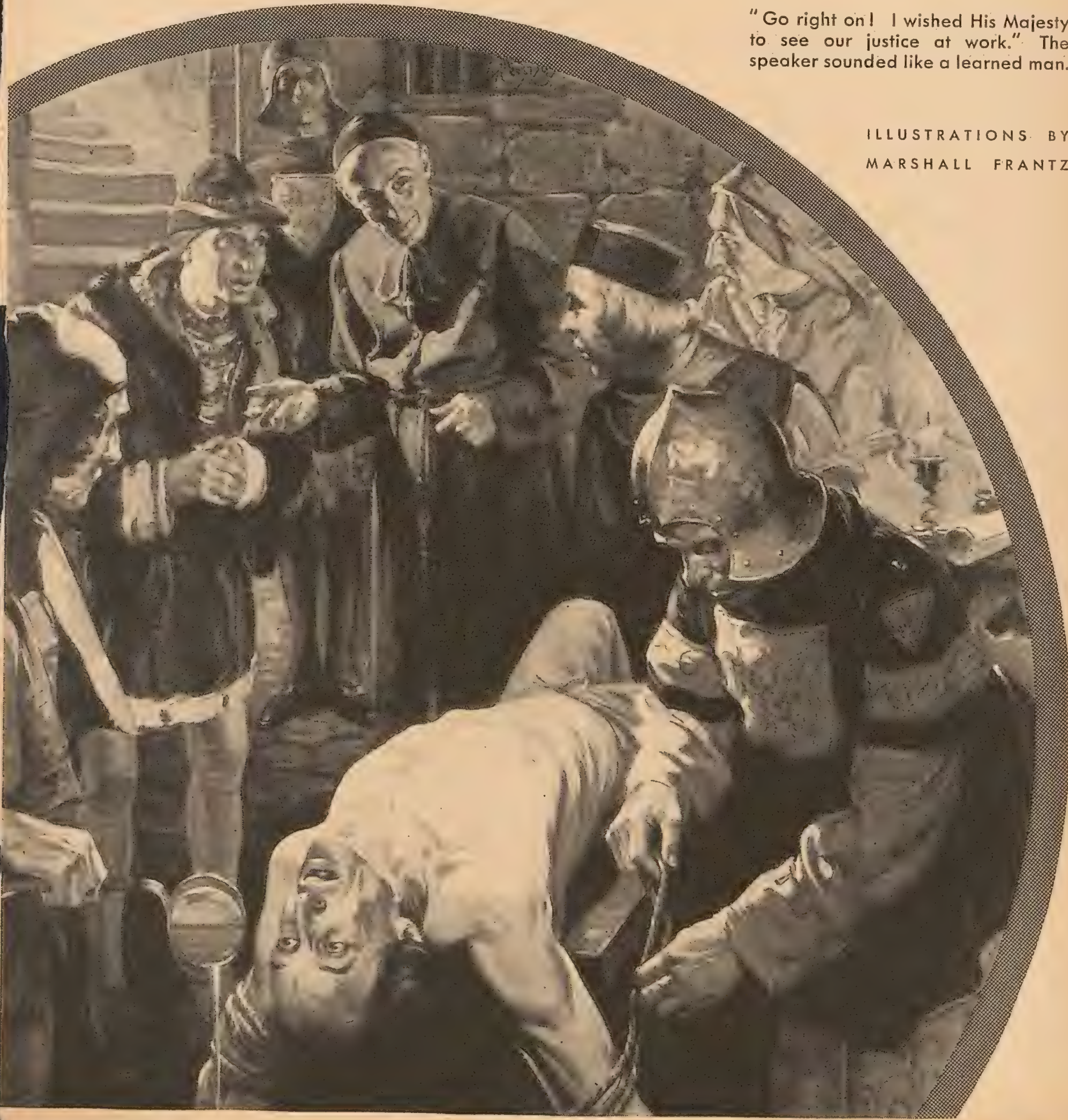
Master Villon's voice shook, but he clung to his story. "It's the truth! So help me!"

Little Robert beckoned to the torturers to resume. "Suzanne, when you met François Villon in the stable—"

"She's fainting," said the jailer who had stepped up to apply the quart.

"An old trick," said Little Robert. "She has room, I should think, for several more questions."

With the stopping of the nostrils and the turning on of



"Go right on! I wished His Majesty to see our justice at work." The speaker sounded like a learned man.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

the water again, Suzanne was twisting on the machine, struggling for her life. A minute or two later Master Villon was in trouble. Little Robert watched the two bodies with an expert eye, ignoring as of slight importance the rapidly distending bellies, but noting the pounding of the heart, the throbbing of the temples.

"She's fainted again," said the jailer.

Little Robert took the news calmly. "She didn't really faint before. Pour on! If she breathes she can swallow."

"She doesn't breathe—she's stopped swallowing."

"A full quart," insisted Little Robert without raising his voice.

The stream splashed from Suzanne's mouth as from the top of a filled bottle. Master Villon was making a last struggle against the ropes that bound him, trying not to breathe the liquid into his lungs.

At that moment a door slammed in the dungeon.

"Ah!" said Little Robert in a cheerful polite tone. "We'll rest for a while. Untie their arms—let them sit up."

"Go right on! Go right on! I wished His Majesty to see our justice at work."

The speaker sounded like a learned man, precise and gentle.

"Who are the questioned? What is the charge?"

Master Villon, with his arms free, lifted his head and coughed up a generous flood on the jailer's feet. The jailer stepped back, annoyed.

The gentle learned man spoke: "Sire, the fellow who is just coming to is François Villon. The woman is—"

"The woman is dead, I think," said the other voice, authoritative but with a strange drawl in it, almost a whine. Master Villon turned his aching neck to see what had happened to Suzanne.

The jailers had brought the woman to a sitting posture, but she had fallen forward, unconscious. The sight put Master Villon in a gust of anger.

"Sire," he pleaded in a whisper, "justice for us both!"

One of the new arrivals was a tallish person in a long robe, wearing a round cap that fitted the back of his head. He was on the thin side. His face was deeply lined and he wore a fixed smile. Perhaps Little Robert imitated him.

The other visitor was short, fox-faced, bent in the shoulders yet not old. His eyes were restless. When looking your way they went through you. He wore a hat turned up at the sides and pulled down in front, and a fur-trimmed jacket that reached hardly below his waist.

Those eyes disposed of Master Villon, then fastened on the man in the robe. "Has she confessed, bishop?"

"Not yet."

"Then it's too soon to let her die! Free her legs there! Turn her on her stomach! Work her arms up and down!"

The jailers sprang to obey the sharp command, given in a terrifying tone, which suggested dark possibilities in the hump-shouldered man. Even the bishop and Little Robert leaned forward, for a tense minute, to be sure the efforts at revival were not too late.

"Hold her upside down by the heels!"

THIS last treatment having relieved the lungs, Suzanne announced her recovery by a groan.

"There!" said the voice with a drawl. "Take her out and I'll talk to her later."

Two of the jailers covered the white body with the garments they had torn off, and carried her up the stairs.

The fox-face veered around to the bishop. "What was the charge? Who brought it?"

The bishop stopped smiling. "Sire, you might say I accused them—"

"I might, eh? Of what?"

The bishop looked embarrassed. "He's a notorious lawbreaker, and the College of Navarre was robbed—"

"Where's your evidence?"

"Sire, we hoped they would confess—"

"We? That means you? Who's the judge here?"

"If you please, sire—" began Little Robert.

"Aren't you the hangman? And judge too? Very economical!"

"If Your Majesty will allow me to explain," said the bishop, more than worried.

The fox-face smiled. "Who am I to find fault with a man of God? If you'll now leave me with François Villon—unbind his legs—I'll ask a question of my own."

When the bishop, Little Robert, and the clerk had gone through the private door, and the remaining jailers had hastened up the steep steps, the bent-shouldered man knitted his brows at Master Villon.

"You may sit on that machine. Why did you ask for justice?"

"You are the king, sire. If you are not just, who will be?"

Louis the Eleventh sat down in the clerk's chair.

"Are you a friend of Robert d'Estouteville?"

"Sire, I am not!"

Louis was amused at the vigorous answer. "Neither am I! He is no longer provost of Paris. How do you get on with his wife?"

The inquiry caught Master Villon off his guard, but he met the king's eye frankly. "She was my friend. I hope she still is."

"I know your record," said Louis. "d'Estouteville is an enemy of mine. My spies watched his wife—and noticed you. I'll ask one or two questions, and if I don't approve of the answers Little Robert can hang you. When the bishop set Little Robert to work on you, it was at d'Estouteville's suggestion. He didn't mention it, knowing how d'Estouteville stands with me. Did you help rob the College of Navarre?"

MASTER VILLON braced himself. "Sire, I was one of them, I confess. I've been guilty of even worse, in the days when—"

"Before you thought you were in love?"

Master Villon was silent.

"Louise de Grigny is a presentable girl," said the king. "I don't think she'll marry you, even if that hot-tempered old father of hers should change his mind. Who is that other girl, the one who tries to get money out of your godfather?"

"Catherine?" asked Master Villon, startled.

"I believe that *is* the name," said Louis. "I can't blame her. I got some money out of your godfather myself. He has paid what you took from the College of Navarre."

"Sire!" exclaimed Master Villon. "It's something off my conscience."

One side of the king's mouth twitched. "I didn't say the college has its money back. I said your godfather gave it to me. Did you steal the bailiff's horse?"

"Sire, I left my own in its place."

"The bailiff has gone back to Bourges," said Louis. "The bishop would like to know where his horse is."

"Sire, I exchanged it again, and left the new one behind when the constables chased me."

Louis drew up to the clerk's table, made use of the quill and the inkhorn, and scratched away on a bit of paper. Master Villon used the time to put on his clothes.

"You have told the truth," said the king, "unless my servants have misinformed me. I see nothing admirable in your replies. I believe I shall hang you."

Master Villon inclined his head and sat motionless.

"But not quite yet," continued Louis. "Here's a safe-conduct for you, dated today and good for one year precisely. Unless you lose this paper, few will interfere with you."

He took a purse from his pocket. "Here's money to start with. When I meet you again I'll tell you whether you've been stealing."

He stood up. Master Villon got to his feet.

"Sire, I owe my life—"

"You're free. Where will you go?"

Master Villon tried to think of a place far away. "To Saint-Maixent, sire."

The king helped him up the stairs to the prison door. The jailer was standing by the lock, bowing low.

"François Villon," said Louis, "is free, and under my protection."

Master Villon stepped out into the streets of Meung. He found the pavements very uneven. His legs were weak and his head was dizzy.

THE END

FLIGHT INTO HELL

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

By EDWIN C. PARSONS

A war-pilot's searing memories of daredevil heroes and flaming skies

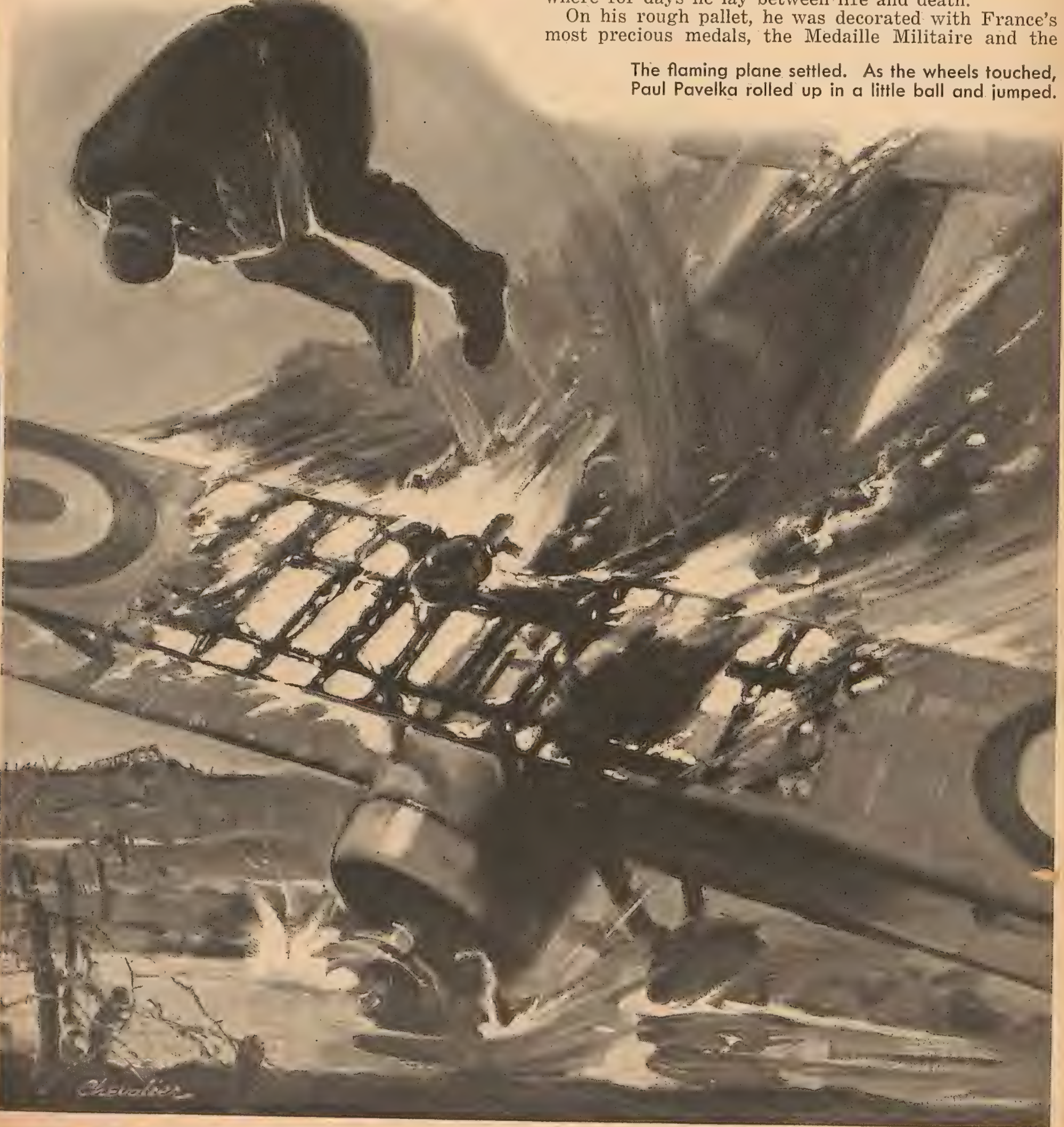
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHEVALIER

PART TWO—CRACK-UPS AND VICTORIES

CLYDE BALSLEY dragged himself out of the wreckage and, by inching himself along the ground like a dog with a broken back, pulling at the grass roots, managed to crawl away far enough so that he wasn't hit by the explosion as the Germans made a direct hit with shrapnel on his machine, blowing it to bits.

Poilus carried him to a near-by evacuation hospital, where for days he lay between life and death.

On his rough pallet, he was decorated with France's most precious medals, the Medaille Militaire and the



The flaming plane settled. As the wheels touched, Paul Pavelka rolled up in a little ball and jumped.

Croix de Guerre. He was scared pea-green when he realized the honors, for previous experience had taught him that men were usually only decorated like that just before they died. He made up his mind to fool them. After months of care in the American Hospital in Paris, he eventually recovered and served with the United States Air Service.

The big-hearted sympathetic Chapman was a constant visitor at his bedside. Balsley expressed a desire for oranges. Victor swore that he should have them. Somehow, in that desolate war-torn countryside, Chapman promoted a bagful. He put them in his ship, and, shortly after a regular patrol had left the field, took off to follow them down the lines toward the hospital.

But the Escadrille patrol had gotten into a bad jam. As Victor caught up with them, they were heroically battling against almost double their number of the enemy. Chapman plunged into the fight and, to divert the enemy fire, attacked several of them at once. But he was in turn attacked by two of the black-crossed hornets and his plane literally shot away under him.

Victor Chapman, first American flyer to die for France.

Raoul Lufbery (at left, above), America's first ace.

The Germans buried him where he fell, and, because he had no identification papers on his person except a letter addressed to Balsley, he was buried under Balsley's name.

He was the first American aviator to give his life for France. It was not until long after the armistice that his grave was discovered, and his body now occupies the first coffin in the crypt of the magnificent Lafayette Memorial near Paris.

In the meantime, Lufbery, though he said little, felt keenly the loss of his comrade. It was more fuel to add to his consuming passion for revenge. In his slow, methodical way, he savagely began to even up the tally.

Day after day he haunted the lines. During his remorseless hunt he encountered the first of the German aces, Boelcke. They engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. Roaring through the heavens, these two masters of the craft poured deadly streams of hot lead into each other. They fought to the point of exhaustion, till every slug had been fired. Then, with gestures of mutual respect, they parted.

His whole ship quivering with the strain and threatening to fold up at any minute, Luf tenderly nursed it back to the field. As he set it down on the tarmac, it collapsed under him.

But Luf was surely and slowly forging to the front. He scored a double victory one day in July, the first recorded in the annals of the French army, and before the summer was over had run his confirmed score of victories to five.

With his fifth victory he took his place among the immortal air heroes of France and America; for he was the first American ace, a distinguished representative on the pitifully small contemporary roster of aces.

Unless an enemy plane was brought down on our side of the lines, requirements for confirmation in the French army were exceedingly strict and most difficult to obtain. It was the only army requiring three impartial witnesses to the successful conclusion of a combat. Hence the French scores didn't run to such staggering totals, but every one was an established and fully witnessed victory.

PAUL PAVELKA, the ex-Foreign Legionnaire, had a narrow escape while the Escadrille was at Verdun. His rotary motor blew a valve and caught on fire at fifteen hundred meters over the lines.

Fire was the horror most dreaded by every war aviator. Generally there were only two solutions: stick with the ship and suffer the agonies of a slow roasting death, or jump.

Pavelka didn't lose his head and he refused to give up. The flames were roaring back and gradually eating into the fabric of his wings. Pavelka cocked the tiny ship on a wing and slipped down with a slide that all but sucked the air from his lungs. The rush of air drew the flames away from his face and body. Less than ten feet from the ground, he straightened the flaming plane out and let it settle in a swamp just outside of Verdun. As the wheels touched, he rolled up in a little ball, jumped, unrolled, and ran. When he was less than fifty feet away the tank exploded, covering him with burning debris. But Pavelka was unhurt, and was back in the air the next day.

The exploits of these adventurous young Americans began to appear daily in the papers both abroad and at home. The publicity served a useful purpose. It fired

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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

YOUNG, reckless, gay, heroic, the Americans who fought for France in the Lafayette Escadrille wrote a spectacular chapter in the history of the World War. Some joined in a spirit of daredevil adventure; some through a genuine love for France; and one, Raoul Lufbery, called "the best pilot of them all," to avenge the death of his friend, Marc Pourpe, who had been killed in a battle with an enemy plane.

Seven pilots made up the original squadron which was called the American Escadrille—Lieutenant William Thaw of Pittsburgh, wealthy Riviera playboy; Bert Hall, who had been driving a taxi in Paris; Victor Chapman, a Beaux-Arts student; Kiffin Rockwell, Norman Prince, Elliott Cowdin, and Jim McConnell. They were officered by two Frenchmen, Captain Georges Thénault and Lieutenant André de Laage de Meux. Other Americans entered active service after receiving training in French aviation schools.

To a lean, weather-beaten North Carolinian, Kiffin Rockwell, belongs the first official victory of the Escadrille. It took place on May 18, 1916, less than a month after the formation of the squadron. Other victories followed. Bill Thaw began to build his iron-man reputation. Bert Hall brought down a German two-seater. Victor Chapman bobbed up with a heroic exploit during which he was wounded.

Then came the first serious loss. Clyde Balsley, a Texan, tried to attack four black-crossed enemy planes single-handed and was hit. By sheer grit he managed to bring his plane back across the lines, where he landed it in the barbed wire of the reserve trenches and overturned.

the imaginations and ambitions of scores of other young Americans and there was a constant stream of new enlistments.

Then, toward the middle of September, orders were received for the Escadrille to go to Paris, get new machines, and report at the old headquarters at Luxeuil-les-Bains.

The new planes were the 110-horsepower rotary-motored Nieuports with a slightly larger wing spread and equipped with the newest innovation, which the Germans had had for some time—the synchronized Vickers machine gun which fired through the propeller.

At this time another important addition was made to the Escadrille. Two or three of the boys chipped in and purchased a little lion cub, who was promptly named Whiskey and became the original mascot of the Escadrille. Some one suggested having a cage made for him; but Jim McConnell popped up with the classic remark:

"Why put him behind bars? He'll see all the bars he needs, traveling with this mob."

So, during all the existence of the Escadrille, Whiskey was never confined, but roamed at large and romped with the pilots just like a big dog.

On the return to Luxeuil, Robert Rockwell joined the Escadrille. For over a year before his enlistment he had been doing interne duty in French hospitals.

The boys were welcomed back to their old luxurious quarters and, as their new planes were slow in arriving, they indeed lived the life of Riley.

Trout fishing, hunting, and a continuous round of parties with about fifty English aviators who, with their ships and a tremendous ground personnel, they were surprised to find quartered in Luxeuil. There was no question but that there was a big hen on, but nobody knew what it was to be, and the boys took full advantage of their leisure to enjoy themselves.

But it was for the last time. They were really being fattened for the sacrifice. From now on, it was to become a war in all war's grimness.

Kiffin Rockwell's new plane was the first to be ready, and on September 23 he took the air. Rockwell was a demon in the sky. In July he had taken part in forty official combats, and in August he fought thirty-four aerial duels, escaping with only the superficial facial wounds from the explosive bullet.

But on this flight his splendid career was ended by a glorious death—struck down in the heat of battle ten thousand feet above the ground.

He found a lone enemy two-seater just within the German lines, and in his daring reckless fashion sliced straight down at it, paying no heed to the steady stream of hot lead being hosed at him by the desperate German gunner. Rockwell didn't open fire till he was so close that observers on the ground thought a collision was inevitable. Then his gun coughed briefly, and suddenly all the wings of his Nieuport seemed to fold at once and he hurtled to the ground like a plummet.

Strangely enough, he fell only a few hundred feet from where his first victim had fallen and lay buried. There was a great wound in his chest where an explosive bullet had passed.

His loss was an irreparable one to the American Escadrille, for he was a rare combat pilot and beloved by every one for his chivalrous and romantic nature.

His valedictory by Captain Thénault at the grave was worthy of Kiffin and his life and death:

"When Rockwell was in the air, no German passed . . . and he was in the air most of the time. The best and bravest of us is no more."

On October 12 the big mystery was uncovered. It was a gigantic concentrated daylight bombing raid on the Mauser Ammunition Works at Oberndorf by the English in their Sopwiths and the French bombers under Commandant Happe. The Escadrille formed part of the aerial guard for the big armada.

The attack was a complete success and the Mauser works were laid in ruins.

Four pilots of the Escadrille—de Laage de Meux, Masson, Prince, and Lufbery—each scored a victory. Lufbery and Prince stayed out till after nightfall. They were forced to make an emergency landing at a little field near the front lines. Lufbery landed safely. But in the gathering dusk Prince skimmed over the trees bordering the field, and failed to see a high-tension cable that stretched just above the treetops. His landing gear struck it and his plane snapped forward, hitting on its nose and rolling over several times. Prince's safety belt broke and he was thrown out.

No one thought he was seriously hurt, but the following day a blood clot formed on his brain, and on the 15th of October he died. His was another great loss to the squadron, for it was largely due to his untiring efforts that the American Escadrille ever came into being.

Two days after his death the Escadrille was ordered to Cachy Wood on the Somme front, and the war de luxe was finished.

En route to Cachy the squadron was strengthened by the arrival of three new men. Freddy Prince, brother of Norman, who made only a brief stay; Willis Haviland, the Beau Brummell of the outfit, who had transferred after splendid work as an ambulance driver; and Bobby Soubiran, the lion-hearted, ubiquitous kodak demon, who, after brilliant service with the Legion, had succeeded in wangling a transfer to aviation when he was wounded in the second Champagne attack.

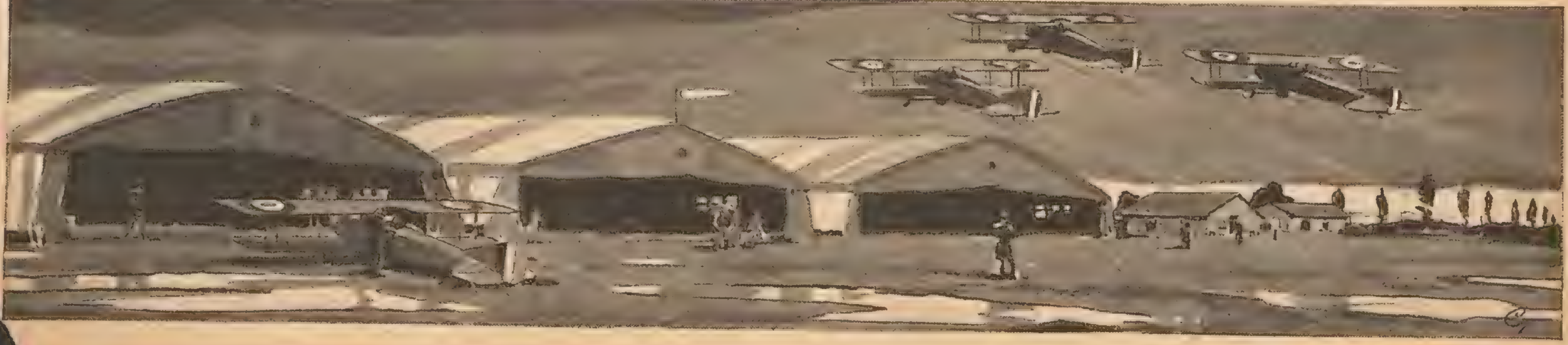
It was a most fortunate thing that replacements were slowly filtering in to the squadron, for the personnel and morale were extremely low. Chapman, Rockwell, and Prince had been killed. Thaw and Balsley were wounded and Jim McConnell in the hospital with a wrenched back from a crack-up. Rumsey and Cowdin had left for hospitalization on account of ill health.

Bert Hall transferred soon after the arrival at Cachy to a French escadrille, then departed on some mysterious mission to Russia. The following summer he returned to America by way of the Orient.

In place of luxurious villas and tasty well cooked hotel food, the Escadrille was assigned with five other French escadrilles to portable barracks erected in a sea of mud. Cold damp fog penetrated every crack, and these big sheds were anything but watertight. There weren't enough blankets and we had to sleep in our fur-lined flying suits. In desperation, many nights I slept with Whiskey, taking him to bed with me to try to keep me warm.

Bill Thaw and Masson, who was unanimously elected mess chief, went to Paris, and brought back a complete kitchen outfit and, more important, materials for an excellent bar, which did a tremendous business from the moment of its installation.

An ex-sauce cook from the Ritz in New York, named Salmpson, was installed to preside over the pots and pans. With our monthly additional income from Mrs. Vanderbilt, we could purchase many luxuries for the table, as



well as the best grades of table wine, and the reputation of our mess grew by leaps and bounds.

As time went on, the Escadrille became the unofficial entertainment center for the whole front. There was rarely a meal without from two to a dozen guests, ranging from bemedaled, gold-corded brass hats of every Allied army, down to the humblest corporal pilot. By a strange coincidence, at one time or another nearly every pilot on the front had an unfortunate motor failure in front of our hangars just about mealtime.

Of course we were a push-over for newspaper hounds and visiting junkets of American sight-seers. We tried to maintain our reputation for being perfect hosts by serving every one that dynamic concoction, invented by Thaw and Lufbery, known as the Lafayette Cocktail. It was half champagne and half cognac, and brought many a good man down where the Germans failed.

It was cold and stormy at Cachy, and, owing to the filthy flying weather, little offensive air work was done.

Pavelka again nearly ended his career through reckless bravery. He was the first man to try night pursuit in a Nieuport. During a night bombardment he calmly took off after the marauding Germans.

All his lights shorted just as he left the ground, but in the heavy bombardment there was no chance to get back. From that moment, he never saw the ground. He flew toward Amiens, hoping to find one of the Germans in the murky sky. He missed them entirely.

He came down closer to earth to try to distinguish some identifying mark, and found himself the target for batteries and machine guns, for the ground forces couldn't distinguish between the sound of his motor and those of the German raiders. He was forced up out of range.

Then the fog closed in and he couldn't even see the earth. He was a derelict ship afloat in the vast uncharted reaches of the heavens. Just as the first light of dawn began to penetrate the milky fog, he ran out of gas.

By a miracle, in the thick misty dim half-light, he saw the ground in time to pull out and set his ship down without even blowing a tire. He found himself in the English front lines nearly forty kilometers from Cachy. That ended Pavelka's ambitious pioneering attempts; but he had shown the way to the well equipped night pursuit of later months.

Pavelka left the Escadrille soon afterward to join a French escadrille in Salonika, and, by a strange irony of fate, after his miraculous escapes in the air from fire and fog and the enemy, he shortly met his death in a fall from a fractious horse.

In the meantime, fresh from six months of intensive training, more replacements joined the Escadrille at Cachy. Myself, from the American Ambulance; the brilliant super-gentlemanly Ronald Hoskier; and little rosy-cheeked beardless Edmond Genet, the baby of the Lafayette, who had bravely served with his regiment in the Legion through many bloody battles.

Flying at Cachy was sporadic, but, conversely, the bar became exceedingly popular. Word filtered through to Mrs. Vanderbilt that the boys were indulging in considerable high and lofty arm bending. She issued an ultimatum that either the bar must go or the Vanderbilt financial support would be withdrawn. Few people realized how necessary alcoholic relaxation was for nerve-strained war aviators. It was all that saved them from becoming completely unstuck.

The heat was on, so the bar was hastily moved into the next barracks and title vested in another escadrille. That seemed to cover the proprieties and, although the ban necessitated a long walk of nearly twenty feet, the financial situation was saved.

The constantly growing publicity concerning the Escadrille, and mention of its accomplishments in official communiqués, had a far-reaching effect. In November of 1916 the Escadrille was officially informed that hereafter it would no longer be known by the name American Escadrille, but simply by its official number, N 124.

We soon learned the reason. Herr Bernstorff, the German ambassador at Washington, filed a strong protest with the American State Department, in the name of the German people, stating that French communiqués often contained mention of an American Escadrille.

It was little Genet who conceived the brilliant idea of calling ourselves the Lafayette Escadrille.

War aviators, individually and collectively, were the most superstitious beings in the world. They all carried talismans of some sort to ward off hexes and jinxes. We were careful not to desecrate any of the old hoary traditions, and invented a lot of new ones.

Christmas night, 1916, just after we sat down for dinner, Jim McConnell unexpectedly came back from the hospital. He took his place at the table, and suddenly turned white as a sheet. Big, genial, bluff Jimmy was the last man one would expect to be superstitious.

"My God!" he said in agonized accents. "Thirteen of us here. Wonder who'll be the next to get it?"

Pure coincidence, but Jim McConnell, the man who made the thirteenth at dinner, was the next to die.

In late January we moved in the snow to a field nearer Paris, called St. Just en Chaussée. Barracks weren't ready for us on our arrival, and for a week we lived underground in the freezing cold on the dirt floors of bomb shelters. Despite three pairs of socks and fur-lined flying boots, I froze a toe and was unable to walk for a week; and Ed Hinkle, a new arrival, froze both ears. Hinkle

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THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

was more than forty years old—an ancient for war flying; but he bravely fulfilled all his duties until illness forced his retirement two months after his arrival.

On March 19, a lowering gray day with low-flying scud, McConnell, Genet, and I started out for regular ten-o'clock patrol. I had hardly taken off when my motor froze and I had to make a hurried landing.

Genet and Mac continued, and on the lines ran into a threesome of straight-shooting enemy planes. Back and forth in the low-hanging clouds they roared in a deadly struggle for supremacy. A bullet hit full on one of the main center supports of the upper wing of Genet's plane, and severed it cleanly. Flying splinters and fragments of the slug gashed his face. With blood streaming into his eyes he was forced to quit the fight and run for safety.

He caught a glimpse of Mac, in a mad chase after the other two Germans, before the gray mist blotted him out of sight forever.

Mac didn't return, and three days later, in the midst of the French advance on the Somme, the cavalry found his body beside the ruins of his wrecked plane.

At St. Just several additions were made to the personnel of the squadron. Steve Bigelow, the piano-playing, pleasure-loving, near-graduate playboy of several colleges; tiny Billy Dugan, former assistant manager of a banana plantation, who had heroically served with the Legion; Walter Lovell, former section chief, and husky Harold Willis, Harvard graduates who had served in the Ambulance; as well as the old sourdough, Kenneth Marr; the wild man of French aviation, Courtney Campbell, who was to have three of the narrowest escapes from death possible for one man to survive; John Armstrong Drexel; and Tommy Hewitt, who had spent some time as an ambulance driver.

In addition, feeling that Whiskey had grown to man's estate, we bought him a mate, a little cub lioness, which of course was promptly named Soda.

Lieutenant de Laage owned a loose-moraled little dog which he called Meess. At St. Just she gave birth, among others, to a black runt, little Archie, the jinx dog. Genet adopted him. It was a fatal mistake. Archie promptly put the curse on him.

While the French were making great advances into German-held territory, America declared war. We were all jubilant. Almost daily we waited word from Paris, expecting that, with our experience, we would be called on to help the United States form a real aviation corps.

ON the day war was declared, my charming and talented head mechanic, Felix Henriot, gave me a little silk American flag, which he had obtained Heaven alone knows where. He attached it to the struts of my Nieuport, and I proudly took it across the lines on a patrol—the first American flag to fly over Germany in the World War.

The French advanced so quickly and so far that on the 8th of April, in order to be anywhere near the front, we moved our field nearly forty kilometers farther toward Germany, to the ravaged village of Ham, which had been for nearly three years in German hands. Here, in our desperate air duels against the frenzied enemy, we suffered more severe and irreparable losses.

The day we arrived, early on a foggy morning, a Farman appeared like a ghost ship out of the mist, all in flames, and crashed onto the field. We never knew who was in it or whence it came.

The following week, half sick from the shock of his wound and fatigued from constant flying, Genet insisted on making a second patrol. He spun full motor into a hard-packed road back of the reserve trenches, digging a hole five feet deep and breaking himself up almost beyond recognition. We never knew whether he was hit by anti-aircraft or just fainted in the air.

Nobody moved to take Archie; but finally Hoskier, who had been fond of Genet and whose heart was as big as all outdoors, felt sorry for the masterless waif and adopted him. That, too, was a fatal error.

Just at this time we were being equipped as rapidly as possible with the new flat-winged Spads, with the 140-horsepower Hispano-Suiza motor. They were the finest and strongest pursuit ships of the war, and we disposed as quickly as we could of our slower rotary-motored Nieuports and other heterogeneous ships.

Among these latter was a Morane Parasol two-seater which had been used for training purposes. It was a honey to fly, and occasionally we liked to take it over the front. Frequently Lieutenant de Laage's orderly, Jean Dressy, went. He had gone through a training school for aerial machine gunners.

THE day before the Parasol was to leave for the rear, Hoskier asked to fly the ship for the last time, and Dressy begged to be allowed to go.

Over the lines, they engaged in a savage duel with three black-crossed Albatroses. For over fifteen minutes Hoskier and Dressy put up a spectacular and valiant struggle against the heavy odds. Dressy fired off every cartridge in his twin Lewis guns and drove one of the attackers whirling and twisting out of the fight.

But the conclusion was almost inevitable. The delicately balanced Morane fell into a spin from which it never emerged, and crashed in the first-line French trenches. With two comrades, I went up to the lines at midnight in an ambulance and recovered the battered bodies. We brought them back to a little mortuary in Ham, where they were put in plain pine coffins.

Hoskier's parents, who were in France, were notified, and two days later the heartbroken de Laage and I went by car to Compiègne, the nearest railroad station, to meet them. De Laage not only loved Hoskier, but he felt Dressy's death as if it had been the death of his own son, for Dressy's family had been in the service of the de Laage de Meux family for a hundred years.

Before the funeral services, Mr. Hoskier asked to go to the chapel and see Ron's body. As we turned to go away, a most weird inexplicable thing occurred.

For three days, supported on trestles, Ron's cold, battered, stiffened body had lain untouched in the pine coffin. As we started to go out, I heard a faint noise, and, turning back, saw a steady stream of blood dripping slowly from one corner of the plain box, each drop echoing with a hollow boom. It gave me a cold shock, for it was almost as if it were a sign from the dead.

Don't miss the amazing adventure of the man who had the narrowest escape of any war pilot; the tale of the author's hazardous A. W. O. L. flight to England for lunch; the magnificent exploits of Raoul Lufbery, America's first ace! All are in next week's concluding installment of this thrilling story of American daredevils in France.

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How I Shall *Knock Out* Joe Louis

By JAMES J. BRADDOCK

Heavyweight Champion of the World

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

I'M going to beat Joe Louis. In fact I'll go even further and say that I'm going to knock him out!

That may sound somewhat startling, but is there any one who should be able to speak more confidently about such a prediction than myself?

Never in my life have I been given to extravagance—neither in bank notes nor boasts. But this is one time when I can speak out on a subject with which I am not only familiar but mightily intent upon.

How am I to achieve this result? The answer is simple.

I have the kayo in my right fist. It's ready right now, and, as a matter of fact, if the fight were tonight I could go in there and deliver that punch, wait for the referee to count off ten, and go back to the showers, the winner in no time at all.

But perhaps I'd better explain this a little more fully. I think the whole thing can be divided into two parts. They are interdependent and intensely important. First, as most people know, I am a family man. I have a lovely wife and three swell kids. Those kids want to go to college when they grow up, and the missus and I want to spend our old age in a nice home with plenty of comfort. We didn't always have comfort and security, you know.

Well, that's point No. 1. Mark it well. But the other part of the story involves the actual prize ring, the resin on the canvas, the odors of liniment, wet sponges, clanging bells, calcium lights, the roar of the crowd, and all the rest of the glitter and glamour attached to a heavyweight battle.

When Joe Louis comes out of his corner to meet me he's going to be cool and calculating. Joe's a great fighter and a brainy fighter. He strikes with punishing fury when he finds his chance. But Joe waits too long for that chance!

I have always been able to "take it," as the boys say. Thus, if Joe hammers away right from the start, he's not going to find this baby biting the dust like Baer did, or backing up like Bob Pastor. He's going to find a stone wall to pound upon—a stone wall whose cementing strength is a family and whose concrete force is a well trained body.

But a guy can't win a fight just "taking it." He's got to "dish it out" too. That's where the kayo punch I mentioned comes in. It's just my own special knockout blow—packed with all the power of my strong right arm and backed by the solidity of my whole right side—which will drop Joe to the canvas for keeps.

Never before have I been in better physical shape. I'm twice as well conditioned as the night I knocked the heavyweight crown off Maxie Baer's head. What's more, I'm smarter.

Among other things, I've learned Joe Louis' weak spot. Oh, yes, he has one. Every fighter has.

Joe is a sucker for a pounding on the side of the head. Didn't Max Schmeling get to him eventually by hammering away at his face and ears? Didn't Joe lose his coolness and his calmness for the first time in his fighting career when he became dazed by the blows to his head? He did.

But Schmeling didn't know that when he went into the ring. I do. And that's where I'm going to hit Joe with the winning wallop.

I saw all I needed to the night Joe fought Schmeling, and later when I went out to watch him train at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, for his bout with Bob Pastor.

Right then and there I knew I could develop the one big punch that would topple the so-called superman.

Since Joe and I were signed for this fight a lot of people have come and asked me just how I figured to handle the Brown Bomber. I answered by telling them a little story about my uncle, who also was named Jim Braddock. He was a hardy farmer in County Galway in Ireland. As a boy, I heard tall tales about my Uncle Jim and how he handled his help. He was a kindly man but a hard man.

He gained his name for might and main one day by knocking out an ox when the poor animal started to walk through his flower garden. Uncle Jim never argued. He acted.

And that's what I intend to do. Not long ago I bought a fine little home on the southeast corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue in North Bergen, New Jersey. The kids and the missus are crazy about it, and I think it's pretty good myself. I hate to be away from it and can't wait until I get back.

So that's why I'm anxious to get in there with Joe, watch my opening, whip over that kayo punch, watch him crumble, have the referee raise my hand in victory, and then turn on my heels and start on the run. Because it'll be "Home, James."

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LIBERTY PRESENTS

Comers

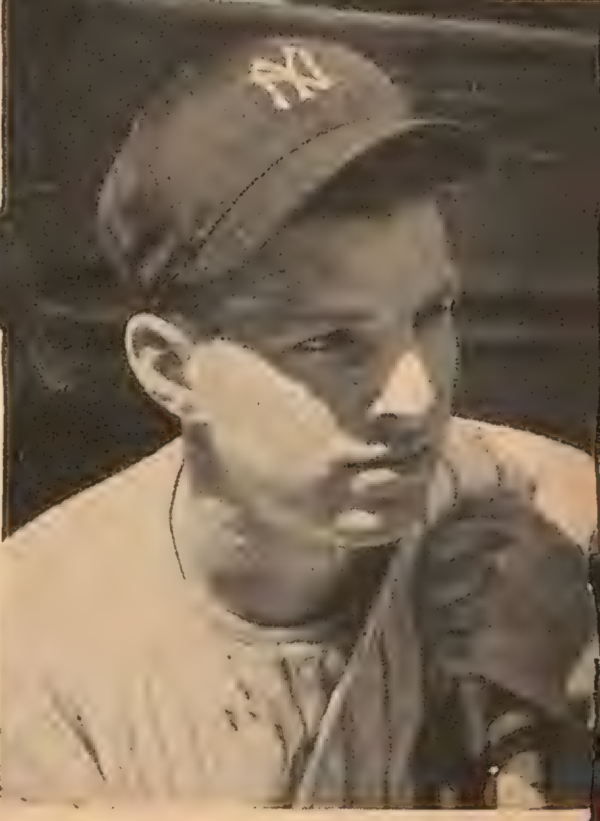
BY ED SULLIVAN

BOSTON BABES—A carload of young talent appeared on Broadway in Babes in Arms—and nineteen-year-old Grace McDonald and her eighteen-year-old brother Ray (above) won the special huzzas of the first-nighters. Which substantiated Ed Sullivan's earlier judgment, because he started them out on Broadway three years ago. Watch these Massachusetts Comers!

COASTER—Beat the drums for Wayne Morris, the Los Angeles youngster (below) who is exciting Hollywood movie-makers by his spectacular bid for film stardom. Blond, blue-eyed, twenty-three years old, he got his start in amateur theatricals, after graduation from high school, at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Now he's under contract to Warners'.

FOUR-STAR—Harriett De Goff, night-club singer (at right) unquestionably has that certain something you look for when sizing up stars of tomorrow—charm, poise, and a different " style " of interpreting a song. She is that rarest of all rare individuals, a native New Yorker, and her progress to the top brackets is bound to be meteoric, for Harriett has just what it takes!

A DIAMOND COMER—Tom Henrich, when he went to school in Massillon, Ohio, studied accounting. Luckily for the New York Yankees, Tom (at right) switched to baseball—and now this hard-hitting outfielder looks like one of the major-league rookie sensations. Hits and throws left-handed. His debut season bids fair to rival Joe DiMaggio's.



See what a keen flavor a DRY whiskey gives your cocktails!

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
92 PROOF

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, Makers of Four Roses (90 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof) —all blends of straight whiskies. *Also Paul Jones Four Star Gin (90 proof), distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.*

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★★★★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Frankfort Distilleries Inc.

IT'S easy to understand why Paul Jones is the favorite whiskey of men who like their cocktails keen-flavored and *dry*.

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In mixed drinks, or straight, you'll find that Paul Jones' *dryness* is one of the reasons why it has gained renown as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865.

Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

A Matador for Milady

BY ROGER GARIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KARL GODWIN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

The groping heart of a girl finds a strange awakening—A vivid, colorful tale of terror and courage and love

SHE had not wanted to come to the bullfight. She would much rather be sitting in the bar of the Hotel Reforma sipping tequila, with Blake watching her make faces and laughing at her.

She knew him better that way. Then he was more like the gay youth who, after six years, had come to New York from Mexico City last winter, deeply tanned, tiny white lines around his gray eyes from squinting in the sun, handsome, impetuous, with whom she had fallen in love. That was the man who in a few weeks would return to New York with her, and there marry her. But now, in this yelling crowd waiting to see an animal led to his death, leaning forward tensely watching that door across the ring which in a moment would open and release the victim of the tragedy—an expression of feverish eagerness, of impatience on his face . . .

"Blake," she said uneasily, "I think I'm getting a headache. It's hot, isn't it? I should have worn a hat instead of this bandanna—"

"What? Oh, a hat." He turned to her, gazed at her vaguely. Then the words seeped into him. "You look very lovely in the bandanna, darling. You're nice and brown, and if your eyes were dark instead of sky-blue, you'd be a señorita—a most beautiful Mexican señorita."

"Would I?" she said, and laughed, and in that moment was close to him again. "Blake, are we going to a theater tonight?"—a quick web of words to keep him near her. "They're showing Romeo and Juliet at the Alameda. I haven't seen a movie in—oh, a long time! Shall we, Blake?"

"Surely, darling, if you want to— Kath, there's the horn! Watch now! Watch that door!" He grasped her arm. "Lord, I hope it's a good bull. Colly deserves a good bull. He's the greatest matador in Mexico!"

She repeated weakly: "Colly? He's the bullfighter you know, isn't he? Collita—yes, here's his name in big letters on the program. It must be interesting to know a bullfighter. I knew a boxer once— Oh, my God!"

Into the arena hurtled a black fury, tossing his horns, rushing and swerving furiously, crazy with anger at the dart with ribbons streaming from it planted in his back as he emerged and at the cape men waiting to enrage him further. Blake yelled: "Lord, what a bull! What a bull! Watch now, Kath—watch them play him!"

Collita stepped back a few paces, took off his small black hat. The crowd cheered.

She wouldn't cheat by closing her eyes, because she had promised to see the *corrida.* Besides, there was a pulse throbbing within her and all over her, and she knew it would force her eyes open.

The men with the large capes were drawing the bull toward them, first one and then the other. Yet they kept near the protective barriers and dodged behind them when the bull came at them. He was too wild now to play close.

Then suddenly a lean smiling man in a gold-embroidered costume walked gracefully toward the bull, daring him to attack, waiting carelessly for a threat of death.

The spectators shouted madly.

"That's Colly," Blake said with pride. "Good luck, *amigo!* It's your day! Go in to him!"

Katherine murmured: "He's handsome." She was thinking how ill she would probably be in a moment.

Collita, taking a position, fluttered his cape. The bull turned to face him. He came straight. The matador led him around his arched body with the cape. A second charge, the bull turning on himself. The horns touched the cape. A third charge, avoided.

Always Collita drew the animal ever so slightly from him with the cape. The crowd cheered each pass. Then the final one, and the bull was fixed, baffled, motionless, and the matador turned his back to him and walked away, receiving the frenzied applause with bows, while the bull stared at him stupidly, letting him go.

"What about it?" Blake shouted in Katherine's ear. "Marvelous, wasn't he? He's wonderful! *Muy elegante,* Collita!"

"I don't feel well," Katherine's dry lips said. "How much more of this is there?"

When the banderillas were placed, those thin shafts with steel points which the matador's assistant plunges into the bull's back as he charges the man running across the path of the bull, Katherine sat slumped in her seat with a hot void in her stomach. She had never felt so alone and so desolate. The person next to her was a stranger. He was part of this savage audience applauding the misery of a dumb beast. She thought of having had him so close to her, of loving him so, and all that seemed in another existence.

Goaded by these thoughts, she scarcely noticed the horses being ridden to the edge of the colored sand that marked a great center in the enclosure. When her eyes focused on them she began to tremble. This was the part that every one said was most horrible.

"Don't look at this if you don't want to," Blake told Katherine. "I don't think it will be so bad, but you don't have to look."

"Thank you," she said, and when the spectators screamed at the first charge she remained in her seat, head lowered. At last the horn sounded and Blake exclaimed: "That's finished. One horse got it. Just as well you didn't see. But you can watch this, honey—Colly is going in for the kill. He'll play him first with the small cape. Last year I saw him— Collita! Kath, look! He's coming over here!"

Blake arose as the matador came toward them. Collita was grinning, an American grin, and Katherine was aware of wonder that this should be so. He had seemed so foreign before. Now he was a young fellow you might see at a football game, but costumed in the gold cloth. He approached their seats—they were in the front row, Blake had seen to that—and called: "*Qué tal,* Blake?"

"Hello, Colly!" Blake returned. "Great work! It was beautiful! Colly, this is my fiancée, Miss Kent. Kath, Señor Collita."

This was impossible, outrageous, but it was happening. The bull standing motionless in the center of the ring, his side bleeding from the wounds made by the *pics,* the festooned banderillas in his back. The audience shouting: "Collita! Collita!" And Collita here, talking

calmly to them, bowing at the introduction as though he were at a tea, saying with hardly an accent: "How do you do, Miss Kent? Do you mind if I dedicate this bull to you, as the fiancée of my old friend?"

Katherine faltered: "Why—why, I—"

"That's very gracious of you, señor," Blake said gravely. "We will both appreciate it. Not many American girls have a bull dedicated to them."

"I'm sure they don't," Katherine muttered, and Collita grinned again and said: "It is my privilege. I must say it in Spanish, you know." He stepped back a few paces, took off his small black hat, held it toward Katherine. He spoke loudly. As the crowd heard him, it cheered. Collita tossed the hat neatly in Katherine's lap.

"Oh!" she gasped, and a man behind her leaned over and explained: "You are very fortunate, señorita. Collita says he is going to kill this bull well and truly, and that he is doing it for you—to honor you. It is something to treasure."

"Is it?" Katherine said, and Blake called: "*Muchas gracias, amigo! Salud!* The first sword!"

"I want to get away from here," Katherine said swiftly. "Blake, take me out."

"Take you out! But, darling, Collita dedicated the bull to you! We've got to stay! I don't see why you—"

"Don't you?" Katherine asked bitterly. "It's quite simple. I refuse to—to have a bull tortured and killed for me. Dedicated . . . good God! Take me out, Blake, or I'll go alone!"

She was standing now, trying to control her trembling. Those behind her were shouting for her to sit down. Collita was citing the bull, there in the ring, the sword concealed by the cape, and then the animal rushed him.

"Katherine, please!" Blake begged. "Sit down! We'll leave after this one bull—surely you're not a coward! It's going to happen whether you watch it or not—and we can't insult Colly—"

"Pardon me," said Katherine to the man on her right. "Do you mind if I get through?" Her face was gray, strained. The man glanced up in annoyance and moved his knees for her to pass. She stumbled over him and Blake caught at her.

"All right," he said angrily. "I'll take you. But it's damned silly."

As they reached the exit a tremendous shout went up. Blake swung about. "He's going in," he said excitedly. "He goes in over the horns to kill. Kath, just a second—"

She ran, her heels clicking on the steps, her breath labored, until at the bottom she leaned against the railing, sick, dazed. And there Blake found her.

"Katherine!" he gasped. "I thought you were waiting— Katherine, what is it? What is it, dear? You look—"

She shook her head. Speech was impossible. Her throat was closed.

He was frightened, bewildered. His mouth was loose. "Are you ill? I'm terribly sorry . . ."

"Don't touch me," she breathed again. "Just—leave me alone—don't come near me—" And she broke from him, running, as though he, too, were part of her terror and anguish.

WHEN he telephoned the hotel that night Katherine told her aunt to say she was ill, she could not see him. And the next day they took a car to Taxco. She wanted to be in a place where she could think quietly, where she could decide as dispassionately as possible what she was going to do about her engagement to Blake Norton.

She sent a note to Blake. She said simply she would be at Taxco a week or more, resting.

In the days that followed she tried sincerely to tear down the barrier that had erected itself in her mind. She told herself that Blake loved her and she loved him and it was silly to let a little thing like his enjoyment of a bullfight come between them.

Yet all the while she knew it was not a little thing. She could not marry a man who was thrilled by torture and killing.

However Blake might have been before he came to Mexico six years ago to assume direction of a mining company, now he was, in a way, Mexican. He had acquired certain of their characteristics. In New York, last winter, she had not known of this.

When she had got off the train in Mexico and rushed into his arms, her kiss was so fervent that he laughed huskily, holding her tight, saying, to cover his embarrassment: "I hope this isn't all the altitude, darling! It's a great place for lovers, you know—Mexico City."

Cora Ripley, Katherine's aunt, was very pleased with her niece's choice. "After all those New York demons you've gone around with it's a wonder to me you finally picked a gentleman to marry," she told Katherine. "If you're not happy with Blake it'll be your own fault."

I think I could have stood anything else, Katherine told herself wretchedly. I could have stood it if he made noises in his throat, or chewed toothpicks, or put his arms around girls when he got drunk. Any of those things. But to enjoy watching suffering and cruelty—that's sadism! Oh, Blake . . . Blake . . ."

If she married him she would be remembering the expression on his face, there in the passageway of the arena, as he turned from her to see the bull die. When he opened his arms to her she would recall the light of another desire in his eyes, another anticipation—the eagerness for the sight of death. And wherein lay the difference? Would she, too, represent to him some one to be conquered, to be—destroyed?

SHE informed her aunt one afternoon that she wanted to fly back to New York as soon as possible. "You're breaking your engagement to Blake?" Cora Ripley asked evenly.

"Yes," Katherine said. "Please don't ask me anything about it."

"I don't intend to. It's your life. I can only say I'm terribly, terribly sorry."

They secured a car to take them to Mexico City for forty pesos. An hour later a telegram arrived from Blake: "Coming Taxco tomorrow. Please wait for me."

For a long minute Katherine sat holding the telegram in her hand. She said to her aunt dully: "He's coming here. Tomorrow."

Cora Ripley said: "It's not going to be so easy for you, then. It won't be just running away—"

She stopped when she noticed Katherine's face. There was so much misery in it. She said quickly: "Poor child. . . . Maybe it will be different when you see him. Maybe you'll forget all that—other. Can't you, Katherine? Can't you?"

She gazed at the girl anxiously, searching for the answer. When it did not come she arose slowly and walked inside, leaving Katherine staring at the purple hills and at the roofs of the little town softened by the rays of the setting sun.

Blake arrived at eleven. Katherine felt she had prepared herself, but when she saw him getting out of the car by the gate, his hair tangled from the wind, his face drawn, worried, and then saw how hopefulness shot into it when she came toward him, all her stoicism was sucked out of her and left her weak.

"Hello, Blake," she said in a little voice, and he made a gesture as though to take both her hands in his, but did not. He asked: "Have you enjoyed it here, Katherine? Taxco is very lovely, isn't it?" . . .

"Beautiful," she said. They walked together into the tiny garden, and their shoulders touched, and he said: "Excuse me." Her heart plunged at that.

They sat down on a bench. Silence blocked them apart for a few strained moments, then Blake said desperately: "Damn it, Katherine, this is pretty tough for me! What do you want me to do? I've told you how sorry I am—can't you forgive me? I acted like a boor. I should have taken you away from the *corrida* when you wanted to go. But I didn't know it meant so much to you. And I was excited—I get that way at those fights—there's something in me that—"

"Yes," she said quietly. "I know there is. That's just it. Blake, it's no use. I might as well tell you now. I can't marry you."

"You mean—because I acted the way I did? Katherine! This is so insane, this whole thing. I love you. Do you realize that? Doesn't (Continued on page 32)

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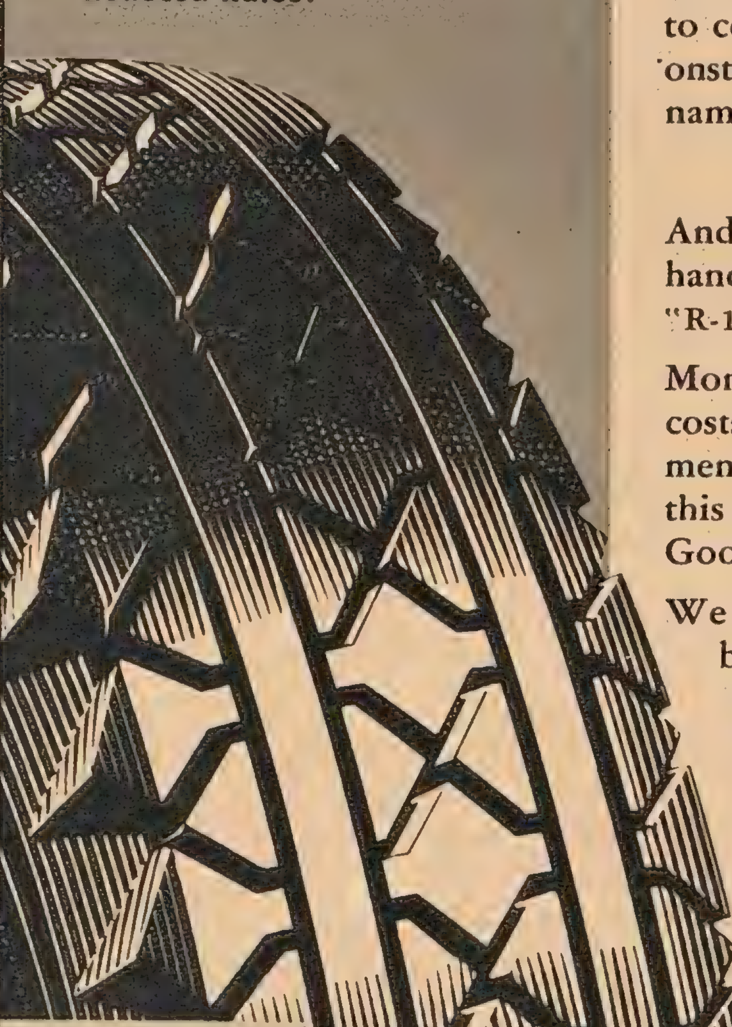

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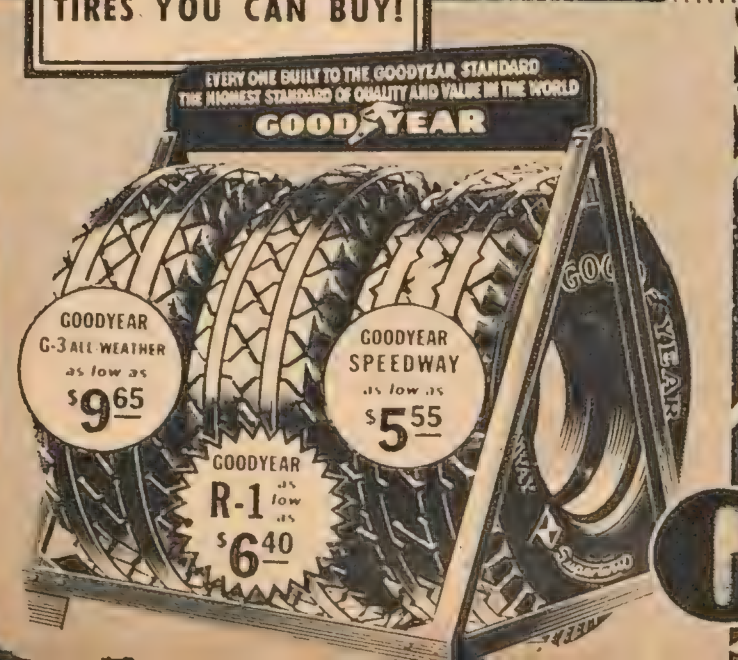
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GOOD YEA

(Continued from page 30)

that mean anything?" He was leaning toward her now, his eyes seeking hers frantically, his restraint forgotten. "And you love me. You do, damn it all, I know you do! No matter what you say! How can you let a bullfight do this to us? We're not children—we're not playing a game here—Lord, it's our whole lives!"

She must not give way to the panic that was mounting in her. She had made her decision. If she changed now it would be weakness, a submission to the force that flowed from him. She would hate herself always for that.

She said leadenly: "It's finished, Blake. I don't love you. I did, and now I don't. It's wiped clean away. There is nothing either of us can do about it. I'm sorry. . . ."

He laughed at that. A bitter, wrenched laugh. "O. K. Lord, this is something for the book, all right! A guy's girl chucks him over because he cheers at a bullfight. Says her love died with the bull. Read all about it . . ." His voice stopped, hung over them. Then swiftly his hand drew down over his face. "Excuse it, Katherine," he whispered. "I didn't mean to be nasty. It's just—so hard to figure—"

"It is for me, too," she said wearily. "Don't talk of it any more, Blake—please—"

He took a deep breath. "All right, Kath. I won't. It's got me licked. One of those things I've got to take, I guess. I'll come out of it—maybe. . . . Going in to Mexico City?"

"Yes. We have a car coming for us at two."

"I'll take you in. Any time you say. Don't mind riding with me, do you?"

"Blake, of course not! Oh, dear, I'm so horribly sorry—"

"Don't be. You can't help it. It's just the way you are—the way we both are. You'll go back to New York and meet some nice fellow who likes baseball and tennis, and—marry him. And I'll stay in Mexico and go to bull fights. I've been here a long time now . . . it's almost home. Maybe I'll marry a Mexican girl." He tried to grin. "Be my type, eh? Well, any time you're ready, we'll leave." . . .

When they were getting in the car, Blake held the back door open for Katherine. She placed one foot on the running board before shame at such avoidance colored her neck and face, and she said quickly: "I'll ride with you, Blake." He nodded and assisted her in front. Mrs. Ripley, ensconced in luggage, settled in the rear.

THE road from Taxco to Mexico City is winding, narrow, and dangerous. Much of it has sheer cliff or hill on one side and a sharp drop, hundreds of feet, on the other. Blake drove slowly and carefully.

A short distance beyond Cuernavaca their motor coughed and stopped. Katherine inquired in a tired voice: "Are we out of gas, Blake?"

"No. It's the carburetor. I can fix it. Does that sometimes on this run. The altitude, you know."

The altitude. Great place for lovers, Mexico City. . . .

He got out and raised the hood. "Stretch your legs if you like," he called to them. "Might take a little while to adjust this. Hope you don't mind the delay."

Mrs. Ripley said: "Not at all. Come, Katherine—we'll walk a bit. Take a last good look at Mexico. It may be a long time before you're here again."

Walking along the road with the panorama of trees and bleak ridges far below, the sun revealing each detail with fierce distinctness, Katherine felt the strength and beauty of this country. It was not difficult to understand why Blake loved it. And now, as though a door had opened a tiny crack, she could see how it might affect a man. It was vivid, surging. It demanded vitality.

Here, on this high ground, Katherine was aware of a curious growth occurring within her. Had it been entirely pleasure at pain and slaughter that excited Blake at the bullfight? Might it not have been, instead, admiration for courage and integrity in the face of death? He himself had much of that in him. It was like calling to like. During the war Blake had, she knew, been an aviator, joining the Royal Flying Corps when he was only seventeen and being sent to France. He saw death frequently. Yet it had not warped him. It had taken nothing from him, but had given him an insight into the true meaning of life. What others fled from and denied, he confronted bravely. She had so little of that in her. Always she escaped from harsh reality when she could. Just as now she wanted to escape from love, wanted to go back to her safe artificial existence amid the night clubs and theaters of New York, using as an excuse the horror induced by her first bullfight. . . .

"I won't," she said aloud, and her aunt, a bit ahead of her, turned and asked: "What?"

"I'm not going to run away," Katherine said tensely. "I've changed my mind, do you understand? Just now. Just this minute. I'm going to marry Blake. It's all come straight, all of a sudden. As I was looking down from this height at the country away off there. Something happened to me—"

SHE began to walk swiftly toward the car, over which Blake still bent. A great contentment was upon her. It was as though she had passed through an illness.

She had gone but a few steps when she halted abruptly. A cry of terror fluttered at her lips, was faintly uttered. From the steep brush-covered hill on the right an animal crashed. He struck the road and stumbled. A bull. Satiny-black and with wide rapier-pointed horns. In an instant he recovered, swung angrily about toward Katherine and her aunt, and shook his head viciously.

She must have shrieked Blake's name many times, for when her voice was stifled in her throat it seemed to her that she had been screaming endlessly. She stood there in the road with her hands out in front of her and was unable to utter further sound. Mrs. Ripley's "God help us!" came from a long way off. Fear held her in a vise.

She did not see Blake run toward the animal, for the bull was between them and his black hulk filled her vision. When Blake called, "Don't move! Stay where you are!" the words were meaningless. Nor were they necessary, for she could not move.

The bull made a short dash toward them before the shouted "Hu, hu!" behind caused him to swerve. Mrs. Ripley was sobbing with fright and covering and uncovering her face with her hands. She was choking convulsively: "I'll throw myself over the cliff! I'll throw myself over the cliff!"

"Blake, shall we try to run?" Katherine asked shakily. "You can get behind the car—maybe he'll go up the hill again—"

For that moment the beast was motionless. He appeared to be deliberating which way to charge. He turned his head toward Katherine and her aunt, who now was clutching at the girl's shoulder, and then toward Blake, who had halted several yards from him. The bull's tail was switching and then his muzzle lowered and his forefoot pawed the hard surface of the road.

Blake said quietly: "Don't (Continued on page 34)

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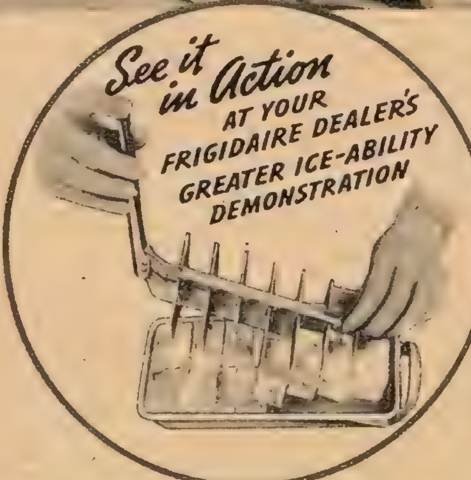
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(Continued from page 32)

run. You can't get up the hill. He'd be on you like a shot. He feels cornered now—right between us. The dogs must have driven him down here. He's full of fight. If I lead him past the car—watch it! Hu! Hu! Hu, you damned black—"

Blake's voice rose to a wild yell as the bull started another charge for the two huddled women. This time he drove to within fifteen yards of them before Blake's noise and gesturing halted and turned him. He seemed to remember the tormentor at the rear, to retain an image of him in his brain, for his rush was not wholehearted, but more as though he wished to keep these abject creatures in complete submission before concentrating on his real enemy.

Mrs. Ripley was clinging so desperately to Katherine that the two swayed and seemed about to fall. Horror at what might occur twisted Blake's face when finally the animal swung around and faced him.

As the bull hesitated, forming his new purpose, Blake called: "There's only one thing to do. I've got to play him. I've got to get him past me and away." He took off his coat.

"Blake, he'll kill you!" Katherine gasped. In her mind was the vivid picture of a maddened beast pounding at Collita with lowered horns, and how close those horns had come to the man's body. "You don't know how to do it—he'll gore you—"

"Here's where I learn," Blake told her grimly. "I've seen it often enough. Anyhow, it's our only chance—to get him on the other side of the car. Katherine, you come up as I draw him away. Be ready to get in. The carburetor's fixed now. It'll start. When he rushes past, get in fast and start the motor. I'll try to make it."

"Katherine, don't leave me!" Cora Ripley moaned. "I can't stand up—my legs are weak!"

"Then sit down," the girl said harshly. "Blake, for God's sake be careful—maybe if we wait, another car will come along—and he seems calm now—"

"It won't last," Blake said. "He's getting set. A car might not come for an hour. This isn't a state highway, you know. Remember what I said, Katherine. Get in the car. If he hooks me, get in anyhow. You couldn't do anything. Ready?"

His coat was over one arm. As Katherine cried, "Oh, my dear, if he hurts you I'll die," Blake opened his coat slowly, holding it as matadors hold the small cape. His right hand was outstretched to keep it wide, the left hand across his chest. He stepped backward a few paces and shook the coat gently.

That the bull did not charge immediately showed he had already some experience with capes. He must have been played by farm lads, embryo matadors. Then, too, Blake's coat was not brightly colored and might not have caught his eye so quickly.

Farther and farther Blake retreated toward the car, and still the bull watched him malevolently. Katherine had thrust her aunt's arms from her but could not yet come forward for fear of attracting the bull's attention. Mrs. Ripley was uttering little smothered sobs and trembling violently. But she did not speak.

SUDDENLY the bull began that seesaw motion, head raising and lowering, which is the first movement of the charge. Blake was in the middle of the road, coat outstretched. He did not step aside as the bull came on. That would have been fatal. Without knowing which way the bull hooked, with no indication of the animal's tendencies such as is offered to the matador in the ring by the previous playing of the cape men, Blake had to keep the bull occupied with the coat, force him to see only the coat, then sweep it forward and send him on past. He had often seen Collita perform this. It is called the *pase de pecho.*

Properly executed it passes the bull cleanly, giving the matador a chance to prepare himself for another charge. But a sense of exact timing is essential. Blake was not skilled in this. He had heard Collita explain it, yet explanation is vastly different from practice. And here was a narrow road with no space for maneuvering.

As the bull hurled himself toward Blake, Katherine screamed his name once and ran forward. But there was to be no interruption of this charge. The man had challenged. Now he must be destroyed. Steady, still as marble, Blake waited, and then the bull was on him.

The horns dropped to hook. Blake swayed to the left. He held the coat firmly until the right horn had nearly touched it. Then he jerked it up over the bull's head, the horns followed in a savage toss, and the huge black hulk hurtled past, frustrated, betrayed.

"Katherine, Mrs. Ripley, come up!" Blake yelled. "He's going on—I'll wait until you get in—no, stay back! God, he's turning—"

The bull had not gone past the car. He pivoted, and with no pause, no slightest warning, charged again. And this time if he missed the man he would find two other humans who could not escape.

What happened then was not clear to Katherine's sight, and never later could be recalled in detail, for although a brilliant sun burned overhead, a mist was before her eyes, clouding reality. It seemed to her that a figure she vaguely recognized as Blake leaped to the side of the road, as though he were going to plunge over the cliff. She thought he was laughing, shouted laughter, but this could not have been so. She thought she heard him curse loudly and then laugh again. The figure was making violent gestures, waving something like a man flagging a train, and once shaking his fist crazily. And he appeared to be outlined against the sky, floating in space.

RUSHING upon him was a black shadow which was the bull. The two images fused in her vision and became one. There was a single moment of clarity when she saw the picture as a whole, as if the action had stopped and was etched in immobility.

It was in that instant she beheld a gray glistening horn stabbing at dark cloth which was not waving but which covered part of a man's body.

Some one shrieked in her ear: "He got him! Oh, my God, he got him!" The man spun and fell. His hands clutched at the dirt and twigs at the lip of the cliff. Past him the black shadow sped. It flattened in brief portrayal against the landscape and then was gone, in crashing thunderous descent.

Katherine stumbled toward that figure clawing at the earth and whispered his name, for strength to cry out was not in her. But before she reached it Blake had risen to his feet. One hand gripped his thigh, but he stood upright and began slowly to walk.

"All right," he said carefully; "it's all right, Katherine. I sent him away. It was a pretty good pass, wasn't it? My timing was a little off, though. Collita—told me about it—Collita—excuse me, I forgot you don't like—bullfighting—but I couldn't very well—take you out—of this one—because you were a part of it—a—part—of it . . . Katherine . . ."

From between his fingers tight upon his thigh the blood began to flow, slowly at first and then in scarlet profusion. Blake sagged against the girl but did not fall. He put his other arm about her shoulders.

"Sorry—" he murmured; "afraid I can't—drive—you or Mrs. Ripley—will have to do that—shall I get in the front—or back?"

Katherine cried sharply: "Cora! Hold him!" And when the woman, still trembling, mouthing ineffectual words, took the arm and supported as much of his weight as she could, Katherine dropped to her knees and clasped the gaping wound with both hands, pressing her cheek hard against it, seeking to dam the blood with her own flesh. She was still kneeling when a car rounded the bend and stopped.

. . . . .

"I wonder," Katherine said, gazing at Blake as they sat in the sun on the roof of the hotel, "how it would be if we were married in Mexico. They say it's a great place for lovers."

"So I've heard," Blake said. "Something to do with the altitude." He flexed his right leg gingerly. "I may have to limp up the aisle, though. Mind that?"

"No, I wouldn't mind that." She smiled. "You see, I thought if we were married here you could have Collita for your best man."

THE END

FAMILY SCANDAL

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

PART THREE—BILL MADISON MAKES A BARGAIN

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BILL gasped. The room—the world beyond the open door—seemed to cave in like a gigantic house of cards.

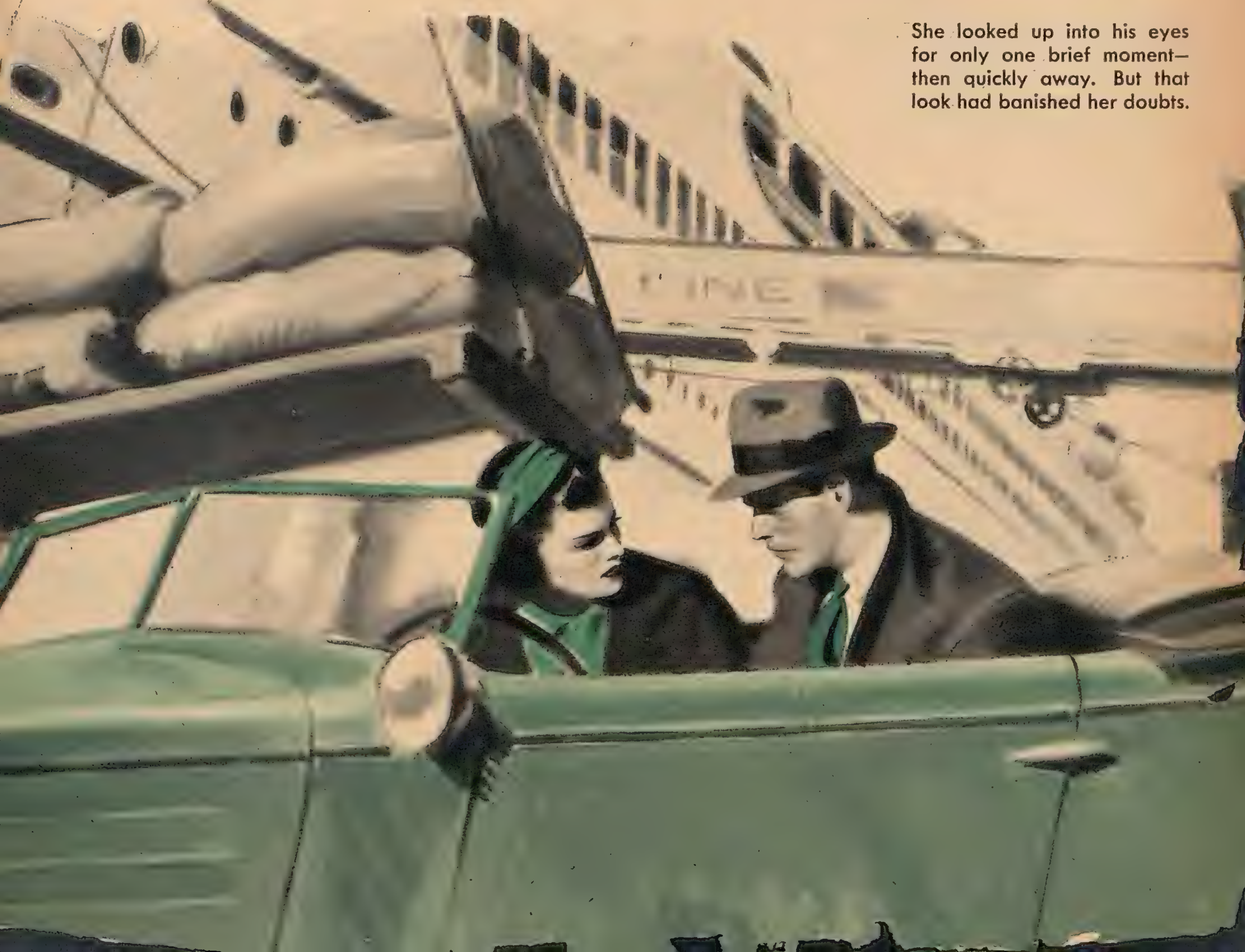
He—married to this dark fiery stranger! This girl who was beautiful enough, intelligent enough to be a delightful companion on a six-day sea trip . . . but—to be his *wife?* Impossible! He couldn't have done it—not even drunk!

Harriet anticipated his denial. "I have the certificate here." She patted her pocket. She was frightened, miserable, but determined. Yesterday it had seemed easy; fate seemed to have thrown this golden chance in her path. . . . Bill had been sweet, docile. Today, facing a sobered Bill, was different. . . . But she wouldn't let it get her down! She was Mrs. William Madison, Third, and she was going to *stay* Mrs. William Madison, Third!

Bill fixed his eyes on her set face. Sensed the tenseness of her body. Suddenly he both hated and pitied her. . . . Such a stupid, damnable mess she had got him into! But one that could be remedied.

"Of all the unsporting things to do!" he said bitterly.

Now, haunted by hovering ghosts of romance, a loveless honeymoon begins



She looked up into his eyes for only one brief moment—then quickly away. But that look had banished her doubts.

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"Marry a man when he's drunk! But—"

Harriet knew what was coming. She had been mustering against it ever since piloting him into the marrying minister's at Elkton. She could hardly wait for him to say his say.

Forcefully Bill said it: "You know you can't win! I'll have this annulled at once!"

He stood up. These scenes were nauseating. He had walked through similar ones before — not where women had got themselves as far as the wedding certificate, but where they had claimed they were practically that far! . . . William Madison, Third! His name, instead of being a proud banner to bear aloft, was merely a come-on red rag to all the rampant greed and lust in life!

"I'm driving to New York as fast as I can get there. I'll put you on a train at the nearest town." He started for the bedroom door.

But Harriet's tall well knit body blocked the way. Her white hands were pushing him back.

"No, Bill!" she cried. "Listen—listen to me! Give me five minutes. No more. You *must* hear me!"

Politely he halted, sat down.

She dragged a chair so near his that their knees almost touched.

I KNOW what you think!" She spoke fiercely. "I don't blame you. Your life has taught you to suspect every one of being on the make as far as you're concerned—"

Bill raised his eyebrows.

"No—don't say it! I'm not like the others—even if I seem to be! . . . I fell in love with you on the boat, Bill! With you—and—yes, with the kind of life you're able to lead! . . . Bill, you don't know what it meant to me, meeting you! It broke my heart when I thought I'd never see you again. . . . And I wouldn't have, if you had married Roberta Redmond! But when that fell through, when you got drunk, when you told me how easy it would be to forget your troubles with a woman like me, I saw my chance and took it. . . . And, oh, Bill, give me a try at it! If I fail, I promise to give up quietly. I'll go to Reno or wherever it is that one goes least messily! . . . But I'm sure I can be a much better wife for you than your own kind. You don't like the things they like. You like adventure and solitude and simplicity! Even your Roberta was bored with those things! You told me so. She and her set just care for parties, people, front, clothes—

"Oh, Bill—clothes! I know I'm not so good at clothes. But I've never had money enough. I also know that my background shows through in me, no matter how hard I've tried to outgrow it! . . . But I'll change. I will! I'll do anything to make your life attractive, happy. I'll go with you to jungles. Or I'll stay home, if you say so! I have my profession. It will keep me busy. But, above all, I'll do three things. One—I'll promise never to give a damn about society parties and the 'right people,' because I've known so few of them! Two—I'll keep other women from bothering you! And three—I'll love you but I'll never, never bother you with it—unless you want it!"

Now Harriet was silent. She had said her speech—rehearsed and rehearsed in the long, waking hours of the recent night.

Bill also was silent.

Their knees were touching. Because of that touch, Harriet was controlling a weak physical urge to shiver from head to foot. She curbed it.

Then Bill spoke. In that moment of silence he had said farewell to a great many things. Even as in the moment of reading Roberta's telegram he had said farewell to love. Now he was like a man stepping off a cliff—not blindly but with his embittered eyes wide open.

His voice sounded old and tired. "I told you days ago—or was it

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE last night out from New York, where he expects to marry Roberta Redmond, wealthy young Bill Madison, Third, meets lovely ship's nurse, Anne Moore, his childhood companion during the years when her father had captained Bill's uncle's yacht. The happy reunion—the first since Anne's father had been crippled in an accident at sea that resulted in his retirement to piloting a coal barge—is short-lived, however. Ambitious and brunette Harriet Vail, Bill's closest companion on the voyage, and Anne's superior, Dr. Delaney, surprise the pair during their joyous moment. The doctor, himself attracted to the lovely Anne, crushes her romantic dreams of Bill that night when he tells her that Bill is paying Harriet's passage, and warns her against "playboys" such as the young explorer. Infuriated when she orders him from her room after repulsing his attentions, the doctor tells Anne to choose between his friendship and losing her job. She chooses the latter, and writes a note to Bill, asking him not to interfere.

The following morning, at landing, Bill receives a telegram from Roberta announcing her secret marriage to his father. Harriet, sensing the opportune moment, rushes to Bill's side to console him. They round up a few more friends of his and make the rounds of the Manhattan clubs in a drinking spree, during which Bill hopes to forget it all. At one of the clubs they come across Anne and Steve, her old admirer. At El Morocco Bill gets into an argument with a waiter.

Two days later Bill comes to in a Maryland cabin. With him is Harriet. She climaxes a review of the events that happened with: "You married me in Elkton, Maryland, yesterday!"

years? I forget which—that you were the most eloquent woman I know. . . . I was right. You are. I'm sorry you love me. I don't love you—or any one. I'm through with love! If you can ignore that part of it, we'll stay married. You seem to know what you want. Work is the only thing left that I want! . . . It's a bargain! . . ." He shook her hand.

His surprisingly easy surrender was too much for Harriet. She rose, ran from the room.

Bill, startled, annoyed, waited. He hadn't long to wait. She returned in a brief moment. All trace of emotion was wiped from her colorless face.

Bill couldn't help but admire her. For one thing, she had won out where so many had failed. For another, she was obviously emotional, yet could pack a knockout punch against her emotions. A rare woman!

Rare—and perhaps valuable. In that morning moment Bill pictured Harriet as a bulwark for him against life. He could see himself cut off by marriage to her from all his old associations; devoting himself to his work. No more personal equations, no more emotional upsets. Just work!

Bill was ready to begin. But before he did, he intended to allow himself one childish, Count of Monte Cristo gesture. Hadn't his father said, "Come down here"?

BILL stood up, smiling grimly. "How would you like, before we start this new simple life that you promise me, to go to Palm Beach to meet my—new mother?"

"Oh!" Harriet changed color.

Bill was amused to see that red blood could actually make headway against the pale citadel of her face.

"Now, you mean? At once? But—" Her color faded. Something calculating, feminine, crept in. "My clothes—"

"Buy them in New York," Bill assured her.

But an inexplicable reluctance entered Harriet's voice. Her face had fallen.

"Must we go to New York?" she protested.

"We must! You didn't marry a playboy. I have a million things to attend to—my work—and other matters." Bill unconsciously pressed the note in his pocket.

Harriet froze. The scene changed now to battle. Bill, however, unconscious of opposition, went into the bedroom. He picked up his coat and hat.

Harriet followed him.

"Bill—"

"Yes?"

"About that—nurse. That's one of your reasons for going to New York?"

"Among many others, yes. What of it?"

"You—you talked about her more than you know!"

He shrugged.

"You did! She was—I mean—the way she seemed to have impressed reason why I felt it was

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI
THERE SHE IS, CHUBBINS—THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI—ROLLING DOWN TO THE GULF
WHENEVER I THINK OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, I ALWAYS THINK OF MARK TWAIN
YES—AND I IMAGINE MARK TWAIN'S HUCK FINN AND TOM SAWYER DIDN'T LOOK VERY DIFFERENT FROM THOSE TWO LADS RIGHT THERE
WOOF!
DAD, WHY DID SAMUEL CLEMENS USE THE PEN NAME OF 'MARK TWAIN'? WHAT'S IT MEAN?
'MARK TWAIN' WAS A RIVER TERM INDICATING A TWO-FATHOM DEPTH OF WATER HAD BEEN REACHED. THE MAN WITH THE SOUNDING LEAD CALLED OUT—'MARK FOUR! MARK THREE! MARK HALF! MARK QUARTER! M-A-R-K TWAIN!' AN OLD BOAT CAPTAIN WITH WRY HUMOR NICKNAMED CLEMENS MARK TWAIN LITTLE KNOWING IT WOULD BECOME WORLD FAMOUS
DIDN'T MARK TWAIN ONCE SAY 'SMOKING IS THE INSPIRATION FOR THE PEN'?
YES—AND THINK OF THE INSPIRATION HE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN FROM A GRAND TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT
CORBS 10¢
ISN'T A CORN-COB DISAGREEABLE TO BREAK IN, DADDY?
NOT WHEN IT'S FILLED WITH MILD, MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT. P.A. IN ANY PIPE INSURES COOL, 'BITE LESS' SMOKING RIGHT FROM THE START
PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
WE NEW PIPE SMOKERS NEED THE MILDNESS OF P.A. THREE CHEERS FOR THAT NO-BITE PROCESS!
P.A.'S CRIMP CUT CHANGED ME FROM AN OCCASIONAL PIPE SMOKER TO A STEADY ONE. P.A. SURE SMOKES COOL, SMOOTH
SURE, PRINCE ALBERT IS MILD, YET IT HAS THE FULL, RICH TASTE WE SEASONED PIPE SMOKERS WANT!
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING TOBACCO BECAUSE IT'S
SO MILD—SO TASTY!
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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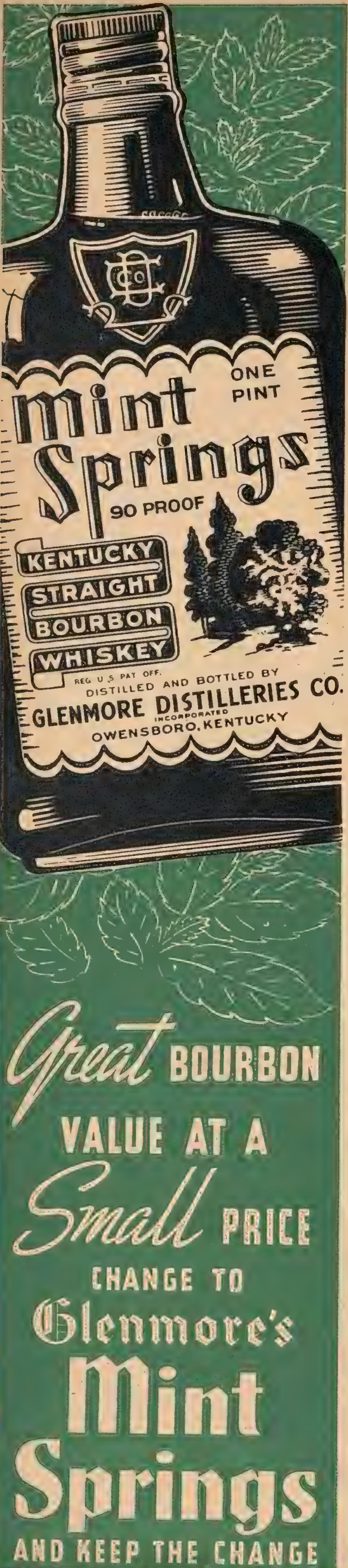
50
pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.



right for me to marry you as I did."

Bill frowned. "I don't see—"

"You're so—vulnerable, Bill! So ready for any girl who—" Harriet, sensing swift chill in the air, shifted her attack. "Bill, let me help you with this nurse. I know you feel obligated toward her. Feel you may have lost her her job. You said so over and over. . . . It was all most unfortunate—our coming on you in each other's arms as we did, the doctor and I! Had I only seen you first"—Harriet, knowing she was lying, hurried—"I could have given you some warning! . . . But let me give you the warning now—you'll only harm her if you, personally, try to help!"

Bill fingered the note in his pocket.

"You're very kind, Harriet. I see you're taking on your new duties immediately! But this is one that I choose to handle myself. . . . Now, where is my car?"

Harriet bit her lip. But she turned and led the way.

They drove the whole long trip for the most part in silence. Harriet, sliding her eyes sideways from time to time, studied Bill's stark bronzed profile. She was uneasy. Had she bitten off more than she could chew? . . .

They had separate rooms in the hotel where they made an overnight stop. And Harriet asked herself—Would it always be like this? Would he always stay behind a barrier from her? No! She swore she would break it down. Hadn't she achieved everything else in life that she had set her mind on?

Once in New York, Bill drove straight to his Park Avenue apartment. There, the doorman, wide-eyed, bowed and scraped. The flunkies in the amber-lit reception hall leaped into action. They, too, had been devouring the newspapers! A new elevator boy took the bridal pair up. But even he seemed to be using knowing eyes in the back of his head.

THEN the wrought-iron gates that separated the inner foyer of the fourteenth floor from the more formal outer cubicle of the elevator landing opened. The splashing water in the little fountain, the scent of tall flowering shrubs, the appearance of Travers told Bill that he was home. . . . What a home-coming!

"This is Mrs. Madison, Travers. . . . Travers will make you comfortable, Harriet."

Travers blinked. He bent his mummylike body. "Welcome home, madam!" Then to Bill: "Your father is most concerned, sir. The newspapers—"

"We'll start for Palm Beach tomorrow, Travers. In the yacht. Will you get in touch with Captain Grierson? And wire my father. . . . Anything else of interest?"

"Your luggage came, sir. And the man from the Smithsonian Institution. Your lawyers telephoned. And the press— Oh, sir! Every hour of the day!"

"All right. Tell them nothing! I'll take everything up soon. I've an errand to do now! Will you show Mrs. Madison to her room."

Travers moved noiselessly off between a second pair of wrought-iron gates and down a dim beautiful hall.

Bill turned to Harriet. He smiled wryly—and she couldn't know what was going on in his mind. Couldn't know that the first crisis in their marriage was occurring. For Bill was seeing Roberta, poised, exquisite, beside him. Was seeing a bedroom waiting, where Roberta, the homecoming bride, would have slipped her lovely body into negligee, would have brushed back her shining hair, would have—as she once promised to do—wiped at least half the lipstick from her soft lips, ready for his.

None of these things could Harriet know. She merely sensed them—and set her chin against them, as she did against the stifling perfection of these surroundings.

"Yes, Bill," she agreed, when he said she was probably tired. And, "Thank you, Bill," she said too meekly, when he handed her a neatly folded roll of bills—for clothes.

"Charge anything else you need anywhere," he said. "I gather that by now the papers—and the stores—know there is a Mrs. William Madison, Third! . . . So long. I'll be back in time to pick you up for dinner."

"We're going out for dinner?"

"Yes—oh, yes." He hadn't moved a step into the apartment beyond the foyer. He couldn't—not yet. He left her with a half salute.

You *can* take it! Harriet was telling herself as she stepped into the long bedroom with great French windows opening on a terrace overlooking New York City. . . . Very different this was from her family's crowded little tenement in Brooklyn. Or from her own furnished room in the Village. Yes, this was very different— And she had brought it about herself! She lifted her chin.

"Thank you," she said to Travers. Then, remembering a play she had seen, "That will be all, Tra

She waited until he had closed the door. Then her face changed. She rushed to the telephone. She dialed a number. Not her family's number. They could wait. Ivan wouldn't.

Harriet dialed the home telephone number of one of the El Morocco waiters. The one who had made the scene that Bill vaguely remembered.

Bill, meanwhile, had jumped into his car and had headed straight for his father's sister's old brownstone front on the East River. Threading his way through the crowded streets, he tried to forget Harriet, Roberta, his father. Instead, he thought of Anne Moore—for whom he was hurrying on this errand.

His aunt's old butler opened the door.

"You, sir! Glad to see you back, sir!"

"Thank you, Bennett. I'm glad to be back," lied Bill. "Mrs. Van Ryder up?"

"Oh, yes, sir. You know she is."

Bill smiled—his first sincere smile in many days. "I know. Tell her I'm here."

Bill entered the stuffy elegant living room, with its quilted, tasseled window shades lowered against the morning sun. He pushed Ling Ching, a decrepit Pomeranian, from his favorite chair. Sinking into it, he closed his eyes.

The presence of the familiar room soothed him. Took him back to the days when coming here had been high adventure. When he had had to stand on tiptoe to see the curios in the Louis Quinze cabinet. When staying for dinner in the enormous dining room with its mammoth crystal chandeliers had been a rare privilege. Sweet, uncomplicated days those!

A step aroused him.

LITTLE boys shouldn't grow up, should they, Delia?" he remarked, jumping up to receive his aunt's fragrant, full-bosomed embrace.

"Not when they grow up to be such stupid boys as you and your father!" she scolded in her hoarse good-natured voice. "A pity to have two idiots in the family! . . . Let me look at you. As I thought—a wreck, a cinder! Body gone as well as brain!" She pulled a tapestry bell rope. "Ben-nett!" she called.

Bennett appeared.

"Coffee, eggs, toast for Mr. Bill. And quick! He's famished. . . . Now, Bill, tell Delia all about it."

She plumped down, facing him. A high-breasted, small-hipped woman with a pompadour which once had been red, and with exquisite white hands. Her shrewd eyes, which had known their tears but were now trained only to laughter, searched his face.

"Why'd you come here—crack off your honeymoon bus? Elkton to East River — practically nonstop flight. Why did you do it? And what can I do for you?"

Bill shrugged his shoulders, shaking off nonessentials.

"I did it probably because it seemed

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Boys and Girls mind their P's and Q's

THEY watch their *pennies* and they know real *quality!* I wouldn't give *two cents* for my business if I didn't know—and *they* didn't know—Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum as the one piece of penny gum continually carried by over a quarter million stores because of its fine quality.

And I like doing business with people who "mind their P's and Q's". I like doing business with boys and girls.

For when you sell something that boys and girls really like, you don't have to spend a lot of time telling them *why* they should buy it. All you have to do is to put it where they *can* buy it. You don't have to tell them how good it is. They'll find out for themselves...for boys and girls know the value of money and get their money's worth.

Sincerely,

President, Frank H. Fleer Corp.
Makers of fine chewing gum for 30 years
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DUBBLE BUBBLE
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1¢ each
5 for 5¢

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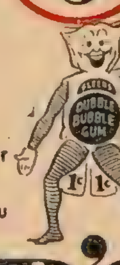
It is PURE
Its FLAVOR LASTS LONGER
It is NON-STICKY
A COMPLETE COLORED FUNNY in every wrapper
An INTERESTING FACT in every wrapper
YOUR FORTUNE in every wrapper
A quarter million stores carry it for you



FLEER'S
Dubble Bubble
CHEWING GUM

—and still does—a good idea at the time. . . . As for what you can do— You're patroness of a hospital or two, aren't you?"

"Lord, yes; of almost every one in the city! . . . What about my hospitals? You look as if you could use one for a month or so!"

"It's not for me." And Bill told her about the ship's nurse—who had been the redheaded kid with whom he had played on Uncle Morg's Zaloha. He told the whole story, with the keen old eyes studying him.

Bill's lunch came in. He drank the coffee. His aunt watched his thin brown hand holding the cup none too steadily. But she made no comment.

"Of course I'll help your nurse. For your sake, hers, and Morg's. He'd want me to! . . . Here—write her name for me! . . . Bennett!" she called. "Telephone the port authorities. Ask where Captain Henry Moore's coal barge docks. . . . That's that! Now, Bill, want to tell me about the one you married? Or not?"

"I'll tell you. She's a good sort. Keen. She wants things—and gets them! Be a friend to her, Delia—" Bill was speaking slowly. Somehow he couldn't picture Harriet either needing or wanting a friend. "She—hasn't had our background—"

"So I gathered from the papers!" commented Delia. "But a commoner now and then won't hurt any royal family! Maybe a commoner's just what you need. You've never been one to follow the conventional track. Don't forget that your great-grandfather owned a ferryboat on the Hudson and ferried himself and his family to fortune!"

"Thank you, Delia! I relied on you to take it this way." Bill kissed her soft old cheek.

Bennett's discreet knock heralded his appearance with the desired information. "The barge is at Pier Five, East River, madam."

"Thank you, Bennett. . . . Now, Bill, shall I write this Anne Moore, or go see her, or do it through the hospital? . . . Is she pretty?"

BILL was used to his aunt's *non sequiturs*. He answered, "She looks the way you probably looked when you were twenty. Red hair, gray-blue eyes—"

"Hmm!" murmured his aunt thoughtfully.

Bill suddenly remade a decision that he had vetoed earlier in the day.

"I'll go see her myself, Delia. I'll tell her to get in touch with you." . . . He stood up. "Thanks, darling, for all you'll do for me." Bill kissed her again. He stepped over a yipping Pomeranian and went out.

He drove to the location on the river front given him by Bennett. Yes—there was a coal barge—the Annie B. Moore!

Bill parked his green-and-chromium roadster beside a neat black sedan on the wharf.

"Is this Captain Henr Moore's barge?" h asked of a s red-pigtailed girl solemnly eating a sandwich while rocking in an ancient chair on the shore side of the deck.

"Yes."

"Is Miss Anne Moore at home?"

"Goodness, yes!" said the child, stopping rocking.

"May I see her?"

"Well—she—well, *he's* in there too —but I'll ask!" She fled.

Bill would never forget how Anne looked as she came from the door of that deckhouse on the coal barge.

And Anne would never forget how he looked in the gray-gold spring sunshine of the water front.

"I've come to take you—to lunch," said Bill.

"Exactly on time—how nice!" said Anne surprisingly. And she fled into the dark shoe box of a cabin, leaving Bill completely at sea.

HE was only a little less at sea when Anne reappeared, smartly hatted and coated, followed by—of all people!—Dr. Delaney.

"Forgive me," she called airily to the obviously flabbergasted physician, "but a lady keeps her promises! Good-by."

Bill helped her into his roadster, started the motor. "I seem to have come in the nick of time," he commented.

Anne adjusted her hat. "If you hadn't, I'd have thought of something else!" she parried coolly.

"You remind me more and more of my Aunt Delia!"

"She must be sweet."

"No. Fierce! But she has red hair."

They drove a few blocks in silence.

"Mr. Madison"—Anne's voice was as impersonal as a voice could be —"please take me back now. And thank you! You came at the right time. This—just happened. Dr. Delaney has been coming every day. He's sorry, you see. Yes, I—lost my job on the ship! . . . But—I can take care of myself. I can also buy my own lunches!"

"Not today," said Bill, steering on through traffic.

"You're too well known, Mr. Madison," protested Anne coldly, "to take a lady anywhere for lunch! Besides, you're married. You see, I've read in the papers everything you've done since last I saw you."

"Must frighten you!"

"No—it bores me."

Bill smiled down on her. "More and more like my Aunt Delia!" he commented.

"Listen, Bill Madison!" Anne turned on him fiercely. She told herself that she resented his patronage, his sureness, his wealth, his humor, resented that he was a *man* even—because she hated men! And most of all she resented him because he still—in spite of all her resolutions—had the power, just by his presence, to call to life her sweet dead dreams! "Listen," she insisted. "If I *were* your Aunt Delia, and I wanted to go home, you'd take me—wouldn't you? You wouldn't take unfair advantage of a coincidence! You wouldn't force me into a position where—once we stop in front of a restaurant—I'll have to run and *thumb* my way back home because I have no money in my pocket? . . . But that's what I'm going to do! So —now! Will you drive me back, or will I thumb?"

Bill turned the car and drove back. He stopped beside the White Star Line wharf and turned to Anne. "Forget everything you've read or heard about me! Forget whatever it was that made you dislike me! Look me in the eye and see if I don't mean only the best for you! . . . You've lost your job. I can get you one. . . . Wait! I can get it and promise never to bother you again! Here's my aunt's card. Please see her—she's expecting you."

She looked up into his eyes only for one brief moment — then quickly away. But that look had banished her doubts. It also gave her the realization that he, too, was bitterly unhappy.

"And you?" she whispered.

"I?" Bill smiled without warmth. "I'm expecting nothing from now on! Think of me as a workman—if you think of me at all!"

He started the motor. Its noise drowned out her faint "I will."

BUT no noise of motor, no pressure of business—and he accomplished a lot in that afternoon—could drown his memory of Anne's sweet unsmiling face, or the dignity of her words: "If I *were* your Aunt Delia—you wouldn't take unfair advantage of a coincidence!"

He was still thinking of her as he walked the short distance from his garage to Park Avenue. He was earlier than he had meant to be in returning. He had even toyed with the idea of stopping to fortify himself with a few highballs before facing the waiting Harriet. Then he decided against it.

He was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he almost failed to see a little scene taking place practically in front of his own eyes. If the tall girl hadn't stumbled as she got out of the shabby car, and the surly-faced young man who was saying good-by hadn't called out, "Be careful!" Bill might not have noticed them.

As it was, he glanced at the two with mild interest, saw the man scowl, saw the girl run across Park Avenue. . . . "She's certainly in a hurry!" he thought.

Then he stopped suddenly. The girl had vanished into his apartment house. And—in spite of the unfamiliar clothes she was wearing—Bill realized that he had been watching Harriet.

An innocent incident? Or—does it forewarn of another disappointment for Bill? Will he ask for an explanation? What becomes of Anne? In desperation, will she accept the security offered by Steve? Look for surprising developments in next week's installment!

"How I Reformed an Arsonous Pipe"

by OFFICER DICK KOPP
POLICE HERO

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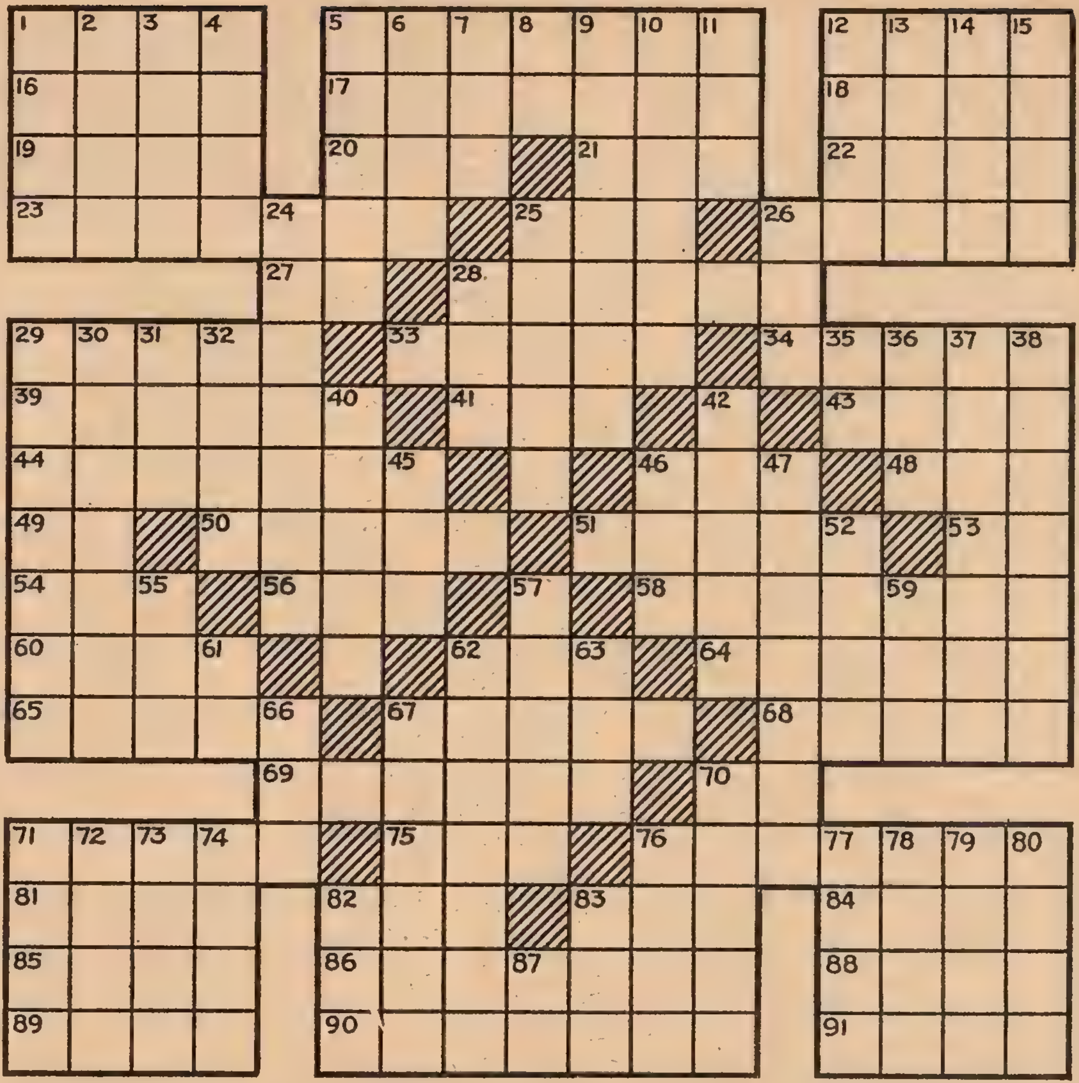
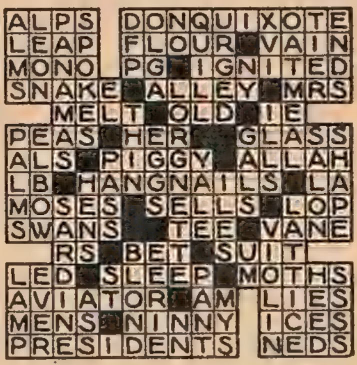


HORIZONTAL

1 To cultivate
5 Calmed
12 Stable
16 Hoarfrost
17 A mollusk
18 City in Kansas
19 State to be true
20 A metal
21 Poem
22 River in Africa
23 Profit
25 Suffix, equivalent of -ous
26 Augmented
27 Upon
28 Primeval deities in Greek mythology
29 More rational
33 More pallid
34 Seraglio
39 Substantiates
41 By
43 The taliera
44 Bears witness
46 A bone of the body
48 Color shade
49 Japanese measure of distance
50 Wanting freshness
51 Beverage
53 An element (symbol)
54 Theory
56 Pen
58 Rampart
60 A cella (arch.)
62 Note of a bird
64 Sarcasm
65 Bites off little by little
67 Moan nasally
68 Taut
69 Latin poet
70 Hebrew letter
71 Pursue



ALPS DONQUIXOTE
LEAP FLOUR VAIN
MONO PG IGNITED
SNAKE ALLEY MRS
MELT OLD IE
PEAS HER GLASS
ALS PIGGY ALLAH
LB HANGNAILS LA
MOSES SELLS LOP
SWANS TEE VANE
RS BET SUIT
LED SLEEP MOTHS
AVIATOR AM LIES
MENS NINNY ICES
PRESIDENTS NEDS

Answer to last week's puzzle

75 Wrath
76 Scaling devices
81 Rent
82 Asiatic coin
83 Succor
84 Man's name
85 Mine passageway
86 Sphere of operation
88 Part of a skeleton
89 Social functions
90 Mundane
91 Flakes of ice congealed in the air

VERTICAL

1 Snatch
2 Split
3 Augury
4 Form of to be
5 Kind of silk
6 Notice of death
7 Forbid
8 A diminutive suffix
9 Fowl
10 Make beloved
11 River in England
12 Curve
13 Dry
14 Stir up
15 Want
24 Extensive wood (pl.)
25 Lubricated
26 A tree
28 Spigot
29 Frugal
30 Skilled worker
31 No
32 Days preceding special events
35 By
36 Rodent
37 Expungers
38 Aquatic mammal
40 Condition
42 A mythological king of Phrygia
45 Artfully cunning
46 Tear
47 Chided vehemently
52 Classify
55 Extinct bird
57 Give utterance to
59 Fastening device
61 Compass point
63 Individual
66 Pronoun
67 To twist the body
70 Christian priest
71 To converse
72 Conceal
73 Song
74 Groups
76 A charge upon property
77 Flatfishes
78 Black
79 City in Nevada
80 Killed
82 Siamese coin
83 Corroded
87 Measure of area

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A Letter from Borneo

By ADELE and CATEAU de LEEUW

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EVE stood, an ivory statue in a low-cut evening gown, before the long table, waiting for her husband. The alabaster lamp cast a pool of light on the letter she held in her hand. She let her eyes rest a moment on the fine black script, the bright Dutch air-mail stamps, and in that moment the room dissolved and she was with Nick again.

There was so little to remember! How her heart had lifted, seeing him come aboard at Genoa, the sunlight on his glittering yellow hair; that first startled meeting of their eyes; walking the deck with him, talking, talking, and falling silent; dancing in the tropical nights; hanging over the rail as they plowed through the Indian Ocean—Martin always a brooding shadow in the background; enchanted days in Java; the little silver box Nick had bought her in Bali; and then watching him wave to them that melancholy dawn and finally disappear, a tiny speck on the dock, as they left Borneo.

"Why Borneo?" she had asked him a dozen times.

"Tropical medicine," he had said. "It's an almost untouched field. I want to work in it. Being doctor for an oil company's as good a chance as any to begin."

Suddenly, seeing her stricken face, he took her hands in a grip that made her wince. "Good Lord, Eve, don't let me say what I want to say! . . . But I'll make good; I've got to! And when I come back, and you're still as unhappy as you are now—"

He was the penniless Dr. Nicholas Steen; she was the wife of Martin Grosvenor, who could loop emeralds around her throat—and who could make her life a hell.

She had nodded, speechless, through her tears. That was all she had to go on: those days together, his half-spoken promise . . . and a few letters. But it had been enough.

Only lately had her strength almost failed her. She couldn't keep it up. She couldn't go on making excuses for Martin, even though now he was a sick man! Somewhere honor had its place, and pride. She must tell him soon.

But not tonight. First there was this letter. First she must wait for the right moment and then tell him about this letter. He must not see it till she had prepared him. Where could she put it?

She heard Martin's step, the slow, painful step of a heavy man who is ill, shuffling in the hall. She crushed the letter wildly, thrust it in her bosom.

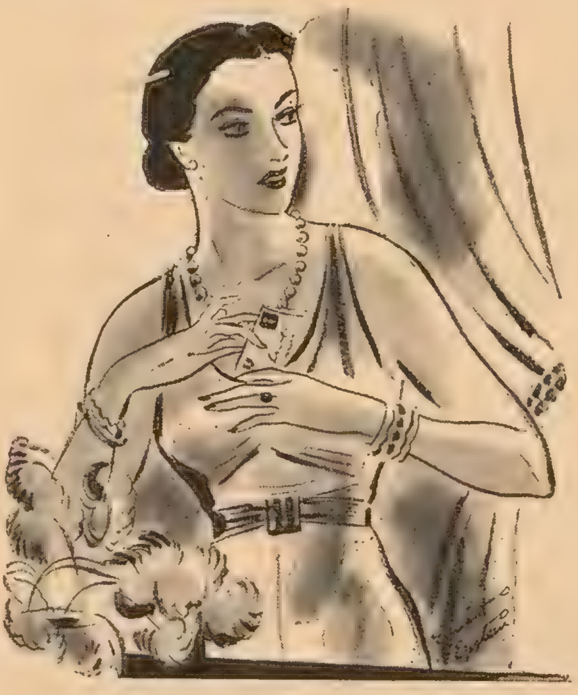
Martin Grosvenor's eyes glittered when he saw her. "Very queenly," he said. "Or is it patience on a monument?"

"I was just—waiting," she said quietly.

"And what were you thinking?" he demanded. "Wishing you didn't have a sick man for a husband? Wishing you could go out with some one as young and debonair and purring as that damned doctor?"

"Martin—" she begged softly.

"You don't deceive me. I must admit I don't know how many others there are, but I do know about *him*—"



"You shan't say things like that!" she flamed. Was it part of his illness that he was consumed with these jealous rages? Or was it that he had seen the truth, which neither of them had acknowledged, and let his sick mind build a fantastic structure on it to torture him?

After Nick had left the ship the trip around the world had become a nightmare. Martin had seen a lover in every man she had bowed to. She could bear the others—but she could not bear it when he talked like that of Nick! Especially when there was nothing between them . . . nothing but that broken-off sentence and the look in their eyes.

Martin Grosvenor was watching her. She noticed again how deep-bitten the lines in his face were; how cruel his eyes; how thin his neck under the wing collar. "It's cold in here," he said, bending to fix the fire. But the exertion was too much for him. He gasped, barely able to straighten up.

"Let me fix it," she said, taking the poker from him and stooping over. The edge of the letter peeped above the ivory satin.

Suddenly she felt his hand, hard, bold, tearing at the front of her dress. "I knew it!" he cried. "You've heard from him again!" He waved the letter between them, taunting her. "Didn't I forbid you ever to write to him again? Didn't I forbid you to read his letters?"

She reached for it. "Give it to me, Martin."

"You liar! You cheat!" he shouted. He crumpled up the letter, drew back his arm.

She flung herself on him. "Don't, Martin, don't! You'll be sorry—"

"Sorry I didn't kill him, yes!" he cried, his face working. He hurled the letter on the flames; they leaped up, licked it, charred it to a black ball. Eve covered her face with her hands. But in a moment she was calm.

"It doesn't matter, after all," she said. "I can remember every word of it."

He pounced on her. "Then it *was* from him!"

"Yes," she said. "Don't you want to hear it? . . . But I want you to. Listen. It's very short." And in a flat monotone she recited: "'Dear Eve, As soon as I read what you wrote of your husband's illness I recognized it for one of the obscure tropical diseases. He must have contracted it when he was out here. It seldom manifests itself before six months. White doctors have no way of combating it, but the natives have a cure, which is one of the discoveries I've come upon. They use the seeds of a plant that grows in the mountains—no use getting technical; and I am sending some, with directions for taking. I must urge the promptest action on your husband's part, for unless the medicine is taken within six weeks, the disease invariably proves fatal. I only hope I am not too late.'"

Martin Grosvenor leaned forward, touched her gently. "Forgive me, my dear. I'm a sick man, you know. I can't always control myself—I'm ashamed that I ever doubted you. . . . Where are the seeds, my dear? The seeds and the directions?"

Eve sat quietly under his hand. Then she threw back her head and laughed and laughed.

At last she spoke. "They were i the letter," she said.

THE END

Will these *Mysterious Crimes* ever be *Solved?*

No. 5—WHO WAS 3-X, THE LETTER-WRITING MURDERER?

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

The amazing story of the killer who promised death, delivered it, convicted himself—and escaped!

By FRED ALLHOFF

HE called himself, a trifle whimsically, "the man behind the gun." He was frail and thin, neither short nor tall. He was of middle age, unimposing but sure of manner. He wore shabby clothes, a constant air of worry, and had strange eyes that were deep and sharp and a strange mind that was also deep and sharp.

It would be interesting to know why he decided to go on a spree of murder. And it would be interesting today—seven years afterward—to know who and where he is.

The first murder was discovered around noon of June 12, 1930, a Thursday. Laborers in a field adjoining a lane in Whitestone, Queens, New York, noticed an automobile parked near a clump of bushes, and investigated.

The dead man lay on his back in the dirt road, just behind the parked automobile. He had been shot once, at quite close range, in the back of the head.

Police sized up the job as a routine killing. The victim, bloodstains showed, had been shot as he sat behind the steering wheel and then had been dragged out into the road. Police placed his murder at approximately nine o'clock the preceding evening.

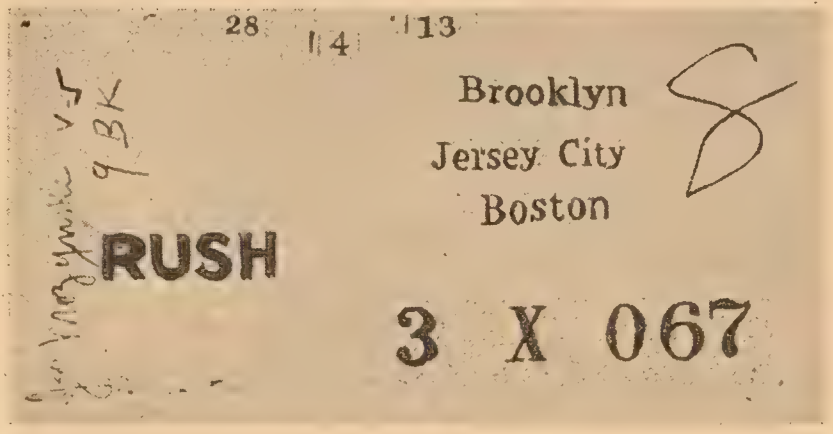
There weren't too many reasons why a man would want to park his car in that desolate spot on a soft June night with the moon full in the skies. Whoever the woman had been, however, she was gone now.

The dead man's pockets showed he hadn't been robbed. That eliminated the small-change holdup man who usually preys on couples parked in petters' lanes. The cops came across a picture, too. It showed a girl with a long, oval, rather pretty face. There was a pretty good chance that she had been the one with him when he got shot.

A checkup of the victim's license plates showed the car belonged to Joseph Mozynski, who lived in College Point, Long Island. Police went to the address.

They found Mozynski was married. He had a grocery store, two children, and, now, a widow.

Some of the neighbors said that Joe Mozynski wasn't a bad fellow, but they didn't think he was doing exactly right when he started going around with Catherine May two years ago, and she only seventeen at the time and him a married man. They looked at the photograph found in the dead man's pocket and said: "That's her, l right."



28 14 13

Brooklyn
Jersey City
Boston

8

Mozynski V-5
93K

RUSH

3 X 067

The mysterious baseball pool ticket found on Mozynski.

Some of the detectives had picked up a tip that a young fellow named Joseph Moisset had been pretty friendly with Catherine May recently, so they set out to find Moisset and ask him if he knew anything. Other detectives got Catherine May and took her to the precinct station at Bayside for questioning.

She was pale but calm. She admitted at once that she had been with Mozynski when he had been shot. She said she didn't shoot him, and that she didn't report the shooting because she hadn't wanted her parents to know she had been out with a married man.

Up to that point the police believed her. But when she got into an account of the murder itself, her story seemed pretty thin. She said:

"Joe and I were sitting in the back seat of the car talking last night when a man appeared from nowhere. He had a gun in one hand and a flashlight in the other. He pointed both of them at us and told Joe to get up in the front seat and start the car. We were both very scared. Joe got in the front seat and the stranger got in the rear seat beside me. He held his gun directly behind Joe's head, and the moment Joe stepped on the starter, he fired.

"I was about to scream when the man said: 'Stop shaking and keep quiet. I won't hurt you. I'll take you to a bus. Stay here.'

"I had squeezed over into a corner of the rear seat. He got out of the car and pulled Joe out of the front seat and went through Joe's pockets. I got out of the car to run away. He said, 'I'll have to kill you too if you don't behave.'

"He spoke with an accent, but I don't know whether it was German or French, or maybe Alsatian. We walked up the road toward the bus line. He walked behind, carrying the gun. When we reached the street, he put the gun in his pocket. We got on the bus. He sat in the seat with me. I had an envelope with my name and address on it that held an application blank from the Civil Service Bureau at College Point. He took that.

"Shortly after we got on the bus, a policeman got on, but I was afraid to say anything. We rode to the Amity Street bus terminal in Flushing. He waited with me on the corner until I got on a College Point streetcar. I looked out the window and I saw him going into a drugstore."

That was Catherine May's story. The detectives who questioned her began making a sieve of it.

Why—they wanted to know—would one stranger want to shoot another.

" I asked him that," the girl told them. " He said: 'I had to get the papers.' "

Her description of the stranger's actions after the murder made even less sense.

Why would any man, having committed a murder, recklessly ride on a lighted bus with the companion of his victim, walk with her through a brilliantly lighted arcade after getting off the bus, and then stand with her on a busy street corner until she boarded a streetcar?

About that time, the detectives who had been out looking for Catherine's boy friend, Joseph Moisset, came back to the Bayside station house with the news that just a few hours before—less than twenty-four hours after the murder—Joseph Moisset had boarded a train for California.

After that, it looked open-and-shut—just a triangle case with a jealousy motive.

That's the way it looked!

Moisset was taken off the train before it reached Chicago. He was put in a cell and a perfectly innocent vacation trip was ruined—since he didn't have the beginning of an idea of what it was all about.

Then the police had another go at Catherine May—but she stuck to her same weird story. It was unbelievable. And it was the God's truth.

And—while all this was going on—the editor of the New York Evening Journal was endeavoring, with small success, to decipher a letter, written on cheap stationery, that had just arrived. It read:

" City Editor:—Kindly print this letter in your paper. It may save their lives.

" CC-NY ADCM-Y16A
" DQR-PA 241 PM6 QUEENS

" By doing this you may save their lives. We do no
want any more shooting—unless we have to."

The signature of the letter consisted of four symbols. The first was an inverted V, underlined; the second, a normal V, also underlined; the third was the numeral 3; and the fourth an X. Underneath the symbols was printed " the man behind the gun."

The newspaper editor saw no connection between the Mozynski crime and the cryptic letter. Thus, the first warning from 3-X, The Man Behind The Gun, was ignored

The police knew nothing of the note and were diligentl questioning Catherine May.

The bullet that had killed Mozynski was found to be .32-caliber bullet that had been treated by a process the comparatively new—a coating of luballoy. Luballoy today used extensively as a lubricant.

On June 14—three days after the murder—a lette arrived in the city room of the New York Evening Journal that completely blasted the theory that the murder o Joseph Mozynski had been motivated by jealousy.

The second letter, postmarked from Post Office Statio A, Brooklyn, offered confirmation of the story Catheri May had been repeating, and indicated definitely th this writer was the actual murderer. It read in part:

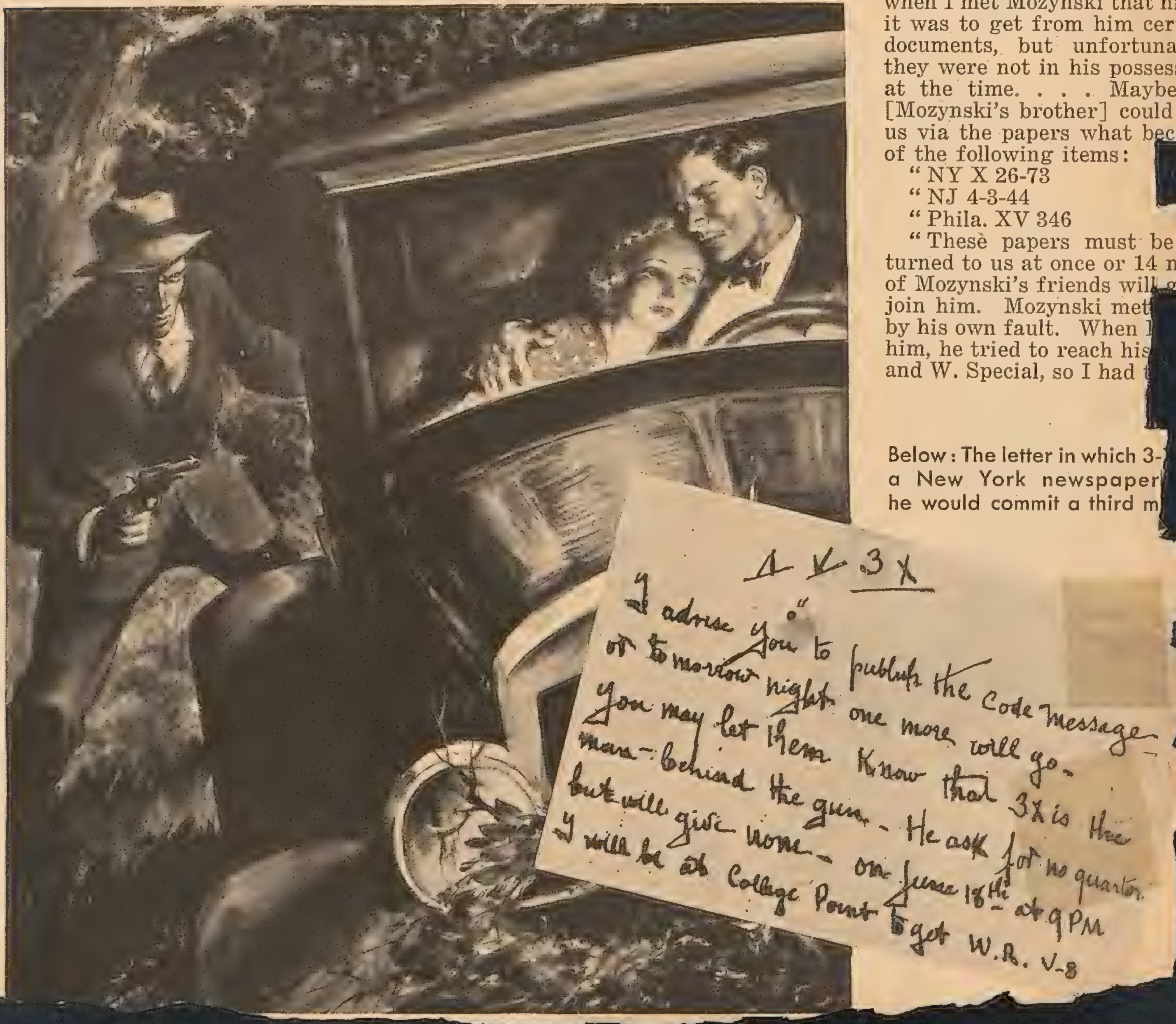
" REF: Mozynski.

" Queens:

" Gentlemen: For your information, the young lady Miss C. May, involved in the case, is innocent and a vi tim of unfortunate circumstances. I am the agent of secret international order ar when I met Mozynski that nig it was to get from him certai documents, but unfortunate they were not in his possessi at the time. . . . Maybe [Mozynski's brother] could t us via the papers what beca of the following items:

" NY X 26-73
" NJ 4-3-44
" Phila. XV 346

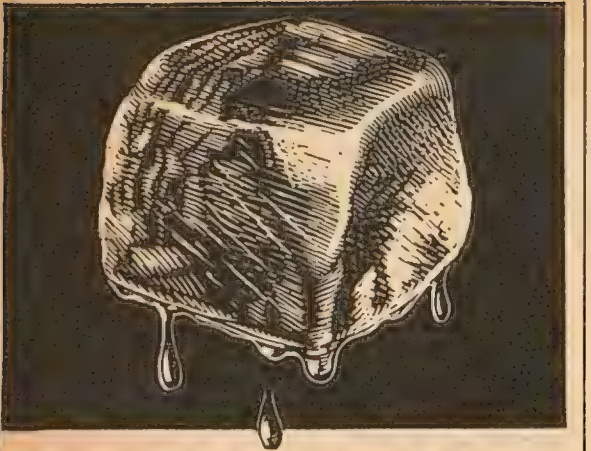
" These papers must be turned to us at once or 14 m of Mozynski's friends will join him. Mozynski met by his own fault. When him, he tried to reach his and W. Special, so I had



Below: The letter in which 3-
a New York newspaper
he would commit a third m

Λ V 3 X

I advise you to publish the Code message
or tomorrow night one more will go.
You may let them know that 3X is the
man-behind the gun. He ask for no quarter.
but will give none— on June 18th at 9PM
I will be at College Point to get W.R. V-8



MELTING ICE WON'T SPOIL THE "LAST INCH"

When you mix your Collins with this "*Soft-Stilled*" Gin

tice the result in long Gin drinks. flavor to the last "inch". Even batch of Martinis keeps rich pite melting ice.

Make this test. Pour a teaspoonful of Seagram's "Soft-Stilled" Gin into a pint of water. Stir it. Smell it. Taste it. You still get a full, rich-bodied aroma and flavor —even when it's diluted 16 to 1.

eagram's KING ARTHUR Gin

IT'S SOFT-STILLED"

SEAGRAM GIN COOLER

2 oz. Seagram King Arthur Gin, juice of 1 lemon, juice of ½ lime, 1½ teaspoons ugar, 1 spoonful grenadine. Shake well with ice and strain into large glass, adding ice cubes and soda to fill glass. Decorate with slice of orange or pineapple and a cherry. *Seagram Distillers Corp., Offices, N. Y.*

London Dry Gin made
Grain

Seagram's
King
Arthur
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
Soft-Stilled

him fast. That gun is now in my possession. If any shells of the .38 S. and W. caliber were found in the car they belonged to him as my gun was a .32 caliber H. and R. revolver, using .32 caliber S. and W. ammunition of the western make, luballoy coated bullet, 85 grains. We will give Mozynski's brother and friends up to Monday, 12 p. m., to return those documents to us."

The writer—who again signed himself " 3-X, the man behind the gun " —concluded with a caustic remark:

" Tell the bulls to wake up and snap out of it, or I'll have to do something myself."

In Mozynski's pockets had been found a slip of paper bearing the notation: " Brooklyn, Jersey City, Boston—3 X 067 Philadelphia Paid $2500; Rec'd $3700. 28-4-13."

This cryptic 3-X notation was at first believed to be a baseball lottery record. But Joseph Mozynski could be connected with no baseball pools then in existence, and to this day the slip of paper goes unexplained.

Mozynski's brother in Philadelphia, an inoffensive Polish-American laborer, had no knowledge of why his brother should have been murdered or what " documents " the killer wanted.

At least one statement in the 3-X letter was false. Both Catherine May and Mozynski's relatives declared the murdered man had no revolver with him on the night of the killing.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the receipt of the letter from the man who signed himself 3-X, Catherine May's mother received a long letter in the same heavy readable script, bearing the same signature. In this letter the killer assured the girl's mother that her daughter had done no wrong and added that Mozynski was a blackmailer and drug peddler.

To clinch his assertion that he was the murderer of Joseph Mozynski, 3-X wrote part of his letter to Mrs. May on the back of the Civil Service application blank he had taken from Catherine the night of the slaying.

The police found themselves in the unusual position of depending for their best clues upon the very man they were seeking. In two of his letters he had hinted—and in one bluntly promised—that if the mysterious " documents " he sought were not returned to him, more trouble, more killing, might be expected. He had even set a dead line—noon of Monday, June 16, 1930.

Monday came and passed, but no further slayings traceable to 3-X were reported in Queens.

Early in the afternoon of the next day, Tuesday, June 17, a man walking along a road traversing an auto graveyard near Floral Park in Creedmoor, Queens, came across an automobile which, unlike those about it, was not a gaunt weather-beaten derelict. Behind the steering wheel sat its hatless, bloodstained owner—dead.

The young man in the car had been shot in the head. He had died at approximately ten o'clock the previous night. He had parked his car, like Mozynski, at the dead end of a deserted lane in a neighborhood favored by petters. And—as in Mozynski's case—the woman was missing.

Detectives went through his pockets for some identification. They found two things: a newspaper clipping and a gas bill. The clipping was a published story of the Mozynski murder. Scrawled on the margin, in the heavy script by now familiar to police, was: " Here it is." The gas bill yielded the name Noel Sowley.

At almost the identical moment that the detectives were reading that name, the city editor of the Journal received his third letter from 3-X. It was postmarked Brooklyn and dated the Monday of the murder. It read:

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Was 3-X a madman?

This story of the phantom slayer of Long Island is no end intriguing to Thatcher Colt, New York's celebrated solver of crimes and fictional police commissioner extraordinary.

There are, he thinks, but two possible solutions: one, that 3-X was just what he said he was—the paid agent of an international secret society (not necessarily the one whose name he gave), genuinely anxious to accomplish his mission with as little bloodshed as possible; and, two, that he was insane.

Mr. Allhoff, in his clever telling of this mystery story from real life, makes out a strong case for what may be called a middle course: he apparently does not believe that 3-X was an international agent; he does think that he went out on a mad spree of killing, but he thinks he was too intelligent to rate as insane.

It is a nice point. Is there any relationship, or, rather, lack of relationship, between intelligence and insanity? Haven't some of the most intellectual persons become hopelessly insane and still retained unmistakable evidence of their intellectuality? Aren't all criminals, intelligent or unintelligent, insane?

" Yes," says Thatcher Colt, " it's a nice point."

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Tune in at home or on your car radio.

" Dear Sir: You have not published the code message sent you—too bad—for your information there is more work for the police now.

" Tonight, at 10 p. m., Sowley was bumped off near Floral Park and not far from a police signal station—you will find him near an automobile junk pile. . . . Thirteen more men and a woman will go the same way if they do not return two of the missing papers. The New York document was found on Sowley last night and also some of our money.

" I advise you to publish the code message or tomorrow night one more will go. You may let them know that 3X is the man behind the gun. . . . On June 18th at 9 PM, I will be at College Point to get W. R. V-8."

Some hours later, Inspector Gallagher and Lieutenant J. Smith, in Queens, received a letter from 3-X. It contained charged cartridge shells that had, apparently, been used in the Sowley murder, and also said that there had been a girl with Sowley at the time of his death, who, like Miss May, had gallantly been escorted to a bus by the killer.

The police quickly located the girl. She was Elizabeth Ring, twenty-year-old daughter of a policeman living in Hollis, Queens. She told a story almost identical to that told five days before by Catherine May. Like Catherine May, she had told her family nothing of the murder.

Of the mysterious 3-X, she said:

"He appeared, seemingly, from out of nowhere. He got in the right side of the car, beside us. He handed some cards to Noel and said: 'You know Joe Mozynski.'

"Noel said he didn't. Then he held the gun to the back of Noel's head and fired. He got out of the car and walked in back, mumbling something about 'the papers.' He pointed his flashlight toward a hill and flashed some signals. Then he came back.

"'You're the man, all right,' he told Noel. He shot Noel again, in the mouth. Then he went through Noel's pockets. He told me that he would take me to the bus, and that he would have to kill me if I talked."

Police were at a loss. Though obviously he entertained some sort of obsession about "papers," to dub him a madman was a trifle too pat.

He wrote intelligent, coherent, almost businesslike letters. He promised death—and delivered it. He was a killer who called his shots.

And his next shot, within a little more than twenty-four hours, was to be fired into the head of some unknown person designated by the killer as W. R. V-8.

THE two girls—Catherine May and Betty Ring—agreed that the killer had a thin face lined with worry, and deep, piercing eyes that seldom blinked. The newspapers immediately described 3-X as "the man with the fish eyes." A quick ballistics test proved that the bullets which killed Noel Sowley had come from the same gun that had fired the bullet into Joseph Mozynski's head.

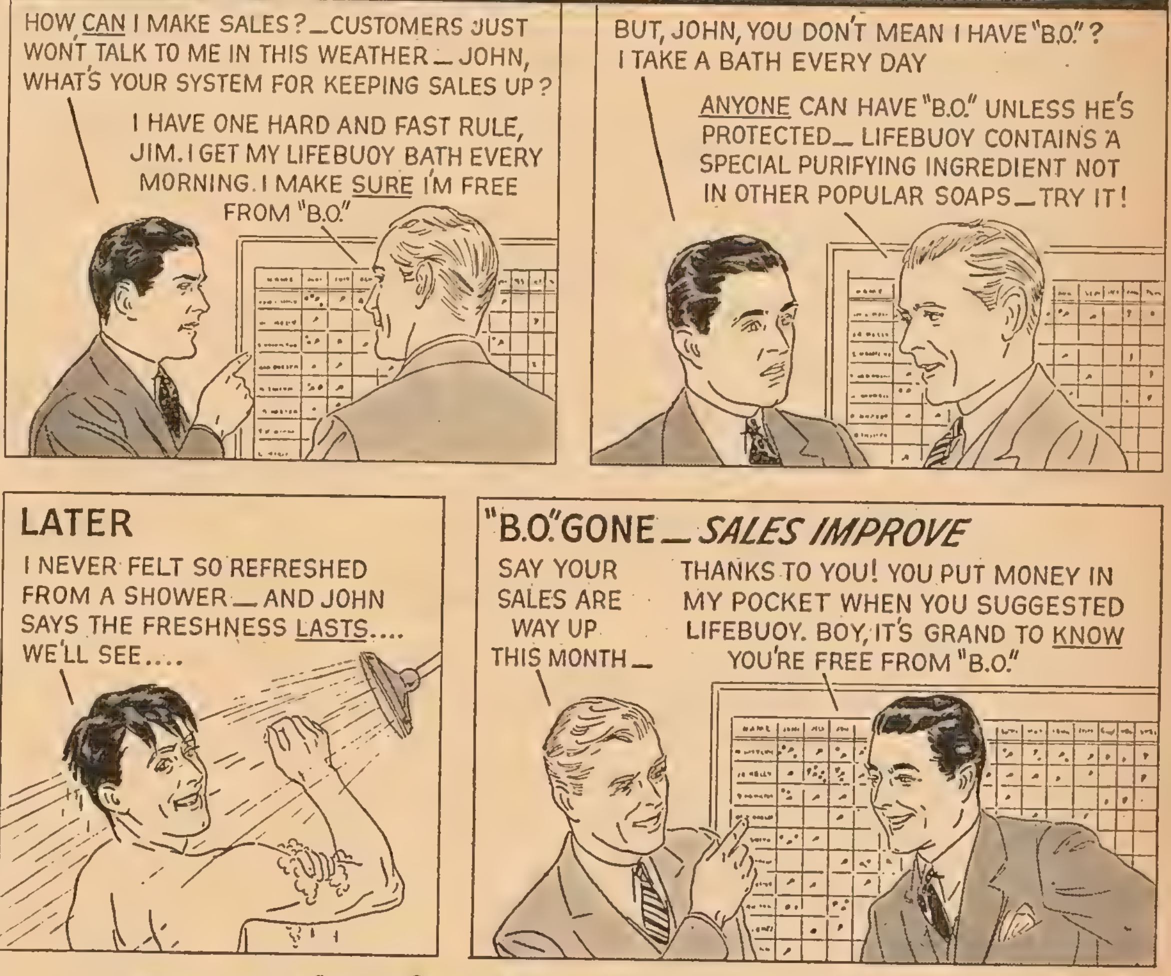
Noel Sowley's past was checked. It was clean. He had known Elizabeth Ring four or five years. They went together for a while. Then she married another man. Recently separated from her husband, she resumed her friendship with Sowley.

Police looked up Elizabeth Ring's ex-husband, an advertising solicitor, but found nothing there.

As the night of June 18 and the hour set by 3-X for the murder of his third victim drew near, police concentrated upon plans to trap him. The wood-bordered roads and lonely lanes of College Point literally were alive with policemen in ambush.

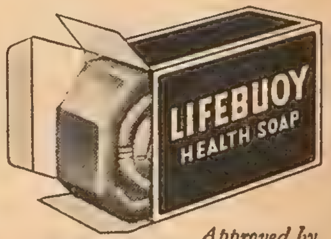
Two strange things happened while the trap was being set. Around dusk, a policeman assigned to the hunt sat alone in the locker room of a Queens precinct station cleaning his gun.

Hurray! I'VE LEARNED THE SECRET OF lasting freshness EVEN ON THE HOTTEST DAYS


HOW CAN I MAKE SALES?—CUSTOMERS JUST WON'T TALK TO ME IN THIS WEATHER—JOHN, WHAT'S YOUR SYSTEM FOR KEEPING SALES UP?
I HAVE ONE HARD AND FAST RULE, JIM. I GET MY LIFEBUOY BATH EVERY MORNING. I MAKE SURE I'M FREE FROM "B.O."
BUT, JOHN, YOU DON'T MEAN I HAVE "B.O."? I TAKE A BATH EVERY DAY
ANYONE CAN HAVE "B.O." UNLESS HE'S PROTECTED—LIFEBUOY CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN OTHER POPULAR SOAPS—TRY IT!
LATER
I NEVER FELT SO REFRESHED FROM A SHOWER—AND JOHN SAYS THE FRESHNESS LASTS.... WE'LL SEE....
"B.O." GONE—SALES IMPROVE
SAY YOUR SALES ARE WAY UP THIS MONTH—
THANKS TO YOU! YOU PUT MONEY IN MY POCKET WHEN YOU SUGGESTED LIFEBUOY. BOY, IT'S GRAND TO KNOW YOU'RE FREE FROM "B.O."

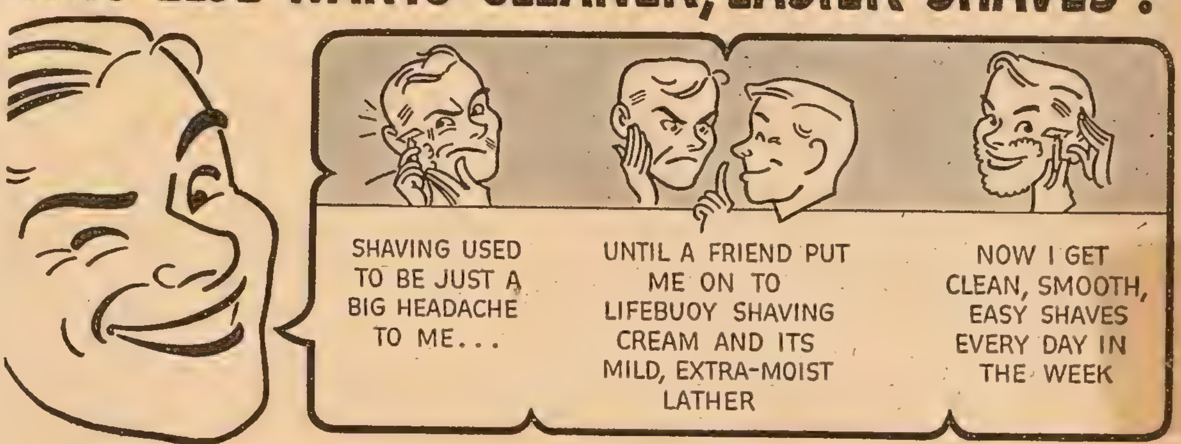
Keeps skin fresh, too!

WOMEN, as well as men and children, prefer Lifebuoy . . . More American women use it for the bath than any other soap . . . As 8 leading magazines found out when they recently questioned 120,000 women...Really particular American women use Lifebuoy for their complexions, too. Its purifying lather freshens, clears, protects the natural beauty of skin—helps keep it healthy and young . . . *Skin tests* show Lifebuoy more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

WHO ELSE WANTS CLEANER, EASIER SHAVES?


SHAVING USED TO BE JUST A BIG HEADACHE TO ME...
UNTIL A FRIEND PUT ME ON TO LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM AND ITS MILD, EXTRA-MOIST LATHER
NOW I GET CLEAN, SMOOTH, EASY SHAVES EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK

Try it...Send for a FREE Trial Tube

BAD NEWS for tough whiskers, good news for tender skins! Lifebuoy lather holds 52% more moisture than ordinary lather—*soaks* beards soft—so they come off clean and easy. Lifebuoy "tops" other leading shaving soaps for mildness, too—soothes tender skin. For cleaner, easier shaves, get Lifebuoy at your druggist's today. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-126, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. (*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada*)

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

How a bride gave her husband ATHLETE'S FOOT

She was a CARRIER★

AT the summer resort on their honeymoon, she picked up a case of Athlete's Foot, infected the bathroom floor at home, and now her husband will probably get it.

But where you contract the infection isn't as important as what you do about getting rid of it—before more serious trouble develops, before you give it to other people. Why not play safe and examine your toes for infection?

Is the skin between them red, irritated? Does it itch? Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes, and may ward off painful soreness. For, as the infection progresses, moist white skin may appear, peeling in patches, with skin cracks, rawness and pain—unless Absorbine Jr. is used to soothe the soreness and help the tissues heal.

If your case gets really serious, consult a doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Buy a bottle today and insist on the genuine. It has been proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it. Absorbine Jr. is economical because so little brings relief. At your druggist's, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

★ People infected with Athlete's Foot are "Carriers." According to the U. S. Public Health Service, at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

The following morning he received a curt scoffing letter from 3-X that, in effect, read:

"I saw you cleaning your gun last night. I hope you didn't expect to shoot me. You will never find me."

The other incident threatened to upset entirely the carefully laid plans of the police. A letter arrived from 3-X in which he promised to drop the body of his victim from an airplane. He gave the exact latitude and longitude of the spot where the body would be dropped. He did not designate the place by name, but said that an airport would be found a certain number of miles in a specific direction from it; a village in another direction at a specific distance.

Police plotted out the longitude and latitude and detectives were sent to the spot. No body was there, nor was one ever found at that point in the days to follow.

At the very moment when five hundred policemen were assembling, early in the evening of June 18, to entrap 3-X in the romantic byways of College Point, the killer they were seeking was mailing to them a letter assuring them that the death of W. R. V-8 had been canceled.

Strangely, he managed to mail this message to the Evening Journal at 6.30 P. M. from a postal station over which a careful police guard had been placed. It arrived on the morning of June 19.

The latest 3-X communication read:

"Dear Sir: I beg to thank you for publishing the code message sent to you. W. R. V-8 of C. P. has returned the Philadelphia XV 346 to me tonight after reading your paper.

"This means the following persons will be spared: W. R. V-8, College Point; S-12, College Point; K-2, Brooklyn; Z-3, the woman; M 6 N. Y. C.; XX V NYC, a detective.

"The following persons are still marked for death: X-14, X-21, Y-2, L-6, X-7, X-1, V-4.

"Mozynski's number was R-9. Sowley's number was X-4.

"N. J.—CCK-2-33-AV 3-X RQS-4MLT-R. P. 49-7."

TO his letter 3-X added an indignant postscript:

"I have just read in the Mirror that I am a cunning maniac and out to exterminate petters. Some nerve. I do not hurt people I do not know—only those who have double-crossed us.

"I have been in the war—in the very thick of it. To kill like this is terrible, but it had to be done.

"Too bad the girl was found out again."

In his next paragraph the killer explained the strange flashing on and off of the flashlight about which police had been told by Betty Ring:

"We trailed Sowley. I was on the highway waiting for him with A-2 and M-2, with M-5 trailing in our car. I did not like to shoot. But I sent a code signal for mercy. Unfortunately the answer came back from the car, 'No. Fire.' I had to obey or get it myself. You see, I have turned up the King of Diamonds. Later, I will explain the meaning of the triangle and the 'V'."

Since 3-X had designated three companions in his latest message, and since the possibility did exist that he might belong to some weird international order, there was the uncomfortable chance that some of his companions might be about to try *their* hands at murder.

On June 21, while Noel Sowley was being carried to a grave in St. John's Cemetery, his killer volunteered some information about himself in a final letter to the Evening Journal. He wrote:

"Dear Sir: The last document, N J 4-3-44 returned to us on the 19th at 9 p. m. My mission is ended. There is no further cause for worry."

EXPLAINING his cabalistic 3-X signature, preceded by triangle and V, he wrote:

"The first sign means A, the supreme tribunal of the order. The second V, its special agent. The two combined [in a diamond shape] form the Red Diamond of Russia, a secret order all over the world.

"Anyone breaking its rules is marked for death. These men were dismissed from the order for treason. One of them stole the documents mentioned. Word came to us at the Supreme Council in Russia of the peril in the U. S. Twelve of us picked one card. Mine was the King of Diamonds. I was the one selected to punish and inflict death.

"It was when Mozynski died that they found who I am. Then things began changing. Now it is all over. The documents in question—one is a military document. Another is political. The third one, just surrendered, is commercial. . . .

"Who am I? Not much. An ex-German army officer of the Wilhelm St. office, Berlin, during the war. Now in the service of the Red Diamond of Russia."

Asserting that a German officer never broke his word, 3-X pointed out that he was at the scene the night of the police ambush—in a plane.

"It was a small monoplane, very fast. The plane circled twice over C. P., Flushing, Bayside, then went away. If you heard it, you will know I was there.

"I am called back home, but before going away today, I want to say that your women are splendid, courageous.

"I am deeply sorry for having stained your country with blood. I hope I will not be the one to inflict it next time. We are not maniacs or bandits or robbers. Robbery never was the motive and we do not belong to any dope ring. The police are wrong. They have always been wrong, from beginning to end. That is why they have lost, from beginning to end.

"You know what you want to know. Quiet your people and tell them 3-X is no more. I am leaving today on my way to Russia. Please note, I do not write U. S. S. R. We do not recognize them."

This most illuminating of the 3-X letters sent police busily out on further investigation. Boats sailing to Russia were checked for weeks, their passengers scanned. Airport records were inspected in an effort to learn whether a plane had been aloft over Queens on the night of the promised third murder. An exhaustive effort was made to trace an organization known as the Red Diamond of Russia.

Two years passed. There was no further word from 3-X. Then, in the spring of 1932, he sent police at Queens a postal card on which he promised:

"Will have business in your precinct shortly."

But nothing came of that, either. And there were no more murders.

Who was 3-X?

To this day the New York Police Department is trying to find out. The case never will be closed until he is apprehended. As recently as a month ago, a suspect was investigated—and exonerated.

WHAT kind of man is 3-X? Is he a religious maniac, a homicidal maniac? Is he a petters' lane "sex fiend"? Or is he—as he claimed—an ex-German army officer?

Undoubtedly he knows firearms and ammunition. His letters have indicated that, and one of those letters began: "REF: Mozynski"—a military correspondence procedure in use the world over. That he had some knowledge of navigation seems certain in light of his device of locating by exact degrees of longitude and latitude a spot he wished to make known to police.

The best handwriting experts in America examined the 3-X letters and found, in the sharp Teutonic script and rhythm of writing, partial confirmation of 3-X's contention that he was a German army officer.

His singular coolness and invariable gallantry are almost as interesting as the enigma of why he killed. Unless we accept his own exciting explanation of a secret order—which fits none of the known facts concerning the lives of his two victims—we must go without a credible motive for two brazenly executed murders.

3-X, whether he set out to become that or not, managed to be a very genuine counterpart of fiction's innumerable "phantom slayers."

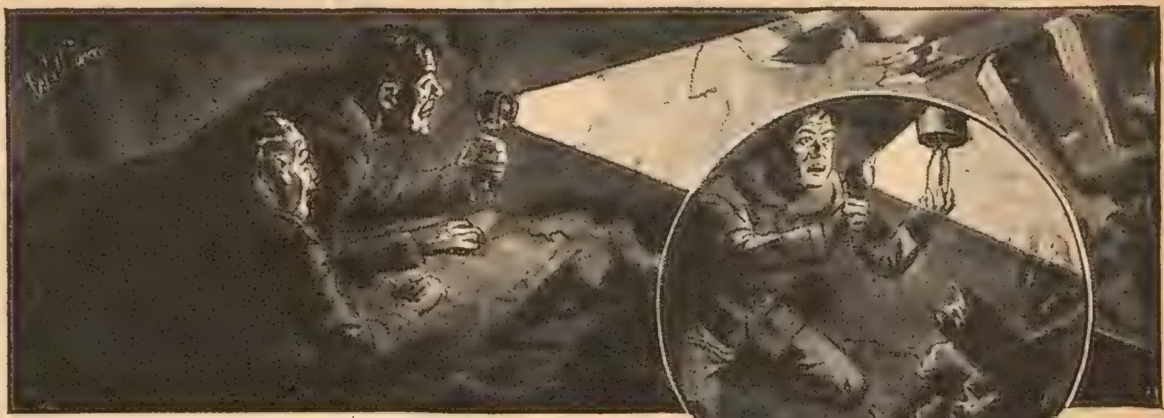
When and if that day comes, it will be interesting to learn who and where The Man Behind The Gun may be.

But it will be even more interesting to find out what weird inspiration sent him out, thumb to nose, upon a spree of daring murder.

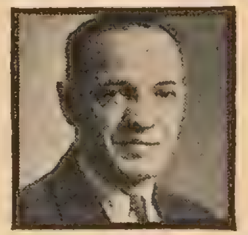
THE END

The sensational story of another unsolved crime in this series of "stranger-than-fiction" mysteries will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Their Tiny Light Kept Life Aglow



Entombed 11 Days in Moose River Mine, Scadding Now Tells How Pair Survived



"Our miner's lamp went out when the mine crashed around us on Sunday night," writes C. A. Scadding, one of the two survivors of Moose River, the most famous mine rescue in history, in telling of critical moments that dragged into 11 despairing days in the crumbling underground blackness, 142 feet below the surface.

"From then until other flashlights, candles and matches were lowered to us through the drill hole on the following Sunday, our only source of light was the 'Eveready' Boy Scout flashlight I had brought for an emergency. It was just as wet as we were at all times, and without its light I would never have been able to even locate the drill hole, much less to get to it for the food and medicine that kept the doctor and myself alive. The hole broke through 40 feet away from us and to get to it required a dangerous crawl through broken rocks and timbers and down the shaft about 18 feet. If that flashlight had failed us during that horrible week, the doctor and I would not be alive today. But for those *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries the heroic work of the rescue crew would have been in vain.

(Signed) C. A. Scadding"

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The Date-Line Guarantees Freshness

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EVEREADY
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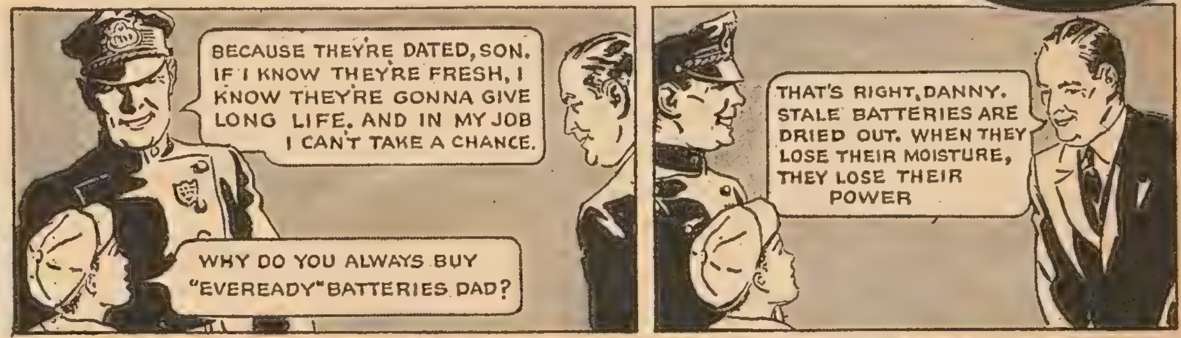

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS BUY "EVEREADY" BATTERIES DAD?
BECAUSE THEY'RE DATED, SON. IF I KNOW THEY'RE FRESH, I KNOW THEY'RE GONNA GIVE LONG LIFE. AND IN MY JOB I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE.
THAT'S RIGHT, DANNY. STALE BATTERIES ARE DRIED OUT. WHEN THEY LOSE THEIR MOISTURE, THEY LOSE THEIR POWER

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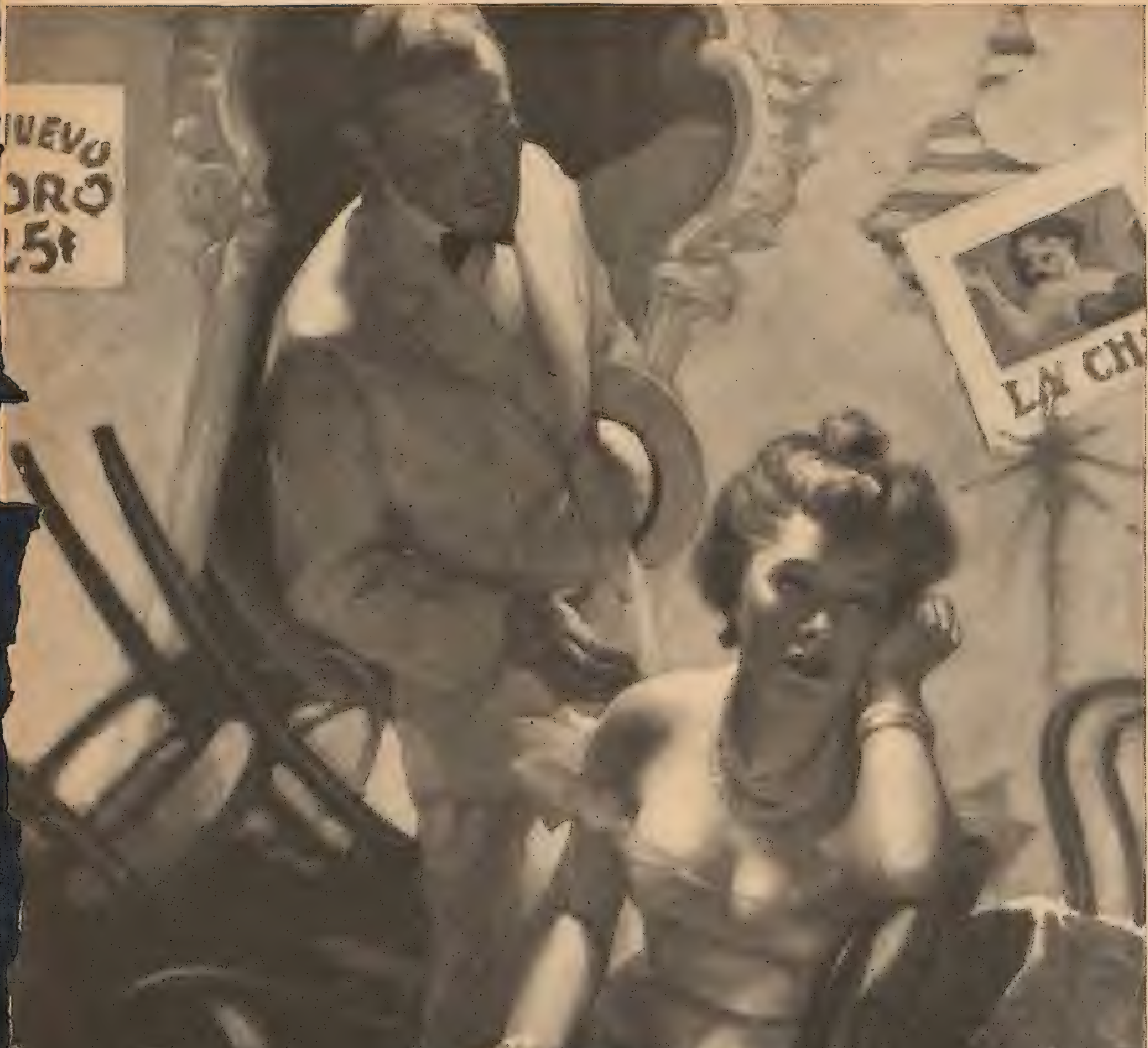
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LA CH

She sat down and cried. Then she heard somebody come up the stairs. It was Grant Bradlaugh.

Alias EMERALD ANNIE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

ON the night of her arrest as the head of a dope-smuggling ring operating in Panama, "Emerald Annie," the notorious night-club hostess of Colón, persuades G-man Hardesty to listen to her life story before he takes her to Washington for trial.

When she was an orphan of fifteen, Annie Hopkins was adopted by Honest Tim Nagle, the political boss of Avenue A, on the East Side of New York. After a drunken party at home one night the big roughneck stole into her room and seduced the frightened girl. Against her will, she became his mistress. Before long they had a child, who was named Flossie. The baby was everything to Annie.

But Tim began hating them both as his "ball and chain." The situation grew unendurable. A faked-up story that she was unfaithful to him gave him his chance to get rid of her. He gave orders to Hymer Schmitt, a tough henchman of his, to drive Annie to a remote spot and kill her.

The plan failed. But Schmitt informed the distracted Annie that Flossie was dead—murdered. Having saved enough money, Annie went to Panama during the Canal-building days. A bad spot for a friendless girl. Too late, she learned that Schmitt had lied—that Flossie was alive but immured in an orphan asylum. With the iron in her soul, Annie vowed to regain her child at all costs.

Life in Colón was swift. Almost immediately after arrival she married Joe Magruder, a hotel proprietor, who had a small son, Bill. Then she went into the cabaret business with her husband and his partner, Carlos Urdaneta. And adopted a little girl, Mimi, the daughter of Nell Godman, when the latter died in her house of ill repute. Mimi had been brought up in the States, away from her mother.

Annie fell in love with Grant Bradlaugh, a scientist fighting disease in Panama. Obtaining a divorce from Magruder, she opened her own place, Annie's Gardens. But it is wrecked through the skulduggery of Carlos Urdaneta and Magruder. Viewing the ruin, she cries: "Hallelujah! I'm a bum!"

PART SEVEN—FIGHTING BACK

SHE was whistling past a graveyard, and she knew it. Emerald Annie was frightened, utterly and completely, in that wrecked hour of her life, and it was the first time she had ever known that feeling. Her cast-iron nerve was gone.

As she stood in the midst of the ruin of all her savings—and her future—the uselessness of her life settled down upon her like a poisonous and invisible vapor. One moment she asked herself: "What's the use anyway?"

Swiftly, tensely, a colorful novel approaches its stirring climax

In the next second she answered herself:

"No use! No use at all! You're a nothing of a nothing of a nothing, and you never were anything else. A punk gutter brat back in New York. A punk's sweetie after that. A mother—yes, a mother of as swell a little kid as any woman ever had—and you ran away from it—you punk! You fell in with more punks down in this hellhole—and you don't even know how to handle yourself with a palooka like Joe or a greaseball like Carlos Urdaneta. An amachure—that's you, Annie—and this is your finish."

Having thus agreed with herself, Annie found her red head bothered with other questions:

"What about that kid of yours? Going to quit trying to find her?"

"No"—still talking to herself in the wrecked cabaret—"no, I don't wanna do that."

"Well, even if you don't—if you're licked, where's the dough coming from to keep on looking?"

"Dough? That's right. I don't know."

"And Joe's boy? And Mimi? How about them?"

"Yeah—how about them?"

She sat down and cried. Then she heard somebody come up the stairs. She turned.

It was Grant Bradlaugh.

"One of your barkeepers phoned me," he explained.

"God bless the Irish!" She smiled through her tears.

He put his arm around her.

"Come on, Annie—let's go home."

"Good idea," she sighed. "I guess I'll go home."

"Yes, Annie; home—with me."

They went to his house.

He had made her go there with him. She had refused three times, although each time a little softer than before. She had not wanted to bring talk or trouble to the man for whom, above all others, she cherished a worship beyond her own understanding. This was no longer the old Panama. The bureau chiefs ruled it today; they and their wives, who had moved down from the Middle West, and brought with them their prim faces, cold buttocks, and bridge.

For Grant Bradlaugh to take her to his quarters was to pour oil on troubled fires.

"It's no use talking, Brad," she told him. "I know you want to be kind to me, and I appreciate it. But it won't go down—you'll only hurt yourself. Thanks for the drinks—and the pats on the back—and now you better let me go—"

"Ann," interrupted Bradlaugh, calling her by a diminutive no one had ever before used with her, "what do we care about all these little people? I think you are a great person. You are honest. You are self-respecting. You are hard-working. You have a great sense of humor. And you're beautiful. I say that's one of the rarest combinations in the world. So don't think I'm out of my senses. I've thought a lot about this. I know exactly what I am saying—what I want to do. Let's you and me get married."

"Married! Oh, Brad—for the love of God, I wish we could, but—"

Again he interrupted, very gravely, in the time-worn words that have been used by a thousand men to a thousand women:

"I'll be good to you as long as I live."

"I know you would, Brad," was her answer. "But I won't marry you. I can't. I can't do it!"

"But why can't you, Ann? You've got to tell me that."

"No use trying to fool ourselves. And—even if I did fool myself and fooled you into the bargain—what about other people? They'll sneer and smirk and make dirty cracks . . . . I'll give you anything you want, Brad—"

"Except marriage."

"Except marriage, yes."

"But that's what I want. I don't want you any other way—except as my wife."

"Why, Brad—now it's my turn to ask—why make a plain damned fool of yourself?"

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Have to prove
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"Because I want you that much and that way, that's all."

"And have the whole ditch and dyke look down on you because of me."

"I wouldn't mind."

"Well, then, Brad, I would. If you won't take me one way and I can't give you myself the other way—for God's sake, let's stop talking about it. I've had enough tonight now. And I'm no good, Brad"—hysteria now, tears, sobs, and he crushing her close to him—"I'm no goddam good, anyhow—I never was. Listen—listen to me. I've never told a soul. I—I had a child years ago. A child—well—I wasn't married. But that's not what I'm ashamed of—get that straight—"

He grinned, but his cheeks were pale.

"If you're trying to shock me . . . I'm not shocked."

"Only trying to explain. I ran away, dumped that kid—"

"I don't believe it. You haven't got it in you to do that."

"Yes I did!"

"You tell me, Ann."

So she told him about herself—her life in New York, Tim Nagle, little Flossie. Still "little Flossie" to her. Still a baby, though if she were still alive she must be almost fifteen.

"Bad enough," she went on. "Now you know why Grant Bradlaugh can't be married to a hussy like Emerald Annie."

"All right, Ann," he said. "We won't argue about anything more tonight. I'll see you over to your place. Tomorrow will be time enough to think about your future."

"Not me, Brad. I've thought it all out in the last two seconds—and you helped me. I'm going right on. Avenue A—that's me. Hard to kill. Hard to curry below the knees. First thing tomorrow morning, I'll see Urdaneta about those investments he made for me. I meant 'em for a rainy day—and now it's pouring."

IN the afternoon Annie called on the Panamano. She had no intention of accusing him that, on the preceding evening, he and Joe Magruder had deliberately caused the fight and the ensuing wrecking of her place. She knew that Carlos would deny all responsibility; would assure her, with courtesy and charm, that he was very sorry for what had happened. But—he would inquire—how was he to blame for other people's drunken, rowdyish misdeeds? . . .

She came straight to the point:

"Carlos, let me have those investments of mine."

"Need the cash, I suppose, after those incidents of last night?"

Annie swallowed hard. Of all the gall! But she kept her temper.

"Sure," she replied.

They stared at one another. Her blue Saxon eyes were chilly and vindictive. His greenish Castilian eyes held a faint flicker of mockery.

He opened the safe; took out a number of papers and spread them on the table. He explained to her in full detail what they represented—deeds to several parcels of real estate not far from the Paseo Gorgas; some mortgages; shares in a dairy on the road to Fort Davis; a short-term note, bearing a high rate of interest, for a considerable sum advanced to a Colón distillery; three or four other items. He produced the necessary vouchers, check stubs, and legal documents. There was a balance of ninety-odd dollars in her favor, and he paid that in cash.

She thanked him; turned to go. But he stopped her.

"Do you intend keeping right on with your cabaret, Anita?"

"Any reason"—aggressively—"why I shouldn't?"

"There isn't room enough here in Colón for two expensive night clubs."

"O. K. by me. Quote me a reasonable price—and I'll buy your dump."

"That is impossible!"

"I'd like to know why."

"You know perfectly well what the Club Newport means for me—well—valuable personal contacts: meeting all sorts of people . . ."

"Political contacts—that it?" she demanded shrewdly. "Sort of Tammany Hall district organization where you can glad-hand the boys—and blow them to drinks—and dish out the old hokum and an occasional piece of graft—and get popular all round?"

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"Superficially, something of the sort," Urdaneta conceded frankly. "And the second reason is that, as you know, the Club Newport makes me good profits. I've told you before that I need not thousands but millions. For"—he was suddenly astonishingly, deeply in earnest—"there are my plans for the future. Glorious plans—splendid—unselfish . . ."

"Unselfish—you. That's a laugh!"

Of course, at the time Annie had only vague notions of what he was talking about. Something to do with Panama politics.

"What the hell's all that patriotism got to do with me?" she went on. "I've got my own life to think of."

"But you need no large fortune, Anita."

"Don't I?"

"What you need is a decent safe income without the risks that business, chiefly the cabaret business—and I don't care how clever you are—entails. How much will satisfy you?"

"Who'll supply it, Carlos?" She was amused. "I haven't any rich uncle."

"You have me," was the answer.

"What's the idea? More of that unselfish stuff?"

He smiled.

"Is love ever *quite* unselfish?"

"Love on a strictly cash basis—eh? And I guess, when I'm old and my hair no longer red and my shape on the bum, you'll do the fair and square and retire me on half pay?"

"It is easy," he flared up, "to give the wrong twist to what a man says—to make it seem cheap . . . ."

"Twenty grand a year ain't cheap . . ."

"Be quiet!" he stormed. "What does the money matter? I—I am not trying to buy you . . ."

"No?"—mockingly.

"No—by the Virgin! I want you to live well. I want to surround you with things of exquisite beauty—as beautiful, *querida*, as yourself. In my way, I love you—don't you see that?"

The man, just then, was fantastically Spanish; nor did Annie have the wish to try to stop his romantic flow of language. "I have loved you that way from the first. Trite words—I know. Yet they speak the truth. Such a simple truth—"

It was only when he tried to sweep her into his arms that she decided to call a halt.

"Cut it out, Carlos."

He stared at her.

"Tell me!" he cried. "Is it because you are an American, while I am of—oh—another race? For—if it is so—some day you will be proud of me. There are my plans. Splendid plans," exaltedly, "that will make my name famed and admired—a national hero like your own George Washington and Abraham Lincoln—that is what I shall be to Panama." He paused. "Or is it," smiling with faint irony, "because you do not know how far I am prepared to go? Being an American, even though people think you are tough, you object to the word mistress? So childish of you. Now, to me, mistress is a glorious word. It means mistress of a man's soul, a man's life." Again he paused; exclaimed, as if obeying a sudden impulse: "But what do I care? Be my wife!"

THEN, all at once, her temper broke. She had not been angry nor shocked when he had suggested that she be his mistress. Hell, she thought, men were that way; most men were push-overs. But—wife? . . . Why—and here is something for psychologists to puzzle out—Grant Bradlaugh, only the night before, had asked her to be his wife; and now for this—this greaseball to propose to her—just as if he were conferring an honor upon her . . . The gall of *him!* the brass-bound *nerve*. . . .

So she turned on him. She told him, precisely and crudely, what she thought of him.

"Say"—to quote her words, years later, when she described the scene to me—"I was so mad I put Carlos on the pan and turned the gas high and

Have you "knowing eyes"?

If you have "knowing eyes" you don't have to look twice when you see Old Kentucky's *"double-rich"* straight Bourbon offered for sale. *Just buy it!*

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Norman Rockwell

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R-132

Broiling Sun and a soaking shower leave your hair lifeless

Protect yours with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

HOWEVER good for your muscles and morale, five sets of tennis, hard-fought in the summer sun, give your hair a pretty tough mauling, baking it and robbing it of oil.

And then, drenching it, as you do, in the shower or the pool, you complete the process yourself—and your hair at the end of tennis and a shower is limp and lifeless.

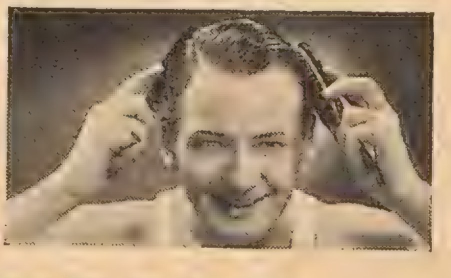
But that's where Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" step in to aid and help you. Apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the fine tingle as Vitalis gets in its good work and its pure vegetable oil comes to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair. Circulation is roused—your sun-parched scalp "comes to life"—your hair takes on a rich, lustrous look. 50 seconds to rub—10 seconds to comb and brush—that's the "60-Second Workout."

Now see how smoothly it sits, every hair proudly in place—a real asset to your appearance—without a trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look.

So, go out and play your tennis in the broiling sun, get in your 36 holes of golf. Cool off in pool or swim in the ocean, but protect and enhance the good looks of your hair with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

1 **50 SECONDS TO RUB**—Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—your hair has a chance!

2 **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Your hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.



Use VITALIS
AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

burned him along the edges till he frizzled like a rasher of bacon! . . ."

Her parting remark to Carlos Urdaneta was:

"And as for that twenty grand you were going to endow me with, you'll need every cent of it. For it's going to be a fight to the finish and no holds barred between the Club Newport and Annie's Gardens."

"In spite of—ah—last night's regrettable incidents?"

"Know what I'll do if these here incidents should repeat themselves?"

"Go to law, I suppose?"

"Rise and shine, my son! Be as bright as hell! Me go to law, knowing you're cousin to half the Panama politicians, and that means to half the Panama low-down crooks? I'll be my own law. I'm going to buy me a popgun—and if I ever have to, I'm going to pull its trigger. And I'm not going to shoot any poor tropical bum hired by you to mess up my place. I'm going to save my bullets for a public enemy called Carlos Urdaneta. And—in case I forgot to mention it—I'll shoot to kill."

There was a silence. Carlos took a step in her direction. His face, as it passed into the orange sun rays which danced through the window, had at that moment no trace of the romantic beauty which was so amazingly his. Frightened it seemed, and grim—and he demanded, speaking slowly:

"Don't speak to me like that, Anita. It makes me feel—murderous."

"Then keep out of my life. There's nothing between you and me—you know that."

"I don't know that, Anita! I know there is something deep and mysterious between us—something I have tried in vain for years to understand—and never could. I dream of having known you once before—intimately. Anita—may I ask you a secret? I asked Joe and he wouldn't tell me."

"What is that, Carlos—hurry up!"

"Do you have a strawberry-shaped birthmark beneath your right breast?" he asked.

"Oh! . . ." she cried, and gave a start. It was an admission.

He cried out strangely, and, filled with fear, she ran from the room. Not until she was down on the sidewalk did she stop for breath. She was utterly taken aback.

For she *had* that birthmark. How did Carlos know? And wasn't it true that she had felt as if she, too, had known him before—felt it the very first time she ever saw him?

Something weird about it. It gave her the creeps.

NEVERTHELESS, she shook off the feeling; she had immediate matters to attend to. With a shake of her shoulders, she turned toward Bottle Alley.

She passed Billy Baxter's saloon.

Billy, tall, white-haired, good-looking, was on the threshold.

"Sorry about last night," he greeted her. "Better luck next time. Think you're going to be able to reopen?"

"Sure, Bill."

"That's the stuff! Never say die. I'll do what I can. I'll talk to some of the boys. Mouth-to-mouth advertising—that's what you need to get over the black eye your place got."

"That's damned white of you, Bill."

"Forget it! Friends—aren't we? And—remember—you've a raft of friends hereabouts ready to stand by you, kid."

They would stand by her. Sure enough.

Yet—was Annie's next, practical thought—their patronage would not be sufficient for her to make a profit, not even to pay the overhead. The telling element were the tourists, who spent real money. And they had been scared stiff by last night's roughhouse. The newspapers in the States would carry the story, and so what she needed was some good publicity to counteract the bad. . . .

Well—she knew what she had to do. She'd talk first to Franklyn Hays, the owner of the Colón-American daily. She'd do it right now. . . .

Then she looked at her watch.

Getting on toward five. Time to call for Mimi, who was at an afternoon service over at Jefferson Hawks' church.

She went there. The congregation had already filed out. Mimi was on the church steps, talking to the preacher.

Annie was a little nervous when she saw him. For she had expected Jeff to quote the Bible against her.

But the clergyman did nothing of the sort. Instead he said, in much the same words which Billy Baxter the saloonkeeper had used:

"Sorry about last night, Annie."

"Say"—she was surprised—"you wouldn't kid me, would you?"

"And," he continued, paying no heed to her words, "anything I can do to help you . . . of course," grinning boyishly, "short of becoming one of your steady customers." . . .

"I'll blow you to a quart of the best any time you drop in, Jeff." . . .

She took Mimi home.

"I like Jeff," Mimi said over her supper.

"Are you, by any chance, referring to the Reverend Jefferson Hawks?"

"Sure."

"H'm . . ."

"*You* call him Jeff, mums."

"He's a friend of mine."

"You like Grant better than Jeff, don't you, mums?"

"What makes you think so?"

A silence. Then Mimi's sudden question: "Who was my father—and my mother?"

"I am your mother."

"You're my mums, not my mother. Those people in Boston who brought me up when I was a little kid—I asked them several times. They never would tell me . . ."

"Maybe they didn't know."

"Maybe. But—I'd like to know. It's sort of tough not to know." . . .

Annie did not reply. She thought of her own child—little Flossie, who, too, might be wondering who her parents were; might be sighing:

"It's sort of tough not to know." . . .

Annie got up. She said:

"I've got to go over to see Franklyn Hays. I won't be late."

So she called on the owner of the newspaper—a lean, ruddy-skinned man with curly graying hair, who did not wait for her to state her errand but roared as soon as he saw her:

"I know why you're here, you red-haired wench. You're after publicity, free of charge, to proclaim what a swell girl you are and what a swell dump you run. Say, of all the gall—to come here on a Sunday and . . ."

"I am sorry," she interrupted stiffly, and turned to go.

"Don't be a fool!" he shouted. "I'll do what you want. I'll smudge your fresh little phiz all over the front page. I'll give it a caption that'll ooze out sweetness and light and Laura Jean Libby. I'll have Ned Harrington—that souse who calls himself my star reporter—interview you tomorrow and make you out a wronged heroine, and I'll have him syndicate his screed all over the States." He reached for his corncob pipe. "And now beat it!"

She was between laughter and tears.

"Gee," she whispered, "you're a sport!"

"Most people call me a sucker."

"I like suckers. They're sweet."

She blew him a kiss and left.

She walked down the street. She was happy. For she had friends—Billy Baxter, Jeff, Franklyn Hays, many others—who would help her make the grade; who belonged to Colón as she herself belonged to Colón.

"OKAY OFFICER...HERE'S A TICKET FOR YOU!"
THEN SHE MAKES THAT CRACK ABOUT MY BREATH AND HANDS ME THIS DENTIST'S ADDRESS! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, JOE?
I'D TAKE THE TIP, DAN—BETTER GO SEE THAT DENTIST!
...THAT'S THE STORY. SO I CAME TO SEE YOU.
WELL, DAN, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
BAD BREATH, HUH? MAYBE THAT'S WHY MARY'S BEEN GIVING ME THE RUNAROUND. WELL, ME FOR COLGATE'S FROM NOW ON!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
WHAT! ANOTHER TICKET, OFFICER?
TICKET? NO MA'AM! I'M JUST WANTING TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIP. IT SURE FIXED THINGS UP BETWEEN ME AND MY GIRL
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his Sparkling Smile!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Good Housekeeping Bureau
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

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Flying geese on the label identify all Carter's Permanent *Midnight* Colors (Blue, Blue-Black and Black).

Carter's *Washable* Inks (Blue and Black) have the tropical fish on the label. Washes right off if it gets on your fingers . . . or on your clothing.

NEW CARTER FORMULAS GIVE YOU EVEN FINER INKS . . .

QUICKER STARTING You don't have to "shake" ink loose . . . no extra pressure on pen point before you write. Saves time—and temper, too.

SMOOTHER FLOWING Whether your writing is fast, slow or jerky—Carter's keeps pace with it. Ink doesn't clog pen point. From pen to paper it flows evenly.

FASTER DRYING You can actually see it dry. Cuts down the risk of messy blots and smudges. Particularly helpful when writing in check or notebooks.

RICHER COLORS Color, like penmanship, adds a note of distinction to your writing. Each Carter color has been enriched . . . "toned up." And Carter offers an unusually wide selection.

YOU CAN "SPOT" THESE FINER INKS BY CARTER'S COLORFUL NEW LABELS

Carter's Colored Inks are identified by this stunning Ship and Sunset design . . .

ALL CARTER CUBES COME IN EXTRA-BIG 10¢ . . . 15¢ . . . 25¢ SIZES.

This Carter "Cube-Stand" with a 10¢ Cube of ink, 39¢ . . . Other Carter "Cube-Stands," 20¢ to $1.00

CARTER'S INK

FINEST FOR FOUNTAIN PENS

Also Adhesives, Carbon Paper, Typewriter Ribbons, Fountain Pens

She loved this town; loved the people here—people of the Isthmus. . . .

They passed her in an endless stream.

An ebony Barbados giant, arguing heatedly with a yellow-bearded Trinidad Jew. A Catalan disputing the right of way with a rum-soaked Norwegian tramp-ship skipper. A hook-nosed, turbaned Hindu with an onyx-eyed cat purring in the crook of his elbow. A Spanish priest fingering his rosary and droning endless Ave Marias. Half a dozen San Blas Indians in single file; short, wiry, copper-colored men, immensely simple, immensely childish, completely devoid of thought, since thought, to the aborigine, is no more than a fruit of discord between an individual and his world, between the one and the many. Another Indian, civilized, thus neurotic, sprinkled with the rose water of Paris and the holy water of Rome.

Silhouettes standing out sharply from the hot blurred canvas of the tropics—and the sun sinking, the swift night closing in like a dome—and, on the far rim of creation, three stars glittering green. . . .

Oh, yes! she loved this town—and she'd be back on her feet again in no time. She had pals to stand by her. Had a heap of securities. She'd sell them and start redecorating her ruined cabaret.

A week later—the man having gone up the coast to Costa Rica and only just returned—she called on Jim Wilson, a Maine Yankee who bought and sold everything, from a 10,000-ton freighter to a spavined mare, from a banana republic in need of a large loan to a case of Bourbon whisky. When he saw his visitor, he opened a tall drawer, took out glasses and a couple of bottles, and inquired:

"Demerara rum or Cuban, Annie?"

"Much difference?"

"Cuban if your call is social. Demerara—being stronger—if it's business."

"Demerara."

"Buy or sell?" he asked, pouring out two generous drinks.

"Sell. Here you are."

SHE spread the securities on the table. He examined them carefully.

"How much they cost you, Annie?"

"Around twenty thousand dollars."

"That's just what you'll lose."

"You"—frightened—"you're joking!"

"I'm a Maine Yankee. I never joke about money—or the G. O. P. Whoever sold you this stuff saw you coming."

"The louse!" she cried.

"Right Christian name for him. What's the rest of his monicker?"

"Carlos Urdaneta."

"You mean you trusted that pirate with . . . ?"

"Yes. I gave him all my savings to invest for me."

"No strings attached?"

"Not as much as a thread."

"So that he could do what he pleased? Gosh—it's high time you grew up!"

She picked up the papers.

"Who's a good lawyer, Jim?"

"None good enough to beat this case. Urdaneta will claim he did what you asked him. Invested your money, using his best judgment. Not his fault that his best judgment turned out to be rotten. That's what the court will decide—chiefly considering that Urdaneta is a Panama aristocrat and you nothing but a gringo. You haven't a leg to stand on, girl." He finished his drink. "Need the money to fix your cabaret, I guess?"

"Sure."

"Well—I see a way. Incorporate. Sell stock. I'll handle it for you. Fifteen per cent commission—and no retainer, seeing it's for you."

"Nothing doing, Jim."

"Twelve and a half per cent."

"You don't get me. Thanks for the tip. But no more partners in mine. From now on I'm my own boss—an independent business woman."

"Right now you're on the rocks."

"I'll get off the rocks."

"Show a little horse sense, will you? You don't have to sell control. The business will still be yours."

"Nothing doing," she repeated. "It's mine—all mine. And it's going to stay that way."

"How do you figure you'll raise the necessary wind?"

"Borrow. How else?" She spoke more confidently than she felt. "You make loans, don't you?"

"On the cuff? Not to my own grandmother."

"But—I'm not your grandmother." Her voice was very soft, very pleading and persuasive. "Please, Jim! Do this little thing for me. I'll work hard. I'll succeed and pay you back. And I'll be so grateful . . ."

He rose hurriedly.

"No, Annie—nothing doing!"

That evening, as on many an evening, she had a dinner date with Grant Bradlaugh; and, as always, she gave him a detailed account of the day's happenings.

"A long time back," he reminded her, "I warned you against Urdaneta, advised you not to . . ."

"This I-told-you-so stuff won't rebottle spilt milk."

"I'll rebottle it for you." He took out his checkbook. "How much do you need for your cabaret?"

"No, no, Brad."

"Really—I can afford it. My father belonged to the idle rich."

"I know. But I can't take money from you."

"But, darling . . ."

"Not from *you*. Ever!"

"All right," he agreed slowly.

THAT'S what Annie related to me on that night when I had come to arrest her.

She was silent. She stared straight ahead. Stared, I thought, into the years that had passed since that day—had passed like so many yesterdays. . . .

After a while she looked up. Her eyes met mine. She frowned. Quite suddenly—as if she had forgotten it in the swing of her own vivid words picturing her own vivid life—she must have remembered why I was here; and anger blazed up in her blue eyes.

"And you," she cried, "you imagine that I—the woman Grant Bradlaugh wanted for his wife—that I would stoop to peddling dope?" Her voice rose shrilly. "Why should I do such a thing? Why *should* I, you dumb cop?"

I too grew angry under her insults.

"For money. What else?" was my sharp rejoinder.

"Listen, cop!" She was in a white rage. "You haven't heard it all yet!"

She went on:

"To go back to that evening—I left Grant as I had come. Broke. And wasn't I the high-minded damned fool to pass up all that jack! For—take it from me—I had one hell of a time raising the dough."

"How did you?"

"Different ways. Say—I became as self-involved as a gink eating spaghetti."

Of course she pawned her emeralds—and then pawned the pawn tickets. She charged up everything she could, and more than she could, selling the surplus for cash. She borrowed right and left. Small sums. Five dollars, ten, twenty. But it added up, and there were a few who let her have larger amounts. Billy Baxter lent her a couple of thousand. Jefferson Hawks—and, she reflected, wouldn't his lady parishioners have kicked the ceiling had they known?—gave her five hundred. Franklyn Hays did what he could, and so did her other friends. Too, she admitted shamelessly, she passed an occasional rubber check. She redeemed them; paid back everybody, in the end, with interest.

Yet, for a while, it was pretty hard sledding. In fact, she explained, it got to be so that, to avoid people who might dun her, she had to walk about nineteen blocks to cover the two between her apartment on Front Street and her cabaret on Bottle Alley.

Nor was she able to ask Grant Bradlaugh for advice. For he had gone suddenly, mysteriously, to New York.

"On business," he had said.

He was still away when, weeks later, on a Saturday night, Colón saw the second gala opening of Annie's Gardens.

"I was on flood duty...

SHIDELER H. HARPE, INDIANAPOLIS

. . . our entire squad of fifty some men used my shaver at least every other day"

Does a Schick Shaver stand the wear of daily shaving? Is this wonderful instrument of precision capable of shaving tough beards and giving close shaves day after day? Judge from the following unsolicited letter:

"I am a member of the U. S. Air Corps, Indiana National Guard, and during the recent terrible flood our organization was ordered out for flood duty. I took my Schick along. We were quartered in a school building and had electricity available.

"There was no water for drinking, shaving or bathing, so shaving by usual means was out of the question.

"Our entire squad of fifty some men used my shaver at least every other day—most of us every day. I expect that in ten days the shaver received as much wear and tear as it would normally in several years, and most of it in the hands of beginners. It came through but little the worse for its trying ordeal."

WHY WAIT ANOTHER DAY?

Go to an authorized dealer. Let him show you the Schick Shaver and demonstrate its use. It costs $15, operates on AC and DC, and is by far the cheapest way to shave—you need no blades, no brush, no lather!

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor . . . Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada . . . Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores

SCHICK SHAVER

• THIS MUCH MORE EXCLUSIVELY IN A SHELVADOR

LOOK

• MORE BEAUTY
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• USABLE SPACE • ACCESSIBILITY
EXCLUSIVELY IN

CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

WASH ALL HIS FLEAS AWAY!

• See how freely Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap springs into rich, creamy lather on your dog's coat! Rub it in! Its bland oils soothe his flea bites, relieve itching, make his skin supple and his coat glossy and fine. Dirt and dust rinse away easily after a Skip-Flea bath. Now, look in the tub-water! See those brown specks? They're *dead fleas!*

How your doggy will enjoy his Skip-Flea bath! Skip-Flea Soap is *Guaranteed* to kill fleas and lice, or *your money back!* Large cake only 25¢.

Sergeant's Skip-Flea Powder contains the most deadly flea-killing agent known to science. Just dust it on. Its powerful action *lasts!*

There are 23 tried and tested SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES. Standard since 1879. Made of the finest ingredients. Sold under a Money-Back Guarantee by Drug and Pet Stores. Ask them for a FREE copy of Sergeant's Book on the care of dogs or write:

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1517 W. Broad St. • Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

The tourists came in droves, Franklyn Hays having lived up to his promise and given her excellent publicity. All her friends were there, hoping for the best; and some of her enemies—"hoping," she said, "for the worst, the bums!"

But she fooled the latter. Money was freely spent. Tables were reserved for days in advance. And around two in the morning she felt—to quote her own words—"like The Star-Spangled Banner—'gave proof through the night that our flag was still there'—see what I mean?" . . .

Urdaneta and Joe came. But not, this time at least, to make trouble. Perhaps too many people were watching. Joe was sober, too. He was a little shamefaced as he said:

"Wish you luck, kid. Honest I do."

"O. K. Drinks are on me. But don't get your snoot full."

He stepped up to the bar; and she turned to Urdaneta:

"As for you—I've my little popgun all ready, Carlos . . ."

"No need, I assure you." He stared at her—she wore a gown of green satin to match emeralds that were in pawn, deeply décolleté—until she blushed. "Charming," he spoke softly. "But—not low enough to show your adorable birthmark." . . .

She was more upset than angry.

"Listen, Carlos!" she demanded in a whisper. "Did that little runt of a Joe tell you about . . ."

"No, no!"

"Then—how do you know?"

"By the Virgin the Blessed—how can I help knowing? Do I not, nightly in my dreams, hold you close to me—ah—so very, very close, *querida mia?*" . . .

And then, in his amazing Spanish fashion, he told her that his love for her was like a secret—a deep secret between himself and his God; that he wanted her as a Christian wants salvation; that his life—alas!—was a blackened crucible of sin and vanity and remorse, but his love for her the golden bead at the bottom of the crucible. . . .

Oh, yes. Amazingly Spanish. And throbbing with a rich eloquence.

For the man had lived and loved vividly, recklessly. All sorts of women had happened into his life—to fade out, some slowly and gently, some noisily, theatrically. Yet in each case—his egotism being so potent that at moments it fooled himself—his love had seemed to him genuine.

And so, perhaps, to his own imagining, was his love for Annie genuine? . . .

She did not know nor care. She grinned at him—and, carried away by his emotion, he said again, as on that day weeks ago:

"Be my wife, *querida!*"

It was just then that Grant Bradlaugh came in from the street. She left Urdaneta; rushed up to the scientist.

"Brad—when did you get back?"

"My ship docked half an hour ago." He lowered his voice. "I have news for you . . ."

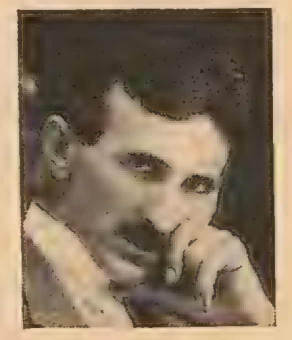
"News"—with a catch in her throat. "Not about Flossie?"

"Well—not exactly." . . .

And they went upstairs to her office, Urdaneta staring after them, hate in his black opaque eyes, and Bradlaugh looking very serious.

How will Grant's news affect Annie's brave fresh start in business? Where has he been and what has he learned? And to what fell purpose will Carlos Urdaneta's love and hate lead him? Suspense resolves itself into an astonishing revelation in Liberty next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Whether he inherited his inventive genius from his mother or her father, his accomplishments have flooded the world with new light and power. The subject of this week's early photo was born in what is now Yugoslavia, but he came to the U. S. A. in '84. What is his five-lettered name?

2—Who were the six Bible suicides?

3—What horse was the first of Man o' War's sons to win the Kentucky Derby?

4—Which U. S. national park was the most popular last year?

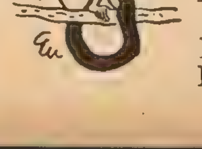
5—Aside from pigment, what causes the difference between white and black hair?

6—Leo consistently appears in films released by one company. Who is he?

7—If boiled tripe stays in the stomach one hour, how long do nuts remain?

8—Who said: "I could not possibly do the same thing day in and day out"?

9—Is a bush baby what Pharaoh's daughter found?



10—Who was the Union Party candidate for Chief Executive of the U. S. in the last Presidential campaign?

11—What metal gives rubies their color?

12—The wood of trees in petrified forests has been replaced with what?

13—A few years ago a leading bear fought stirring battles with a leading bull. Now neither is a factor in the market. Who are they?

14—Although the U. S. rat population is decreasing, about how many remain?

15—Does the average New York City family pay $29, $34, $42, or $44.38 rent monthly?

16—What plays by the Bard of Stratford recall a family argument, a storm, and a happy conclusion?

17—How is Chinese sauce made?

18—In what common cause were Inez Milholland, Antoinette Blackwell, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont associated?

19—Which have better flavor, white- or brown-cap mushrooms?

20—Story of Mankind was written by whom?

(Answers will be found on page 63)

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER AND

WIN A THOROUGHBRED DOG

LIBERTY WILL AWARD TWENTY-FIVE PEDIGREED PETS AS PRIZES IN THIS CONTEST

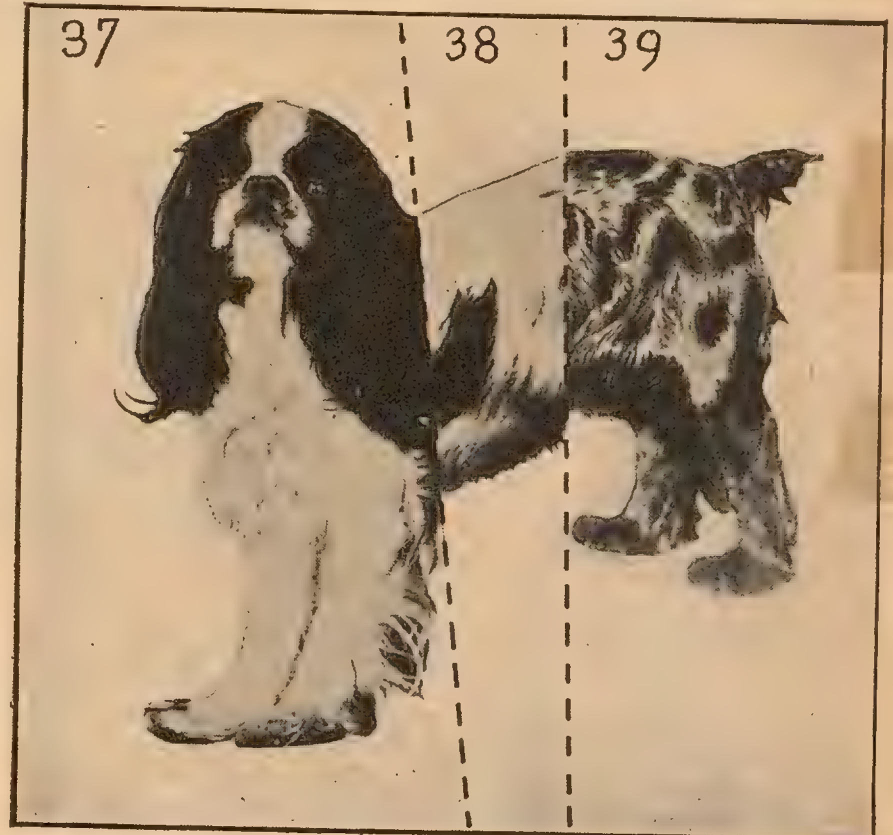
IF you started an entry during the first four weeks of this contest you will need no further instruction on how to continue with the solution of the composite dog pictures in the fifth set on this page. If you have not started your entry yet, by all means get into the game right now. Your chance to win one of the twenty-five thoroughbred dogs which Liberty will award for the best entries is still excellent. Think of it! A pedigreed pet can be yours merely for complying successfully with the simple conditions of this contest. Begin by reading the rules carefully. Then solve this week's composite pictures as instructed. Do not send in any solutions until you have a complete set of thirty at the close of the contest.

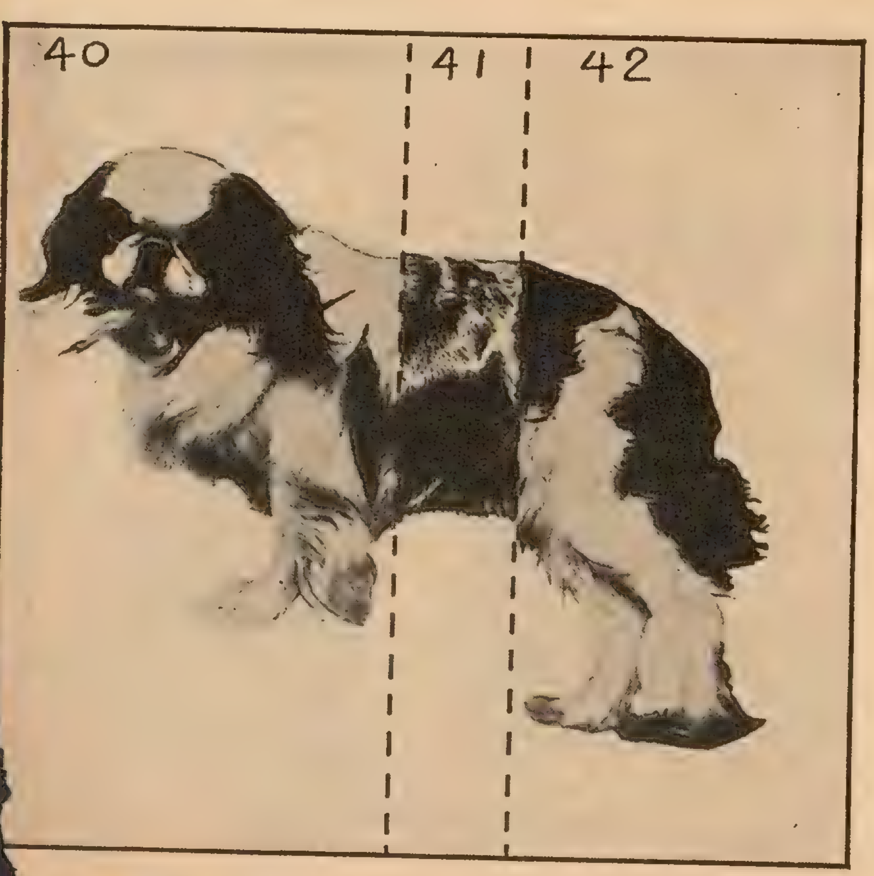
The RULES

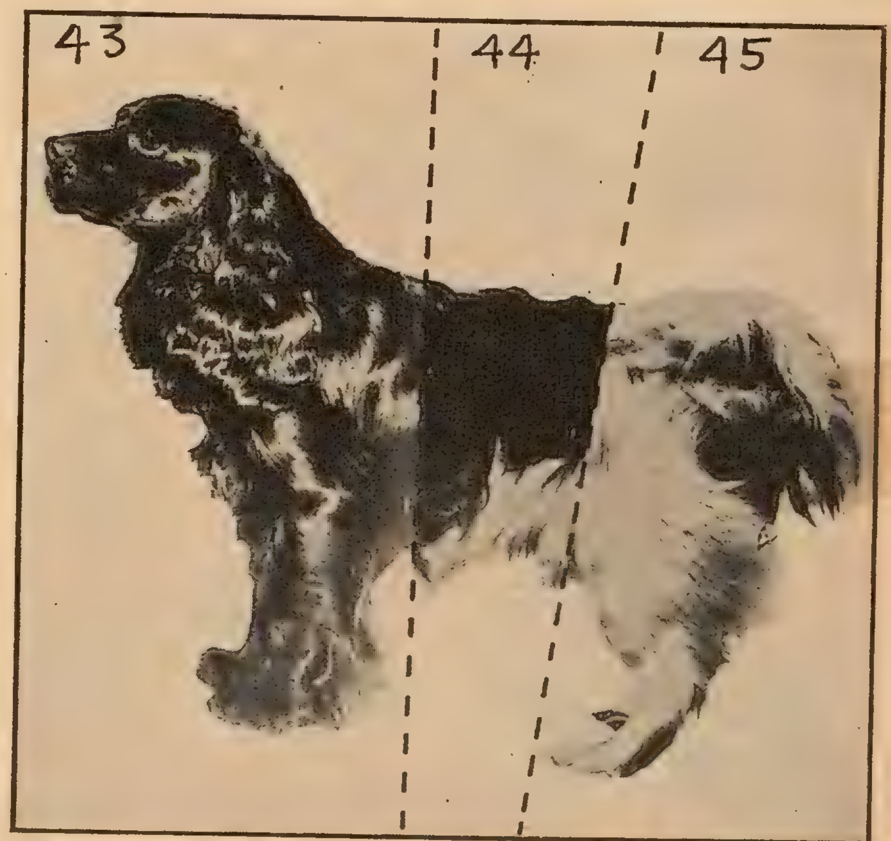
1. Each week for ten weeks, beginning with the issue dated May 29, Liberty will publish three composite pictures in which three well known breeds of dogs are represented.
2. To compete, cut each week's pictures apart and reassemble the pieces as you think they should go. Under each completed picture identify the breed of dog it represents.
3. Do not send in separate solutions. Wait until the end of the contest, when your set of thirty will be complete, and then send them in as a unit, all at the same time, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of the various breeds you would most like to own and why.
4. For each of the twenty-five sets of most nearly accurate solutions accompanied by the most convincing and sincere statements of preference, Liberty will award a pedigreed dog. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made. Every effort will be made to award a dog of the breed specified in the winner's statement, but Liberty cannot guarantee this in all instances. Prize dogs will be shipped, prepaid, direct from the kennels to winners.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, August 11, 1937, the closing date of this contest. All prize-winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for publication in whole or in part, as they may desire.
6. Send entries by first-class mail addressed to DOG CONTEST EDITOR, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into any correspondence relative to any entry.

LATE-ENTRY INVITATION

For the convenience of late entrants, Liberty has prepared reprints of the first four sets of composites. They are available upon written request to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. Make your request promptly, and when the material arrives you can work out the solutions to put your entry on an even basis with the early starters.







TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A COCKTAIL party is the worst possible place to pick up tips on the stock market. Such tips are nearly always irresponsible, or they are being circulated for a hidden purpose. . . . Important operators never spread the news of what they're *really* doing. . . . Deal only with financial houses endorsed by a leading bank. . . . Don't let your securities be handled under anybody else's name. . . . Keep all securities in a safe-deposit box at your bank.

These words of wisdom come to us not from a man but from a woman. I've just been talking with Orline D. Foster, a remarkable lady who practices as an investment counsel, also writes books about stocks and bonds. She said:

"Most women listen to too much stock-market advice from well meaning relatives and friends. As a rule it is merely confusing. We shouldn't discuss our financial affairs except with experts."

Women frequently are influenced by the name of a stock. If they like the name, they'll buy it; if they don't, they won't. Morning is the best time to talk to women about investment matters. At dinner is the best time to talk investments to men. Anyhow, that's what Orline Foster says. And if we *must* play the market, she says, we should be satisfied with very modest gains. Not like the woman who asked Mrs. Foster to buy her two hundred dollars' worth of stock on margin—with the strict understanding that it would double in value every week!

● The late Sir Basil Zaharoff, armament Croesus, had a special dessert invented for him at the Hotel Savoy in London. Half a peach cooked in vanilla sauce, filled with vanilla ice cream, spread with crushed strawberries. Lunching one day at the Savoy, Nellie Melba, the great opera singer, couldn't decide what to take for dessert. Headwaiter said, "Perhaps madame would care to try the Sir Basil Zaharoff peach." Madame promptly blew up. "You name a dessert after *that* man!" she stormed. "Why haven't you named a dessert after *me?*"

Headwaiter got busy, chef got busy. The result was what we know today as the peach Melba—same as Sir Basil's, only with raspberries instead of strawberries.

ORLINE D. FOSTER

● At afternoon parties I frequently meet a certain young lady who works in an office from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M., yet always manages to look as though she had stepped straight out of a beauty parlor. I asked her how. The secret, she said, is proper office equipment for after-work beautifying. The necessary articles are these: A roomy toilet envelope lined with rubber; in it a cake of cold-cream soap, small rough towel, cleansing tissue, bottle of skin tonic, pads of absorbent cotton, tiny toothbrush and tube of tooth paste, orange stick and nail file, full-size powder puff and box of powder, miniature clothesbrush.

Before leaving the office she brushes her teeth, dabs skin tonic on her face and neck, freshens her make-up. The full-size powder puff does what no vanity-case puff can do. Then a flick of the clothesbrush, a touch of perfume—and off she goes, a match for any girl.

● Some months ago I wrote about Snooks, the baby leopard fetched home from Ethiopia by Fay Wells, wife of Linton Wells, author and foreign-news correspondent. Since then Snooks has visited Hollywood, enjoyed the sea bathing, and is now back in New York, where Fay has been hunting recently for an apartment. It seemed only fair, she thought, to warn prospective landlords that she and Linton would insist upon keeping their leopard in whatever apartment they might occupy, so Fay carried with her a set of photographs showing how big Snooks is (nearly six feet long by now) and how tame Snooks is (as tame as a kitten). Fay went to several apartment houses where families with dogs or babies are not admitted—yet no one refused to rent an apartment to a couple with a leopard!

● I am sure you have read many times about legacies of a spiteful or revengeful nature. Countless novels and plays have been written around the subject of strange wills—wills that usually are dramatic inasmuch as they hand down hatred and trouble to the heirs. Last month I heard of a will the spirit of which appears no less dramatic to me because it was kind instead of unkind. In leaving his estate, worth about one hundred thousand dollars, to his widow, an elderly merchant concluded his will with the following words:

"I desire to record the fact that my wife has been a model of unselfishness and good temper during the whole of our married life."

● You're the Show, by Clay Franklin, is a clever new book of monologues for those of you who sometimes do amateur entertaining. (Published by Samuel French.)

● Cooking chicken with cabbage may seem strange to you, yet it is one of the great French tricks for dealing with a not-so-tender bird, and it produces a fine casserole dinner. . . . Plunge neatly trussed chicken 5 minutes in boiling water. Dice 1 onion, 4 carrots, 3 slices bacon, and fry 5 minutes in a little butter. Add 2 tablespoons flour, fry until brown, then add 2 cups consommé or water. In deep earthenware casserole lay a small cabbage, quartered, pour in some of the sauce, place the chicken on the cabbage, sprinkle with salt, pepper, pinch of thyme and parsley. Dot bird with butter, put in the rest of the sauce. Cook slowly (over asbestos mat) 2½ to 3 hours. Cut chicken up before serving, but put the pieces back on the cabbage and serve very hot in the casserole.

MR. DISNEY becomes a TRADITION

Extra! Maker of "Three Little Pigs" steps forth with a Hollywood halo . . . From the Taylor technique, the world learns about love

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ DISNEY'S ACADEMY AWARD REVUE

Presenting five award films: Flowers and Trees, 1932; Three Little Pigs, 1933; The Tortoise and the Hare, 1934; Three Orphan Kittens, 1935; The Country Cousin, 1936. Created by Walt Disney. Produced by United Artists. Running time, 44 minutes.

WALT DISNEY, the Aesop of Hollywood, is now a screen tradition. He is one of the few immortals accepted by the town that has become (in its own opinion) the art center of the world. Charlie Chaplin is the only other immortal — and Hollywood is beginning to doubt about him, now that the sound film seems to have terminated his pantomimic career.

Disney's cartoons have more than expert drawing and sound synchronization. Not that they do not possess these virtues to a greater degree than any other film-cartoon effort. But they have something bordering on actual genius. Disney's efforts have imagination, a pleasant shrewd humor, an imaginative fantasy rare these days.

This revue combines the Academy award films of the past five years. At least one, Three Little Pigs, is a high point in Hollywood history. Your Beverly Hills regrets that his favorite actor, Donald Duck, is not present in any of these award films. But you will find that study in frustrated genius, the Big Bad Wolf.

VITAL STATISTICS: Three Little Pigs, what with its original run, reruns, rereruns and rerererereruns, is the most popular film Walt Disney ever made. Considering its length and cost, it's also the most successful. Though Disney's starred the three li'l' porkers since, they've never been able to equal their first wowishness. They may retire and grow into satisfied old hams. . . . In past five years Disney and his stooges have tried to make cartoons more and more lifelike. His artists have worked hard studying the human form and its vagaries in action, and, no matter how beastly the cartoon character, have tried to make it act superhumanly natural. Disney thinks the agelessness of the comic cartoon, granting no startling change in our optical speed habits, will depend on its lifelike qualities. He's been working for almost two years now on his first six-reeler, Snow White. It will take another six months and when finished will be ready to be hung in the Louvre of Motion Pictures. . . . Though Mickey Mouse is Disney's favorite character, Mickey's never won the Academy award, and hangs his head every time Walt goes by. . . . Curiously, Mickey, though he's come close to it, has never married Minnie. Disney feels when a man's married his jokes are over. . . . Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck get most fan mail, but Three Little Pigs still sell gadgets. . . . Donald Duck has just become a star, is putting Mickey into the shade a bit, and as a reward has got himself Donna Duck, a bit fiery in the temper and squawky in the disposition, but a real girl friend. . . . Disney artists, inkers-inners, inbetweeners, and story men are all serious; can't stand whimsicality; rarely laugh.

Hollywood's popular lovers—Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck—in This Is My Affair.

★ ★ ★ THIS IS MY AFFAIR

THE PLAYERS: Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Victor McLaglen, Brian Donleyy, Sidney Blackmer, John Carradine, Alan Dinehart, Douglas Fowley, Robert McWade, Frank Conroy, Sig Rumann, Marjorie Weaver, J. C. Nugent, Tyler Brooke, Willard Robertson, Paul Hurst, Douglas Wood, Jonathan Hale. Screen play by Allen Rivkin and Lamar Trotti. Directed by William A. Seiter. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 97 minutes.

HERE you have movieland's current great lovers—Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck—in sentimental close-ups. You can study the Taylor technique, watch real romance thrown up in gargantuan magnification.

The background is a trick melodramatic plot. President William McKinley, disturbed by the well organized activities of a bank-robbing gang, calls a young naval lieutenant to his aid. Lieutenant Perry is to work secretly for the President, do his best to unearth the sinister ring. Perry does this very thing; finds that the thread of crime reaches to a higher-up in Washington; traps the robbers. To do this he has to permit his own capture with them. Then—maybe you've guessed it—the only other man who knows, the President, is assassinated. Perry is headed for the scaffold. What will happen?

Taylor is the fearless handsome Perry. Miss Stanwyck is the garish-but-honest-under-the-tinsel singer in a St. Paul honky-tonk, headquarters of the bad boys. You will like the romantic duo, while Frank Conroy as President McKinley and Sidney Blackmer as Vice-President Teddy Roosevelt will intrigue your interest with their trick make-ups and characterizations.

VITAL STATISTICS: That's living love that goes on 'twixt Spangler Brugh of Beatrice, Nebraska, and Ruby Stevens of Brooklyn, New York—poddon, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck. Cast together for the second screen time, they acted very levelheadedly together, indulged in no mushery on set, largely because Barbara willed it. Otherwise they lunched together on the set, had their days off together, sat in set corners 'tweenscenes, chatted circumspectly or read horse-breeding mags, Babs' present favorite literature. Call each other Babs and Bobs. They ride hossback together, occasionally dine together en publique, are saving their money in trust. . . . Chorines had to average 155 pounds for this, tastes going to heft in the reign of McKinley. Today's hoofettes run around 110 despite their appetites. . . . John Carradine used to stalk Hollywood Blvd. as a cross between a frustrated Shakespearean actor and a Hollywood Hills hermit. Still knows his Bard backward and forward, despite his being married. . . . They tested fifteen Roosevelts before they settled for Sid Blackmer. That's a false set of sawteeth Blackmer wears fitted over his own, and the rest of the make-up's pretty authentic, including the facial twitches and the boisterous-boy haircut, the high-pitched strained voice. Ordinarily Blackmer's voice is a Suth'n yawlin' drawl. . . . Frank Conroy plays McKinley sans make-up, supposedly being a ringer for Mark Hanna's man, hook nose for hook nose. . . . Robert McWade, who plays Admiral Dewey, does it all without mirrors but with crepe whiskers; all Frank Shannon does

HER *Tragic* HONEYMOON

● *The True, Gripping Story of One Girl's Entrance Into Marriage*

"The man I had just sworn to love placed a wedding ring on my finger and took me in his arms. His lips reached my lips and succeeded in brushing my cheek as I turned and began to sob. Tears ran down my face because I was frightened, although the friends and relatives who crowded the church thought I wept with joy."

Thus begins "Why My Honeymoon Was Tragic", the starkly honest and vividly illuminating story of a girl whose marriage was nearly ruined by the malign influences of puritanism and emotional poisoning that surrounded her girlhood. Told graphically and dramatically in her own words, it will grip you from the very beginning.

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● ● ● ●

No matter what your personal problem may be, PHYSICAL CULTURE, *the absorbing personal problem magazine is sure to point the way to its solution. Below are a few of the twenty-eight vital, helpful features which constitute the contents of* PHYSICAL CULTURE *for July.*

OTHER FEATURES IN THE BIG JULY ISSUE

Why Sex Crimes Increase, a revealing discussion of a rising tide of menace to women and children by Edward Doherty—Ginger Rogers' Health Way to Womanly Charm by Adela Rogers St. Johns—Streamline Your Face by Madame Sylvia—How Much Can You Influence the Sex of the Unborn by Amram Scheinfeld—Beautiful Baby Page—Daintiness First for Feminine Attractiveness by Carol Cameron—Control Kidney Disease by Diet by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane—Do Women Think Faster Than Men by Daniel Mann and many other helpful and entertaining features.

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to be Elihu Root is to add a toupee. . . . Vic (Bullyboy) McLaglen knocked down Honeybunch Robert Taylor four times in that knockdown scene. Taylor said he was willing to settle for one sock. It had hurt. . . . Brian Donlevy's learning to pilot baby blimps.

★ ★ ½ DREAMING LIPS

THE PLAYERS: Elisabeth Bergner, Raymond Massey, Romney Brent, Joyce Bland, Sydney Fairbrother, Fisher White, Donald Calthrop, Ronald Shiner, Cyril Raymond, George Carney, Felix Aylmer, Bruno Barnabe, Charles Carson. Adapted by Carl Mayer from Henri Bernstein's play, Melo. Directed by Paul Czinner. Produced by Max Schach-United Artists. Running time, 78 minutes.

A CAREFUL, conscientious, detailed study in morbidity. Gaby is the wife of a symphony orchestra's first violinist, a dependent, trusting, talkative sort of fellow. All goes well with their married life until Miguel del Vayo appears. Del Vayo was a student friend of Gaby's husband; now he is a great violinist. Gaby finds herself drawn irresistibly to Del Vayo. She knows that this will lead to the destruction of her husband. What is the poor girl to do? She tosses herself into the Seine.

All this is told with almost endless close-ups of Elisabeth Bergner's face. This, we are informed, is the projection of thought by the mere quiver of an eyebrow. Your Beverly Hills does not want to imply that the Bergner pantomime is futile. It is at once interesting and uninteresting, sexless, overdone. We do not string along with those who look upon La Bergner as "the modern Duse."

Romney Brent, as the weakling husband, shades Raymond Massey as the somber and idolized master violinist with the devastating appeal.

VITAL STATISTICS: Making her first appearance at a public evening function since King George's death, Dowager Queen Mary sat among a crowd of fashionable London first-nighters who'd paid $25,000 to see world première of this. Supposedly present too, jittery, wispy-twirly, prank-loving Elisabeth Bergner could not stand thought of herself, her face, and her flaws magnified on screen; fled to the theater manager's office, sat the pic out there. Afterward she slunk back, was presented to the Queen amid banks of flowers; was too excited to hear any of the Queen's graciousity. In 1922 Bergner fled from her German screen debut, refused to return to films for years. Then only came back because (1) husband Dr. Paul Czinner held her hand and practically forced her to; and because (2) she had a friend who needed big money for a big operation. Only other time Bergner's seen herself was when husband Czinner, readying for this, ran original successful German version from which this was remade in English. Bergner admits her fear of her shadowy self's but a phobia, but somehow sight of her face agonizes her when it's that enlarged. In her early thirties, Bergner has a Babe Didrickson figure, keeps looking sixteen by keeping young mentally, claims she can look ten if she has to. Only beauty rite is a daily all-over ice massage, summer and winter; long walks and somersaults whenever she finds the time and space. Tiny and slight, she's under 100; has red-gold hair, black eyes with gold points in them. She hates to see women smoke, smokes constantly herself. Has never been directed by any one but her husband. . . . Romney Brent was born Romulo Larralde in Mexico. Was educated in London, Paris, Brussels, the Junior Theatre Guild, and New York City's Greenwich Village tearooms. . . . Vigorous Raymond Massey began his acting as an end man in a wartime minstrel show. Was in Canuck field artillery during war. Went to France, was wounded; then to Siberia, as a captain. Is actor, writer, director, friend of Noel Coward. Though Canadian born, is leader in London intellectual, smart, and entertaining sets.

★ ★ A NIGHT OF MYSTERY

THE PLAYERS: Roscoe Karns, Helen Burgess, Grant Richards, Ruth Coleman, Elizabeth Patterson, Harvey Stephens, Purnell Pratt, Colin Tapley, James Bush, Ivan Simpson, Greta Meyer, Barlowe Borland. Screen play by Frank Partos from S. S. Van Dine's The Greene Murder Case. Directed by E. A. Du Pont. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 61 minutes.

POSSIBLY you recall S. S. Van Dine's craftily contrived Philo Vance mystery, The Greene Murder Case. Here it is revamped under a new title.

Death stalks through the dark and somber Greene mansion, taking one after another of the bickering family, in spite of the clumsy efforts of the police directed by Sergeant Heath. That is, until the dapper dilettante Philo Vance can be lured away from his Ming china long enough to solve the mystery. Who kills everybody? You'll be surprised, unless you remember the answer.

This newest version is shrewdly, expertly directed by E. A. Du Pont. Unfortunately, he has a weak and uninteresting coterie of players. Grant Richards is an undistinguished Philo, particularly if you recall William Powell as the smooth playboy of the arts. Best of the players is Helen Burgess as the distraught adopted daughter of the grim Greene family.

VITAL STATISTICS: With but a short scene to do to complete the picture, Helen Burgess ended a short life and a promising screen career at eighteen when she died of pneumonia. A Seattle girl, she was Hollywood High educated, was snatched from the little Spotlight Theater for the second lead in The Plainsman, de Mille casting her from a Paramount Café table—first time he ever did such a thing. She was unmarried, unattached romantically, lived modestly with her mother in a Hollywood apartment. Somehow, when a young Hollywood beauty dies, it's terribly touching. . . . Grant Richards, who is the first remake Philo Vance, is also the first actor graduate of the Federal Theater Project. Sophisticated, suave, svelte, and twenty-five, he's considered a threat to Rob Taylor, is of New York, Manlius Academy football squad, a William and Mary grad, via Syracuse and U. of

Miami, and veteran of 250 stock parts. . . . Ruth Coleman's a graduate of a New York business college, has stenoged for the muddle-class business man, got to be a photographers' model, crashed the movies via a hairdressers' beauty contest. . . . Jane Martel's a Chicagoan. Debutted on Warner lot in Going Highbrow, then settled at Paramount. . . . During production Roscoe Karns sucked 150 cigars without drawing a puff; learned joyously he had a gusher well up Bakersfield way that sloughed off 100 bbls. per day @ $1 per bbl.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset.

★★★½—Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run.

★★★—Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 58

1—Nikola Tesla, inventor of dynamos, transformers, arc lamps, etc.

2—Samson (by pulling down the house), Saul and Saul's armor-bearer (by falling on their swords), Ahithophel and Judas Iscariot (by hanging), and Zimri (by burning the palace).

3—Clyde Van Dusen (1929).

4—Great Smoky Mountains National Park, in North Carolina and Tennessee, which attracted half a million visitors.

5—Air spaces—which are nearly lacking in black hair, but present in large number in white hair.

6—The lion that introduces M-G-M pictures.

7—Five hours.

8—Henry Ford, whose factories operate successfully, due to a highly developed system of repetitive operations.

9—No, since a bush baby is a species of African galago belonging to the lemur family. Small gray bushy-tailed animals that live in trees, they resemble squirrels more than monkeys.

10—Representative William Lemke.

11—While the ruby is a crystallized variety of corundum, its rich red color is due to finely dispersed particles of another mineral, chromium.

12—Silica. (The slow substitution takes ages.)

13—Jesse Livermore and William Crapo Durant.

14—About 123 millions—nearly one for each man, woman, and child in the nation. The large cities have about one rat to each two persons, but there are many more rats than persons on farms.

15—Thirty-four dollars a month, according to a survey conducted by the Mayor's Committee on City Planning covering the years 1929-34.

16—Much Ado About Nothing; The Tempest; All's Well that Ends Well.

17—By pickling fermented soybeans in brine.

18—All were leaders in the fight waged for suffrage for women.

19—Brown cap mushrooms, according to most connoisseurs, although the white variety, because of appearance, is in greater demand.

20—

Hendrik Willem van Loon.

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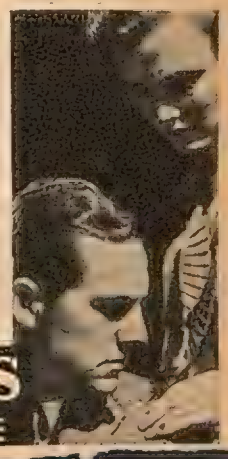

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Vox Pop

A Woman Speaks Her Mind on Airplane Crashes

New York, N. Y.—May a woman speak who is neither a pilot, nor an air-line operator, nor a government expert? Whose only qualification is her love of air travel and her hope to do a good deal more of it in the future—that is, if something can be done about these airplane crashes? Well, whether she may or mayn't, she is. And it's this:

Human nature, says Swanee Taylor (March 6 Liberty), and shakes his head . . . the pilot who's had a fight with the wife; told her to get on a budget and stay there or no more soap, then goes up and bounces his plane off a mountain. (The reference isn't verbatim.) Now, that's something I can understand. If he'd hurled at us some newfangled instrument, like a skyrohoriheavenoscope, I'd have been out for the count. Which would be a pity. But no—human nature.

And human nature, howl the air-line operators and the Bureau of Air Commerce, all in one shriek. The unpredictable human element in the aero-equation! An unanswerable solution—especially by the dead pilots.

Well, gentlemen, you're not very cheering. It seems to me you've picked on the one escape that is a dead end. You base your entire explanation on human nature—human nature which, historians tell us, hasn't changed since the beginning of man. A bleak prospect for the lady who's thinking of buying seat number six on trip number twelve out of Newark next Tuesday. What, no more gadgets? No more mechanical improvements? No more beams or beacons? And beatitudes? Have we indeed reached the ultimate of man's inventive resources?

No, says Pilot Behncke, still more recently in Liberty (May 15), and if you ask me, more wisely.

As a disinterested bystander whose only stake in the battle back and forth is her life, I'll give you both a tip—that is, if you boys are in the business to make money. Why not say to us disheartened air riders: Yes, there's room for improvement—lots of it—and we're going to see that you get it. Yes, we're going to work out devices for the better mechanical operation of planes, greater safety for passengers. Yes, we're going to have better protection on air lines, more beacons, more beam coverage, more meteorological service; even better equipped pilots—if you will.

Given a sane and fair approach, with just a little bit better sportsmanship, I'm afraid we, your passenger public, will play along with you, stand by with our share of faith and courage and help when the time comes to vote.

Sure the pilots are only human. So are the air-line operators. So is the Bureau of Air Commerce. And, oddly enough, so are we!—*Flying Victoria.*

MORSE CODE IN DOG'S TAIL!

Chicago, Ill.—You won't believe that my dog Snookie can tap out Morse code with her stubby tail, I suppose. Well, get an eyeful of this. Last night Snook asked if she couldn't sleep by the "bucket-a-day" stove in the basement where it was warmer.

At 3.15 A. M. she tapped a message on the water pipes telling us it was quintuplets and to notify Dr. Dafoe and send for five carnations. The five little pooches arrived just in time to make her doubly proud, for it was Mother's Day! —*Elmer L. Crocker.*

DONNELLY'S PREDICTIONS

St. Louis, Mo.—That story on baseball by one C. T. Donnelly (April 24 Liberty), to which I am directing my remarks, is not intended to increase my admiration for your publication.

I enclose a roster of the St. Louis Cardinals baseball team. This roster is issued to sports writers and other interested parties all over the United States early in January—several weeks before the team ever leaves for the South. On this list nowhere will you find the names of Ed Heusser, Lynn King, Bill Walker, Chick Fullis, or Henry Pippen. Walker was released in August of last year and the others were sent on their way at the end of the 1936 season.

Turning to the Browns, I observe that Leroy Mahaffey and Ollie Bejma are still charged with being members of the team. Mahaffey was turned over to Milwaukee in July, 1936, and Bejma was released to San Antonio shortly after the close of the '36 season.

If Mr. Donnelly's predictions are as good as his facts, I firmly expect to see the Browns win the 1937 pennant and the Cardinals finish in seventh place.—*Robert L. Burnes.*

[Mr. Donnelly replies: Knowing Branch Rickey's fondness for "strings" plus the fact St. Louis players peregrinate (look that one up) hither and yon, I felt safe in including names other than those on the printed club roster. Also, Manager Frankie Frisch told me during the midwinter, "Once a Red Bird always a Red Bird, and any one, old or new, linked to the club chain system might show up in a Cardinal uniform."

How come you didn't check me on leaving out the St. Louis infield spark plug—Stu Martin?

Including an extra player or two on the Browns might not have been a bad idea. Especially an infielder, for undoubtedly a fifth man, playing regularly on the defense, would materially add to the club.

There were other changes in both leagues, but actually none, not even your "picks," could change the possible finishing position of the teams. Maybe I'm wrong there!—*C. T. Donnelly.*]

WHAT OF OUR MERCHANT MARINE?

San Francisco, Calif.—In view of a rapidly arming world, what is the United States doing to safeguard its shores?

Our clipper-ship days represent a period when the American merchant marine was outstanding. But with the advent of steam and iron ships, what have we?

In 1917 we were unprepared. Most of our troops and supplies were carried in foreign bottoms to France. When our newly built ships were ready for service the war was over and they were left to rot and rust on the mud flats. Are we to be caught unprepared again, at the expense of men and money, which is only caused by the lack of foresight?

What is being done to build up our merchant marine to meet foreign competition?

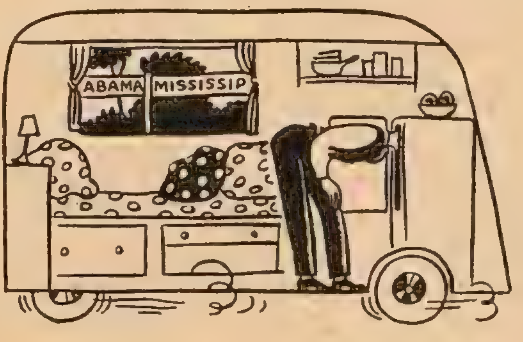
It is a glaring example of inefficiency and improper supervision. Foreign competition has swept our ships off the seven seas, due to the fact that merchants cannot rely on them to carry their goods safely to a destination, or even have the assurance that the ships would leave port. Steps should be taken by the government to rectify the situation. It's a crying need!—*Eugene Quartermaine.*

GRAND RECIPES

Janesville, Wis.—A vote of thanks to Princess Alexandra Kropotkin. Long may she continue to give us those grand recipes. I keep a separate file for them. Keep it up, Princess.—*Lois L. Foat.*

DUNKLE DID SLIP, HE DID

Gulfport, Miss.—We have followed Mr. Dunkle on his trip across the continent and back to New Orleans with much interest and many laughs. But when Mr. Dunkle left New Orleans, in our sister state of Louisiana, and "did cross the state line into Alabama" (May 15 Liberty) without even touching the Gulf Coast of Mississippi, it is more than we can bear not to call your attention to his geographical error.



Or could it be possible that Mr. Dunkle had his head in the icebox all the way from New Orleans to Mobile?

Now, if Mr. Dunkle would have his dear wife turn the trailer around, we are sure that they would enjoy the scenery of south Mississippi and Mr. Dunkle would soon find one or two (and possibly three) "watering places" where he could raise a thirst and quench it.—*Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Williams, Jr.*

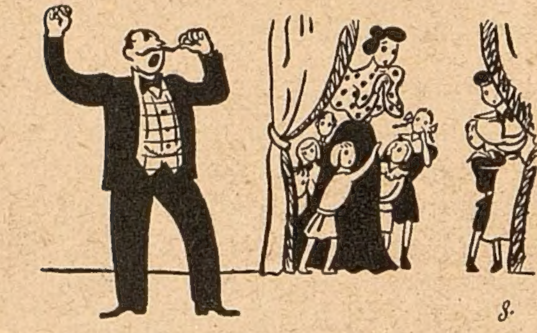
MAN NO LONGER A BIG NOISE

MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.—I did have a few hopes for the present-day man, but after reading Gertrude Atherton's article (May 15 Liberty) I have given up completely. A real honest-to-goodness man is practically extinct. After all, it is really the fault of the women! We've coddled him too much!

During the 1880s practically all a man had to do was wear a handle-bar mustache and make a big noise, slam a door or two, and the meek little wife and eight kiddies all hid.

About thirty or forty years later his son was still carrying on, until every grandson was demanding breakfast in bed and wondering why speakeasies didn't sell good liquor.

So what happened? The depression! Now all the grandsons have a vacant look and wonder what's going to happen next and why somebody don't give them the things grandpappy used to have.



Heh-heh! Can't you imagine landing on Plymouth Rock with the present-day specimen?—*Mary Wittney.*

ENGLISHMAN LIKES LIBERTY

SOUTHBOURNE, BOURNEMOUTH, ENG.—Allow me, as an everyday ordinary Englishman, to congratulate you on the very readable matter you hand out weekly to what I am sure must be a distinctly large body of eager readers: especially (from my point of view) because you are well balanced, well informed, and—what we in this old country so appreciate—fair-minded.

When I receive my Liberty, which I do in batches from time to time from my brother—who, by the way, filled in his naturalization papers the day Woodrow Wilson dropped his "pride" and the States came into the World War—I get to work and feel as though I were inhaling fresh air. Our papers here are on the sedate side and not exhilarating enough for some of us, including myself.—*Athelstane Nobbs.*

SURE CURE FOR COMMUNISM

SEATTLE, WASH.—I hold no brief for the Communists, but I am deeply interested in the social problem. The Communists did not bring about this depression, but this depression is responsible for the spread of Communistic doctrines in the United States more than is Soviet Russia.

In my four years as County Commissioner I have always found that *economic security* is a sure cure for Communism. As soon as the average agitator gets a job and sees his wife and kiddies eating regularly, he loses interest in "social spellbinders."

Jobs are the answer to Communism. Only those who control the capital that creates jobs can furnish this answer.—*Louis Nash.*

BRINGING PROBLEM OF MATERNITY CARE TO THE PUBLIC

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We were most interested to read the editorial Nine Thousand Mothers Die Annually (May 15 Liberty). We think it is a fine article and wish to thank you for helping us to bring this problem to the attention of the American people.—*Horace H. Hughes, Director of Public Information, Maternity Center Association.*

LEGS TO SELL SILK HOSIERY

LINCOLN, NEB.—I read with interest the letter of my fellow townswoman Florence Moore—whom I do not know—in May 8 Vox Pop, in regard to the desirability of door-to-door salesmen, or saleswomen, displaying their wares in an attractive manner to quickly catch the eye of the prospective buyer.

By a little inquiry, I have learned that the majority of door-to-door salespeople in our town seem to be young women vending silk hosiery. I don't know whether they display their wares in an attractive manner to quickly catch the eye, because—hang it!—I am away from home all day.—*J. L. M.*

"HARDTACK"

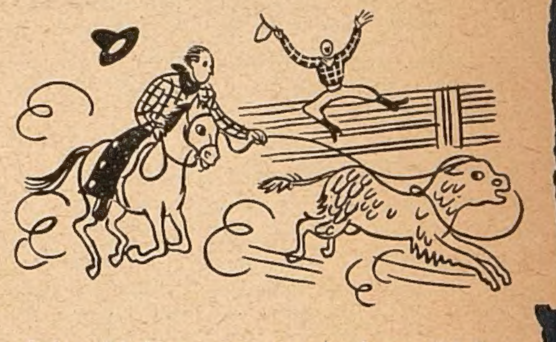
By Reamer Keller

BIKE SUPPLIES

"How much will you allow me on a trade-in? It's never been out of the living room."

HEN FRUIT—FEATHERED CALF

UVALDE, TEX.—That definition mountain oyster as plain ordinary h fruit (May 15 Vox Pop) is not accepte by the residents of a cow country. N calf of the masculine variety ever gre feathers. In the spring of the year th cowboys have their roundup, but not o prairie chickens or any other chickens, but they have a fry of "mountain oysters" just the same.—*H. P. Hornby.*



SPANKED WIVES SITTING DOWN?

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Could you give me any information as to what has happened to the spanked wives who had begun to relate their experiences and give their opinions in Vox Pop?

Could it be possible they have put a stop to further spankings by going on a sit-down strike? If such a course has been effective they ought to let others know about it. I have reasons to be curious.—*R. R.*

IT CAN BE DONE . . . PRACTICAL SENSE

MEMPHIS, TENN.—I have spent one five-cent piece for Liberty every week since its first issue. I read it from cover to cover. But the one-page article, It Can Be Done, By Frederick Tisdale (May 1 Liberty) has more honest-to-goodness common and practical sense in it than any that I've ever read.

If all business firms would follow this one page of "rules" there would be no need for relief, and depression would be something we would only read about in history books.—*A 52-Times-a-Year Reader.*

HAVE WE GONE PANTY-WAISTIE?

LAKEVILLE, IND.—Has Liberty suddenly gone panty-waistie? We've had dished out to us: Hell Over Nicaragua, Hell in Spain, Bivouac in Hell, Hell in the Holy Land, To Hell with Capital, and Hell-Bent.

Now comes a little cup of pink tea: Marching Dead Men. I couldn't believe my eyes, and looked five times before I could be certain this latest nightmare didn't read, Marching Dead Men to Hell!—*P. E. Michael.*

[If Mr. Michael will look just *once* through this issue we think he will find his answer.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

RUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

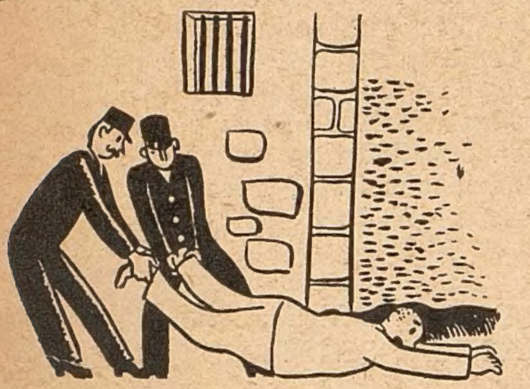
t Happened In

ALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Bert Ray, booked for drunkenness, told the judge he got that way while riding in the patrol wagon. Ray said he was cold sober when arrested in a beer-tavern raid, but constant passing of a bottle by his companions on the way to the station made him drunk.

BERLIN, GERMANY—To stimulate business a theater owner advertised a special feature and offered 500 marks to any patron who didn't like it. The house was packed but no one claimed the money. The feature was a picture of Hitler.

BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA—Life in the Milwowiltza penitentiary agreed so well with Ivan Kralec that he gained eighteen pounds and lost a chance to escape.

The prisoner, seeking to flee through a tunnel dug to his measure by friends outside, was unable to force four extra inches of waistline through the hole. He stuck fast and had to be rescued by guards.



CHICAGO, ILL.—Judge Joseph B. Hermes asked Mary Griffen, who had boasted of her linguistic accomplishments in women's court, what he meant when he said: "*Omnes homo mendax est.*"

"That's what you are, judge," the defendant retorted.

"What!" exclaimed the jurist. "A *mendax* is a liar."

"Oh, I misunderstood," Miss Griffen said apologetically. "I meant you were a *homo sapiens*. A *homo sapiens* is a wise man."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign in an Illinois office:

"*Come in without knocking. Leave the same way.*"

Sign on a Georgia fruit stand:

"*Watermelons*
Our choice............25 cents
Your choice...........35 cents"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

ANTITRUST LAWS

You don't have to pass no law on that, folks quit trustin each other quite a while back.—Ezra Dill.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ELLEN SEGNER

NIGHT RAIDERS IN CHINA

The land of the black dragon! That land where murder, loot, and war walk hand in hand with the tinkle of ricksha bells, the languorous scent of joss sticks, and the silvery voices of the beautiful almond-eyed singsong girls.

A land as old as the world and as new as an airplane. A land where East and West *do* meet and in their meeting weave plot and counterplot that rival the most fantastic fiction.

That is where the scene of Liberty's next great fact serial is laid. Where the rival war lords weave their dreams of empire with the black figure of death ever peering over their shoulders. Where an alluring slant-eyed Oriental beauty leaves a trail of mystery and love behind her. A thrilling story—a gripping story. A story whose start you will read in Liberty next Wednesday!

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DEANNA DURBIN

DEANNA DURBIN

Just *who* is Deanna Durbin? And what is it that makes her that way? Of course you've heard her on the radio, and the chances are that you've seen her in Three Smart Girls. But *how* does she get that way? Is she a prodigy? Will that voice disappear when she adds a few more years to her present fourteen?

Twice before it has been known—it happens only about once in 10,000,000 people—but it happened to Deanna. Next week in Liberty Frederick Lewis tells you all about it—about the girl who is one of the most important musical personages in the world today!

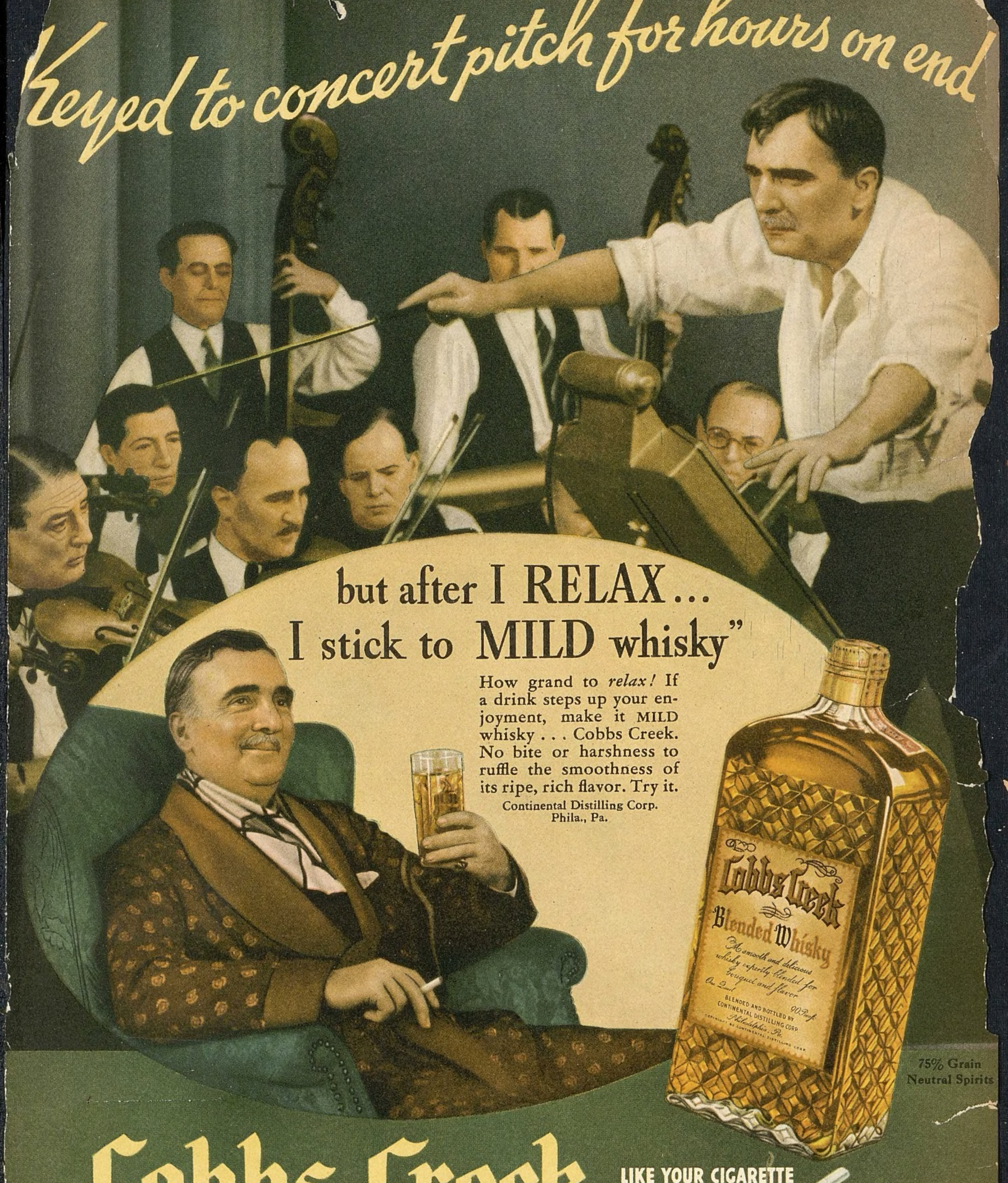
WILL ENGLAND BE MISTRESS OF THE SKIES?

What is the country that has ruled the seas for years doing about the threat in the air presented by Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini? Vaguely we know that Great Britain has become air-minded, but few know to what a staggering extent. Where previously the empire has been linked by ships, now Britain's far-flung shores will be linked by planes. Just what this means to England and the dominions—what it means to the whole world—is vividly told in an article in Liberty next Wednesday.

Stories and other articles by Dorothy Cottrell, Norman Anthony, Fred Allhoff, Samuel Hopkins Adams, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE JUNE 23

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday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Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisky
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90 Proof
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but after I RELAX . . . I stick to MILD whisky"

How grand to *relax!* If a drink steps up your enjoyment, make it MILD whisky . . . Cobbs Creek. No bite or harshness to ruffle the smoothness of its ripe, rich flavor. Try it.

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LIKE YOUR CIGARETTE *its Mild*

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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

Boake Carter says: "My throat decided on Luckies"

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company

"SMOKING is one of the greatest pleasures in the world, but it can be utterly spoiled by throat irritation. My job's tough on the throat and I have to be careful to keep my voice clear. Long ago I found that Luckies are easy and smooth and don't catch your throat."

Boake Carter

Notice how many professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, statesmen, etc., smoke Luckies. See how many leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera prefer them. Their voices are their fortunes. Doesn't it follow that, if Luckies are gentle on *their* sensitive throats, they will be gentle on *your* throat, too? So enjoy the throat protection of a light smoke that is free of certain irritants expelled by the exclusive "Toasting" Process.

The Finest Tobaccos—"The Cream of the Crop"

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH